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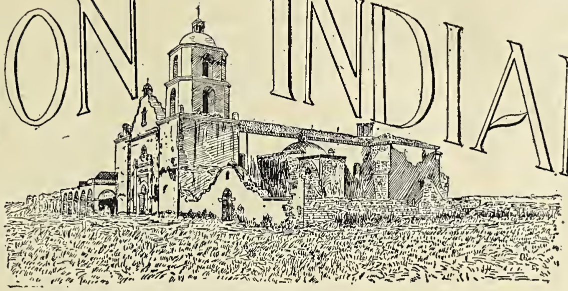
THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1895. NO. 1.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of the "Mission Indian" and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

A New Catholic Paper on the Pacific Coast.

Since August 20, 1890, we labored in the missions of the Catholic Indians of Southern California. Our experience in this work suggested and ripened one thought in our mind, and that is now realized in the publication of The Mission Indian. We are not a stranger to this kind of work. We passed eleven years laboring in the printing office, and we saw and read and heard all sides, and there is no party—whether political or social or economical or religious—whose opinions are not familiar to us.

Traveling through the missions of Southern California, we found the Indians everywhere supplied with an abundance of literature opposed to the Catholic religion. We found papers, pictures, pamphlets, etc., distributed wholesale by the teachers of the Government day schools, and everything furnished by the sects. We thought: Should we Catholics stand by idly and should we be silent? History tells us that all the Indians in Southern California were converted and civilized by the Franciscan Fathers; that they—the Indians—were under control and happy, ruled by the Franciscan friars. We also know that wicked and infidel rulers of Mexico put an end to the happiness of the Catholic Indians of California, partly robbing them of their possessions and expelling their gentle but nevertheless firm mission fathers; we know that even some of the fathers and Indians suffered starvation and perished as a consequence of these persecutions—and we know only too well that there is even now yet a scarcity of priests to provide for all the wants of the faithful—no wonder that emissaries of the sects are sent to the remainder of the Catholic Mission Indians, who have dwindled down from about 40,000 under the supervision of the Franciscan fathers to the small number of 3,000, all told.

Thus we may witness that Indians who were baptized by Catholic priests, who were confirmed by our Right Rev. Bishop, who are children of Catholic parents, are estranged from our holy religion, estranged from the "Mother of all Churches." Should we be silent as dumb dogs, of which we read in Holy Writ?

No. Let us do what can be done. Let us thoroughly instruct the Indians in our holy religion. Many of them can read, and a journal for them may do immense good.

This is in short the purpose of the "Mission Indian."

Then we have here in Banning an Industrial School for the Indians. We are doing a good and charitable work.

We desire to perpetuate our labors for civilization and religion. There is opposition in the field. Religious strife, misrepresentation of the Catholic religion, even falsehood, are spread everywhere. Now should we, who are working solely for God's sake, who are devoted to God's service exclusively, having no earthly gain whatsoever in view, should we be silent? Should we witness the loss of immortal souls stoically and remain unmoved?

No, let us do what can be done, and forever our motto shall be:

In essentials: Unity.
In doubtful matters: Liberty.
In all things: Charity.

Hence, taking the charity of our dear Lord as the basis, and having no other aim before us than to do good, we publish this our cherished "Mission Indian."

It is to the support to be given us by Catholics on which we rely; it is the interest of Catholics for the Catholic Indian that will encourage us to go on. We pledge our personal honesty that every cent gained in this enterprise will be solely and exclusively for the benefit of missionary work among the Catholic Indians of California. Hence The Mission Indian, written not only for the Indians, but also for the members of our holy religion generally, fills a long-felt want.

Subscribe for it—to help the noble cause for which the fearless Fathers of the Missions have labored, suffered and died!

The "Mission Indian" will bring news from the Indian missions and schools; also discuss general topics, and it will have something newsy for everybody.

A number of eminent writers will assist us in the publication of this little Indian journal.

The "Mission Indian" is published monthly. Subscription, 50 cents per annum, strictly in advance.

B. FLORIAN HAHN, C. P. P. S.,
Editor of "THE MISSION INDIAN."
BANNING, CAL., Oct. 15, 1895.

Education of Indian Children.

We intend to use this little paper as a means to help in the education of our children. Some one may ask how this will help? Well, first in the mechanical department, the boys are made smart and handy by learning how to prepare to set type. We have here an experienced man, one who likes the Indians, and loves to give them instruction. Our editor is himself a professional in this department. In setting type our boys learn to spell, they get to know what a sentence is, and so on, and thus they are educated; but this is not all. We intend that boys and girls will get a chance of writing letters to the "Mission Indian." This will rouse their ambition, "for 'tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print." It shall be our special aim to simplify all matter, so as to bring, if possible, everything within the reach of a child's intelligence. Many people are inclined to think, and not afraid to say, that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." We can never see how persons calling themselves Christians could use such language. In the first place, they are the only true Americans, the A P. A. to the contrary notwithstanding. In the second place, they are children of God—children of a common Father, and as such it is our bounden duty to teach them, by word and example—to EDUCATE them. In what precisely education consists will be treated in our next issue.

The Church and the Constitution of Nations.

It is not unknown even to the most cursory student of history that the Church in her dealings with nations is not influenced by any particular form of government.

She is pre-eminently and above all the Kingdom of God, and as such her domain is not of this world. She stands on a higher than a mere earthly pedestal, and on that pedestal may be inscribed most fittingly: Truth, Justice and Liberty. Her concern is with what is noblest in man, what is immortal, what remains when the tenement of clay shall have crumbled into ruins. Hence, wherever man is there is the Church's realm, and it matters not who this man is, where he is, or what his surroundings. He has a soul, can claim God as his father, and so comes under the jurisdiction of that divinely appointed authority to whom nearly 1900 years ago was given the command "To go and teach all nations and baptize them."

By keeping this special mission of the Church in view, we shall avoid the error of those who either wittingly or unwittingly would have her wed to any particular form of government. The whole world is her care, and she whose wisdom is divine-born would not, even if she could, interfere with what is the constituted form of government under which her children live. Therefore we can well understand how she recognizes the absolute despotism of Russia, the imperial government of Germany, and the democratic-monarchical rule of the British empire.

But perhaps it has not come home to us with sufficient conviction that by far the greater number of her spiritual children live under Republican rule. And this rule she loves and eulogizes. We may take it that there are 21 notable republics in the world, and of these 21 nineteen are Catholic, viz.: Argentine, Bolivia, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, San Domingo, Uruguay and Venezuela. Two of the 21 remain, *i. e.*, Switzerland and the United States, In the former there is a Catholic president, and it was founded seven centuries ago by Catholics; and as regards our own country here, it is a historical fact, and denied only by the wilfully blind, that without the aid of the French, the Spanish, and the Irish—all Catholics, she would never have achieved her independence.

How is it then, in the face of this record, that there are yet some found, and here in this cradle of liberty, who will assert that Catholics are opposed to free institutions? No, Catholics have the liberty of the children of God, and their most ardent wish is that others should share in this liberty.

In the face of this splendid record, who will assert that the Church is inimical to the Republic of America? Witness the manifest love for its institutions and form of government more than once expressed by Christ's vicegerent. Witness the chivalry of her children in defending its rights, witness their bravery in carrying the stars and stripes—not in mere school processions—but to the front of the battle and on to victory. And then what honest citizen will say the Church is opposed to the Republic? It is not so. The Church is at home in every form of government. She loves them all, she prays for them all, but, if facts must be written, her great love is the Republic, for on the lofty pedestal on which she stands is inscribed: Truth, Justice and Liberty.

R. D. O'S.

A CORNER IN SMILES.

Infidel, to an Irish woman: "Did you hear the latest news, Ma'm?"

"No, sir."

"Well, the grandmother of the devil is dead."

"Is that so?" asked the woman, and taking from her pocketbook a dime, she said: "Here, take that; my parents always told me to support the orphans."

Drummer, arriving at the Santa Fe depot at Riverside and descending on the wrong side of the car:

"Conductor, where is the *river* of Riverside?"

"You are right in it," remarked the conductor, as the drummer alighted in the irrigation-ditch.

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

The Orphans Fair promises to be a great success. Why shouldn't it? The angels never forget the orphans.

Two young ladies consecrated themselves to God at the Pico heights convent on the last day of September.

The little church in Redlands is nearing completion. Redlands will yet love the Sacred Heart, so says the pastor.

St. Vincent's College has begun the academic year with good prospects. Very Rev. Father Meyer is back again working zealously, and Father Antel was around.

Father Cote went back to Canada recently to see his sick mother. He has not seen her for nine years. It will doubtless restore her to perfect health again to see her fine, big boy.

Southern California learns with grief of the serious illness of Father Vila, of Santa Barbara. Father James, as he is familiarly known, is one of the pioneer priests in California.

At the dinner on the occasion of the blessing of the new home in Riverside, the Ven. Vicar General Father Adam made a charming little address. What Father Adam does, he does neatly.

Father McAuliffe has been spending a few well-earned days of rest in the cool breezes of the North. The father is a hard worker, and his labors are much appreciated in the City of the Angels.

The Sisters of Mercy are doing good work in Los Angeles. The "Children's Hours" is a nice, useful institution. The great building on Los Angeles street will soon be finished. The good things to come—Mother.

From the effect we can judge of the cause. One hundred and eighty children for almost a start. P. Victor, O. S. F., at St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, is wide awake about Catholic education. The Guardian is well named.

On Sunday, the 15th of September, Riverside was astonished at the powerful manner in which Father McCarthy refuted certain calumnies against the church. Small men can often do very big things. *Procede et prospera*, Rev. Father.

East Los Angeles makes a noise now. The great bell rings on the Church of the Sacred Heart. Two thousand and seventy-eight pounds ought to make a noise. Mrs. Derricott loves the Sacred Heart. She donated the bell. Blessed St. Patrick.

The church at Santa Monica got a fine lift this year. It looks pretty outside and inside. Henry Goetz superintended the work and made, as usual a fine job. The painting of Mr. Hector shows great taste. Everyone admires the determined progressive spirit of the meek pastor.

As the "Mission Indian" is just a little monthly be not disappointed if our news-columns are imperfect.

We heartily thank our friends for the many kind words and encouragement given us for the "Mission Indian."

We wish our readers to know that the Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, of Beaumont, is taking a kindly interest in the "Mission Indian," and has helped us by contributing several articles.

The first subscriber for the "Mission Indian" is Miss Lulu Thomas, daughter of Mr. Charley Thomas, of Hemet Valley. There is one big word inscribed into every square foot of the cosy home of the Thomas family, and it reads "hospitality."

The second subscriber for the "Mission Indian" is the faithful promoter of all good works in behalf of religion, Mrs. Mary Puzey, who ordered two copies. Friends, may the sun ever shine brightly and blissfully upon your paths in this world—and forever in the next!

Going from our school to Portrero we have to cross two wash-outs. One of them is a river-bed perhaps 100 feet deep. There was a big bowlder in the middle of the road, large enough to upset any vehicle. Now some samaritan removed this awful monster. We do not know the number of all those patient drivers who stoically tried to evade the charybdis (a big rock), but they all ought to combine and render thanks to the charitable being that removed the stumbling block.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

The field day and athletic exercises held on Saturday, Sept. 28, given by the young men of Banning, were a success from start to finish. The base ball game was won by the St. Boniface Indian school boys, as will be seen by a letter from one of the pupils in another column.

Visitors coming to Banning lately will have noticed a number of men at work erecting a large frame structure a short distance north of the depot. It is the barley rolling mill put up by our enterprising townspeople, Messrs. Hamilton & Carpenter, and it is now finished and in successful operation. The building is 40x60 feet in dimensions, has an engine room 20x20 feet, with an 18 h. p. steam engine, and besides the barley crushing machinery contains a smutter and cleaner, to cleanse the grain of all impure substances. The roller capacity of the mill is 600 sacks' per day. This mill is the only barley roller in the "Pass" east of Colton, and thus affords a convenient market for grain ranchers in this vicinity, who no longer need to travel miles away from home to convert the product of their farms into cash. Messrs. Hamilton & Carpenter report doing a fair amount of business thus far, but expect to largely increase their output later on.

The famous Desert Queen gold mine, located about 60 miles east of Banning, has suspended operations for the present on account of a disagreement among the owners over the question of management. This disagreement assumed such serious proportions that it was thought best by those interested to have the points in dispute settled judicially, and a possibly lengthy term of court proceedings is the result, in consequence of which the mine is lying idle in the meantime. It is but to express the general wish of the people hereabouts to say that we hope the difficulties may soon be amicably arranged, and work at the mine resumed at an early date. The Desert Queen is one of the richest gold mine properties ever developed in the territory adjacent to Banning, the proceeds of the mine aggregating so far about $30,000.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C. P. P. S.

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BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1895.

Intemperance—Its Remedy.

(By Right Rev. G. Montgomery, Coadj.-Bishop.)

Intemperance is one of the sins of modern civilized life among English-speaking people. Whether there is more drunkenness or less drunkenness now than formerly does not change the fact that now it is one of the sins of modern life.

That it *is* a sin nobody denies, and few attempt to excuse it. Everyone feels that it is a sin far-reaching in its effects—that it is a sin against God, against society, against the neighbor against home and family, against the poor unfortunate victim more than all: that it affects soul and body, and that attached to it is absolutely no good whatever, so that it is essentially and wholly evil.

All nations recognize its gravity—it is condemned by the medical world, and by the common experience of men.

Whence shall come a remedy? By education and by legal control.

By education, wherein not only the effects of alcohol upon the human system shall be taught old and young, but education so as to have a spirit of self-control, self-denial, restraint of passions to the subjection of reason. It is an age of selfishness, of self-indulgence, of softness and luxury, ease and comfort. The tendency is largely to look upon man as a machine, a material organism, the whole of which must be developed. The one lesson most needed is that the spirit of *true* progress and development is not indulgence, but reasonable restraint. Labor, hardship, sacrifice — these things develop the noble in man, as mere exercise improves the muscles.

Then wise legislation must regulate the manufacture, the sale, and the character or purity of the liquor. Thus can temptation be removed, and the evils of intemperance reduced to a minimum.

Every point here suggested is deserving of development and amplification, but the principles of true reform are there.

The dream of universal prohibition is a mere dream and nothing more. The attempt to reform upon any plan must be slow, and many times disappointing, for human greed and selfishness are factors that clamor and labor for unrestricted sway in the liquor interests.

If our little Indians can be made to feel that the greatest wrong ever perpetrated upon them was that of teaching them to drink intoxicants, it will be a salutary lesson.

Then teach them the danger of *bad habits*, and that the habit of drinking is for them one of the worst possible.

Teach them next that intoxicating liquors are not necessary to health or strength—that their ancestors were stronger and healthier before they knew this sin of the white man.

Father Junipero Serra.

(A biographical sketch by the Very Rev. J. Adams, Vic.-Gen.)

The memory of Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the Catholic missions in Upper California, will remain indelibly impressed on the minds of the Mission Indians and as long as one of these Indians survives over the ruins of those of his tribe, Father Junipero and his great works will never be forgotten.

Father Junipero Serra was born November 24, 1713, in the town of Petra on the island of Majorca, Spain. He was well instructed in his youth by his parents and later by the Franciscan fathers. He evidently showed vocation for the religious life, and love for the missions. He received the religious habit in 1730 and made his profession as a Franciscan the year after.

With Father Palow, his companion till death, he embarked for Cadiz and then for America. On the last day of the year 1749 both were seen entering the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of Quadelupe, Mexico, where they spent the night giving thanks to God and to His Blessed Mother for having reached in safety their destination. He was then sent by his superior to the missions of Sierra Gorda, where he worked with great zeal.

Still, it is his work among our Indians that interests us more.

The Society of Jesus being suppressed in Mexico in 1767, the viceroy Joseph Galvez agreed to offer the missions of Lower California to the Franciscans of San Fernando, Mexico, Junipero Serra, with fifteen other missionaries, left his convent of San Fernando in 1767 and after many delays the vessel that carried the missionaries northward cast anchor in the roadstead of Loreto, April 1, 1768. The visitor-general having resolved to establish three missions in Upper California, one in San Diego, another in Monterey, and a third one between the two places, requested Father Junipero to prepare for the trip. An expedition went by water and another, under the lead of P. Junipero, by land.

It was edifying to see Father Serra passing from one mission to another in Lower California, always going north and traveling on foot, anxious to reach Upper California, his new field of labor, as soon as possible. Father Palow was moved to tears to see his superior with swollen foot and limb undertaking this journey of hundreds of miles.

Father Junipero's love for the Indians was great. Let us hear himself describing his heart's delight: "The day after Easter I experienced a great consolation. I was informed that some Indians were approaching. I knelt upon the floor in thanksgiving to God, since I was about to realize the hopes I had for many years to see and speak with the poor Indians. I came out and met twelve of them. I saw that what I had read—but which I could scarcely believe—was true, that they were as perfectly naked as Adam was in Paradise. We talked with them for a long time. I laid my hands on the head of every one and I gave them many dried figs, and they gave us a net and four fish, which the cook said were not fit to use."

Good Father Junipero had a chance after that to see Indians not only by the dozen, but by thousands, and what is still more, to see nearly all of them baptized and confirmed before he died. They reached San Diego on the 1st of July, 1769, where they met those who had come by water. A land expedition in search of the harbor of Monterey was formed with Governor Portolar and two priests, Fathers Crespi and Gomez. Serra remained at San Diego, where he founded the first mission in California. The expedition reached Monterey and, failing to recognize the harbor, proceeded farther north in search of the same, discovering by chance the famous bay of San Francisco. Their provisions getting short, they returned to San Diego. Another attempt was made the year after with better success, when the second mission was founded near the Bay of Monterey, on June 3, 1770. An altar was built, bells were rung, a large cross was erected, the royal standard was unfurled, and Father Junipero celebrated mass, the first one since 1603 by the Carmelite fathers. He preached during the mass, and the Salve Regina was sung. Soon the mission was transferred to Carmelo Bay, where Father Junipero instructed the Indians and baptized them, leaving the place only to go and found other missions. San Antonio and San Gabriel soon counted the Christian Indians by the hundred. Father Junipero then went to the capital of Mexico in the interest of the missions, and later to San Diego, where he re-established the mission destroyed by savage Indians; established San Juan Capistrano; received the faculties to administer confirmation; sees another mission in the channel of Santa Barbara, dedicated to the Doctor St. Bonaventura; visits for the last time all the missions north and south of Monterey and, assisted by his faithful companion Father Palow and surrounded by his neophytes who cried bitterly to see their Father dying, unnoticed by any one, he expired in his couch, embracing the cross. More than one hundred years have passed since Father Serra died, and still his memory is as fresh in the minds of the Mission Indians as if he had died yesterday. Fortunato Gabriel, who lived to be one hundred and fifty, and who would tell us many times of him having helped Father Serra to build the mission of Carmelo-Gabriel, has gone. Other centenarian Indians will soon go, but the memory of Father Junipero will be cherished by their grandchildren in generations to come.

EDITORIALS.

The Mission Indians are no savages any more. They are peaceful and civilized. Many of them speak English and some of them are nice fellows.

The Indian School at San Diego, Rev. Anthony Ubach, superintendent, opened Sept. 1 with a full quota of pupils. Thus the Indians are educated everywhere. Truly a most charitable and noble work.

The Government's Indian school at Perris, Cal., also opened in September with a full attendance of Indian pupils. The superintendent, Mr. Edgar A. Allen, takes quite an interest in his charge and is esteemed by all who know him.

The Government's Indian school at Yuma opened in September with about 140 Indian pupils. Mother Ambrosia is the superintendent and she and her assistants, the Sisters of St. Joseph, indeed understand the Yuma Indians.

"I know the Indians for a long time, but I must say that since the U. S. Indian Agency was established here, I have witnessed quite an improvement in their manners, and excesses in drinking and gambling are exceptions." These words were spoken to us by a prominent citizen of San Jacinto. In our humble opinion Mr. Estudillo and his associates in office try to do their best for the Indians.

The Indians at Laguna and the neighboring places are not fully satisfied with the apportionment of land made for them. We are told the Indians are displeased to leave their present homes and to go up into the Volcano mountains, where the winds blow cold and where the lands are poor. To be evicted is always hard for the poor; to be evicted in order to make place for foreigners, is doubly hard. Let us remember the Indian is the original "American" and some of those who would drive the Indians from their homes are not born Americans, and still they claim priority in the possession of Indian lands. We would let them live and stay where they now are, and there will be very little trouble.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

THE MISSION INDIAN,
BANNING, CAL., October 15, 1895.

My dear little nephews and nieces:

I am very anxious that you should write to me. You know I am getting old, and I like to hear how all my Indian relations are gettin on. But as I have many relations I must tell you how to write: I am old and cannot read much, hence write me short letters; I am getting blind, so you must write large and plain; the printer says: "Tell your little friends that I will not print their letters if they write on both sides of the paper." Write, then, only on one side. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, my dear nephews and nieces, yours,

UNCLE TOM.

Bravo, Boys!

ST. BONIFACE INDIAN SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., September 29, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

We went to Banning yesterday and we had a game of base ball with the Banning boys. The boys of St. Boniface were the victors, as always. The first time we played four innings; we beat them. They did not want to give up the game, so we added three more innings, and we began the game again. The Banning boys were batters the first time. After we put three men out we got to the bat, and then it was when we went ahead way off. And instead of playing three innings more, we played only one inning. Then they saw that they could do nothing any more, so they give up the game. This was the end of the base ball game.

Your loving nephew,
ASSIDRO LUGO.

Five years ago three commissioners were appointed to visit the Indian villages and to report to the Government in reference to the lands to be surveyed and given to each Indian in severalty. Two of these commissioners are now reported dead.

One day we gave a magic lantern exhibition to the Indians. Among the pictures was the representation of the "Temptation of Christ by Satan." Next morning a girl of about 16 came to us, saying that this picture frightened her and that she saw the devil in her sleep. Afterwards we skipped that view, because we have no desire to frighten the nervous. Would to God people would take fright when tempted by the devil to do wrong!

"Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you."

We met recently several Soboba and Cahuilla Indians going to Riverside in search of work. It is a good thing for the Indians to go to work, but when they understand fully how to work for themselves and how to improve and make profitable their own farms, then the Indian problem will be satisfactorily solved.

In dealing with the Indians it is always one of our aims to see to it that every Catholic Indian is married validly. This is most important. Mr. Heinemann, Inspector of Indian Schools, asked us what we considered the best means in order to impress upon the male Indians to esteem the other sex. Prevent them to live with any female as husband and wife, except validly married; make them support their families, and one big step is done for the bettering of the condition of the Indian girls and women.

⁂

By the way, we were sometimes surprised that some Indian women are absolute rulers in their families, and the husband and father had to be satisfied to represent the "New Man" subject to the "New Woman."

⁂

End of August we arrived one night at the cabin of an old Indian, father of a large family. It was 7 P. M. and dark. We asked for something to eat.

"There is nothing here," says the oldest daughter.

"No bread?"

"No."

"No flour?"

"No."

"No meat?"

"No."

"Do the children go to bed without supper?"

"Yes."

We, who have at least always something to eat, do not fully realize the sufferings of the poor.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

⁂

Some people object to taking up a collection at the time of religious services for the Indians. We do not desire to dispute about that, but we ought to bear in mind that a religion that costs nothing is just worth that much; a religion which does not inspire its members to bring sacrifices is not worth the sacrifices. Catholics who leave the church because they are unwilling to offer pecuniary aid to their church, are no loss to the church. As to us, we may truthfully say with St. Paul: "I have not coveted any man's silver, gold or apparel, as you yourselves know."

Yet sometimes others wanted and received from us. Well, "It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive." (Acts xx, 33 and 35.)

⁂

On September 23 at 9 P. M. a thunder-like roaring through the San Jacinto mountains announced that the earth was trembling. It was a veritable earthquake and more shocks were felt during the night. It was really a dismal warning. How easily and how quickly may God visit us if he chooses to do so. Earthquakes in Southern California may yet bring about a calamity. There are many evidences of volcanic revolution in days gone by. Better build a good frame house, and keep your conscience clear. It will be the right thing in any event.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

William Pablo was accidentally shot in the leg. He carried a six-shooter, which another Indian playfully grappled, and on Pablo's trying to prevent its being taken, the weapon was discharged, hitting William's leg below the knee, the ball tearing through and making its exit just above the ankle. Boys, beware of shotguns.

Capt. Barthol Talamen fell with his horse and severely sprained one of his legs. He wisely came to the school for help, which was also given him. He is all right now. The medicine applied was cold water.

Ramon Garcia is one of those Indians of whom we may say, they are good Indians. He is industrious and cares for his family, and there are only too many friends of his who take advantage of his hospitality.

Hello, Captain, how is Portrero and the Indians there? "They are all right!" Never did we meet an Indian with such a cheerful disposition, and who is such an always-ready joker, as Capt. Barthol Talamen. There is no better man in Portrero.

Jose Miquel in Portrero has undoubtedly the nicest Indian home we have ever seen. He does not number among our friends, but we shall always bear testimony and approve of what is really good.

Chico Martinez settled upon a tract of land in the southwestern part of the Portrero reservation last spring. Everybody is surprised at the improvements made by him on this land. He planted about 200 trees, bought and paid for by himself, and they are all growing. He is going to build a good, well-sized frame house. He is a go-ahead Indian.

Alphonse Felipe was very sick for two or three months. He is much better now.

PALM SPRINGS.

Juan de Dios died Sept. 21, 1895. They say that Juan de Dios was a good boy. Before he died he bequeathed what he possessed to his mother and relations. A document to that effect was written by the Indian Judge, Francisco Padencio.

SAN ASSIDRO.

The wife of Capt. Juan Chutnicat, Bibiana, died toward the end of August. She was an industrious woman and her death leaves three little boys motherless.

Joachina Chaporosa died of consumption August 26, 1895. She was an innocent but bright child, aged 9 years.

SAN FELIPE.

Maria Zenobia, aged 12, died August 29, 1895. She suffered much from sickness, scrofula and consumption. She was fortified by the rites of the church. R. I. P.

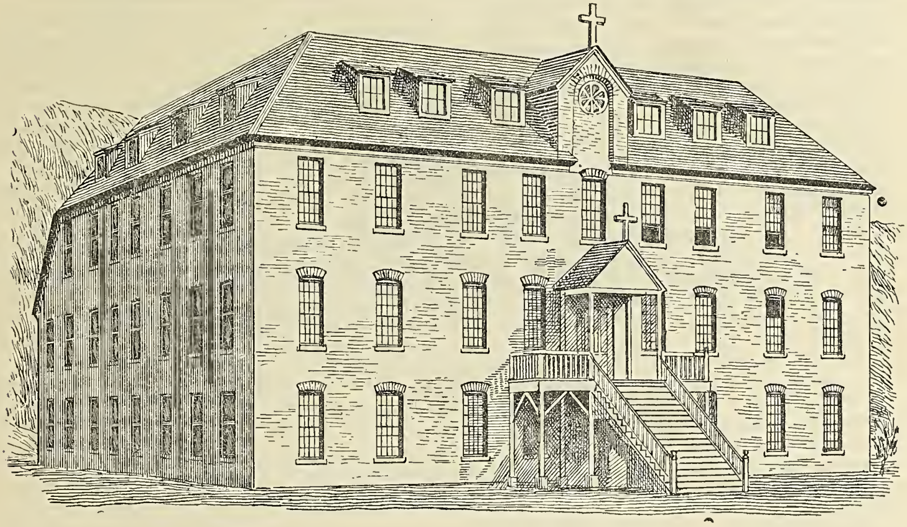
CAHUILLA VALLEY.

Isidoro Casero is dead. He used to be interpreter when the old Fathers held service for the Cahuilla Indians. He died without the sacraments, as the priest was not notified of Isidore's sickness when in Cahuilla.

LA JOLLA.

Miss Gulch is the teacher of the Government day school at La Jolla. We met her but once, when she, accompanied by Mrs. B. Waters and Mrs. Davenport, visited our school. She is an Indian teacher by nature. Gratitude is not always known among the Indians, and sometimes we have to say *aqui y no mas*—thus far and no farther. Hence it is a refreshing sight to witness the imperturbable happy disposition of Miss Gulch in her Indian work. Her zither is always ready, and her vocal chords ever in tune to please the poor Indian children.

Wo man singt da lass dich ruhig nieder
Bœse Menschen haben keine Lieder.



St. Boniface's Industrial School.

In the valley of San Gorgonio, just north of the town of Banning, and nestling snugly 'neath the hills, with San Jacinto mountain in full view, stands St. Boniface's industrial training school for Indians. A lovelier location could scarcely be found, for this valley is indeed a land of enchantment and ever here in Banning the gentle breezes blow. Fit place, therefore, for the mental and physical development of the Indians who are on the border land of their own reservations, and who, we may hope, will reach man's estate gentle as the breezes, yet strong as their native mountains.

While we fondly indulge these hopes, yet we must say that civilization has not been an overkind nurse to them, and it must be admitted that we find no longer amongst them the fine physique or the hardy endurance of their ancestors. But, though civilization has not bettered them, yet there remains a field in which we may work with much profit to themselves and to society, and that is the training of their minds.

With this object in view St. Boniface school has been established, and as we write you may see 56 boys and 54 girls employed in different avocations, and in various ways fitting themselves for good citizen life. And though we may deprecate their physical degeneracy, yet it is pleasing to note that in industry, a desire to learn, average abilities and moral qualities, they compare favorably with their white brothers and sisters.

As you may be aware, there are many Indian schools, some Government schools, and some conducted by private individuals, and all either entirely or partially supported by supplies voted by Congress.

One such school conducted by private enterprise is St. Boniface's, at Banning, where this little paper is printed. It consists of a large square four-story brick building, besides a number of frame buildings for residence, laundry, bakery, shoe-store, printing-house, barn, etc., etc. This school is under the protection of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, and in charge of a superintendent, six male employes and seven Sisters of St. Joseph. It opened this year on the 1st of September, and has at present 110 pupils. The course of instruction is varied and useful, comprising reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, United States history, etc., besides a technical knowledge of printing, carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, horticulture and farming for the boys, while the girls are trained in laundry, kitchen, sewing and fancy work, etc., etc.

But it must not be supposed that it is all work and no play; there's ample time for recreation, and the boy's happy soul is mirrored in his face as he plays base ball, exercises on the bars, or else plunges in the cool waters of the swimming pond, and only remembers that he's a boy. And the girls swing merrily, sing, dance, and ride their hobby—but this hobby just now is a very intelligent burro, who understands his position at St. Boniface's, and lives only for the purpose of useful enjoyment. On the whole the Indians have a happy home at Banning. What is more, they appreciate it, and gladly supplement efforts of the staff towards their advancement.

Some are pessimistic and ask, Can anything good be made of the Indians? We give the answer of Philip to Nathaniel: "Come and see." We should not omit that while care and diligence are used to fit those children for useful positions in life, their spiritual condition is not neglected. We believe that a good Christian education is the groundwork of good citizenship, and no efforts are spared to inculcate in their minds their duty to God and their fellow-beings.

From the above can be seen the good work St. Boniface's is doing. As we have said, it is not the only Indian school in California, and we wish in our paper from time to time to report from other schools the results of their good work.

As already stated, the funds are partly supplied by the Government, but there is an idea that there will be a reduction in those funds. We cannot join in this surmise. The work is one of the first importance: these children are being trained as good citizens and useful members of society, and they will leave here full of habits of industry, able and willing to be a mainstay of their friends in the Reservation.

Surely we ought all be broadminded, the Government undoubtedly will be broadminded. For if we look round Southern California and ask where did we get those vast tracts of land, those immense ranches, we must answer they were taken from the poor Indians. Therefore, in justice, we, who have received so much, ought to be willing to give a little, and contribute in that way to the betterment of a partly despised race, but who, if they are helped, are capable of appreciating and enjoying the blessings of social life. R. D. O'S.

Catholic Belief.

The foundation of religion is a belief in a Supreme Being, and this is planted in every human heart, even independently of Revelation. And so it happens that all mankind has this belief, and no matter whether savage or civilized, we find them all paying worship to some superior Deity whom they call by different names, but whom they all agree in recognizing as a first cause and the author of their destinies. In the light of Revelation, however, we have a more definite idea of God, and to the question "Who Is God?" we answer that He is an infinitely perfect spirit, the Lord of heaven and earth and the Author of all good.

He is a spirit because He has understanding and free will but no body; and He is infinitely perfect, because He is not like created beings good only in some measure, but because He unites in Himself all good perfections, without measure or bounds or number. And hence we cannot assert that man, however good, is infinitely perfect, for man is subject to change, to sickness, to death, and to sin, and therefore we understand that, though man is the noblest of created beings, man is not perfect. We say then that God is infinitely perfect because He is unchangeable and eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise, omnipresent, all-lovely and just, infinitely good, merciful and long suffering, infinitely true and faithful.

Now in few words we shall explain those perfections:

(1) God is unchangeable; *i. e.*, He is and was always the same without, as St. James says (James 1:17), any shadow of alteration.

(2) Eternal, *i. e.*, He had no beginning, never will have an end, as is written in the psalms (Ps.Lxxxix.2.) "Before the mountains were made or the earth and the world, Thou art God."

(3) Omnipotent, *i. e.*, all-powerful, for God can do everything He wishes, and has only to will and it is done, "Because no word shall be impossible with God," (St. Luke 1.37) and of this we see examples in the creation of the world, the plagues of Egypt, etc.

(4) God is omniscient, *i. e.*, He knows all things perfectly and from all eternity. He knows all the past and the future and the present, and He knows our most hidden thoughts and actions. "For the eyes of the Lord are brighter than the sun ....looking into the hearts of men." (Eclesxxiii 28.29).

(5) All-wise, *i. e.*, God knows how to dispose of all things in the best way for his own wise purposes. "He has made all things in wisdom." (Psciii.24).

(6) God is omnipresent, *i. e.*, He is everywhere, in heaven, on earth, in the depths of the sea, in our homes with us by day and by night, and in all places, for as we read in the Acts [xvii.27 28] "In Him we live, move and have our being." R. D. O'S.

Historical Sketches.

We intend to give to our readers some historical sketches referring to the history of our country, especially those pertaining to the Indians. The following items are mostly taken from John R. G. Hassard's History of the United States, to which we shall subjoin our own notes:

As to the history of the Indians prior to the arrival of the white man, we have to say, very little is known. There are just a few evidences, a few buildings, etc., that tell something of the nations that existed in the days gone by within the wildernesses of the territory which now is called the United States of North America.

Still, so much is known, that the red man who occupied the country at the time of its discovery by the Europeans in the fifteenth century, was preceded by another race of which a few traces still remain. These remote ancestors of the Indians are supposed to have migrated from the northeast of Asia by the way of Behring sea; still, how they came is a mere conjecture. The Indians that lived in Mexico, Central America and South America at the time of Columbus, the discoverer of America, were more civilized than the Indians of North America, who were divided into many tribes hostile to one another. We class them in our histories into certain great families.

The Algonquin tribes inhabited the country from Hudson's Bay to North Carolina and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

The Mobilian or Muscego tribes were found between Carolina and the Gulf of Mexico.

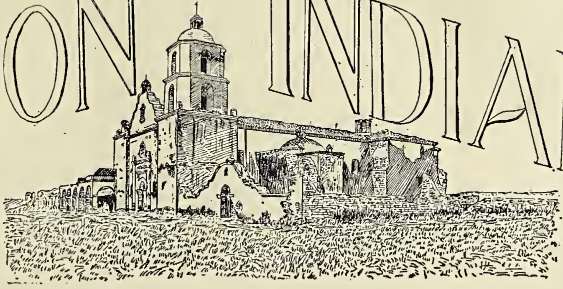
The Huron-Iroquois, including the famous Five Nations of New York, occupied a territory completely surrounded by the Algonquins, with whom they were always at war.

The Cherokees inhabited the mountain region of Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, with the Mobilian family all around them.

West and northwest of the Mississippi were the various Sioux tribes, southwest the New Mexican families, and still more tribes in the extreme northern part of the United States, and numerous tribes on the Pacific Coast.

(To be Continued.)

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1895. NO. 2.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

In Viam Pacis.

IN THE WAY OF PEACE.

"May the Almighty and Merciful God direct us into the way of peace and prosperity, and may the Archangel Raphael accompany us on the road, that we may return to our homes in peace, health and joy."

A way of peace—to visit the sick; a way of peace—to comfort the afflicted; a way of peace—to bury the dead.

We left Los Angeles at 8:10 A. M.

The iron horse of the Southern Pacific Co. carried us on to the place of our destination—Santa Barbara. Soon we had passed through Los Angeles, Burbank, and arriving at San Fernando were informed that the remainder of the old mission San Fernando was near this station. San Fernando is the mission between San Gabriel and San Buenaventura. Then we hurried on, passed the tunnel, and arrived at Saugus station. Thence the railroad carries the passenger through a valley, of which Santa Paula is the principal point. In the valley we noticed many corn-fields; it really seemed as if traveling through one of the Eastern states. The Southern Pacific track winds in many curves around the foot-hills on the northeastern end of the valley. The human life, too, is like unto a railroad with many curves, knocking us sometimes from one side to the other, still always hurrying on until the last station is reached—death. Santa Paula is a neat town; its orchards are beautiful. After passing Santa Paula we saw many large fields of beans. Surely the steam-engines and the threshing machines to thresh the beans, were there. Now we know where the nourishing beans come from, of which our red-skinned friends are so fond. We said good-bye to the beans, and saw before us the ocean—the Pacific—the immense, vast sea, calling forth the words of the psalmist: *Abyssus abyssum in vocat, in voce cataractarum tuarum.* "Deep calleth on deep, at the voice of thy floodgates." How the breakers rush to the shore and again roll back into the vast deep! Does not the ocean announce to us, "There is a God?" Heaven and earth, the whole creation, tells us of its Maker. "The heavens show forth the glory of God."

San Buenaventura came next. It is built on the hills, and we remembered that one day a wag told of Kansas City being built not on seven hills, but on seventy times seven hills. But if we were to count all the hills upon which homes are built in California, seventy times seventy would not be enough to designate the number. At San Buenaventura is the old mission, which is yet used as the parish church, Very Rev. Father Rubio, a missionary apostolic, being in charge. There is a wharf at San Buenaventura, and we saw a three-master being unloaded. This reminded us of another story: A young German left his home in order to travel and to see the world. He arrived at Amsterdam. There he saw big houses and beautiful palaces. "To whom do all these houses belong?" he asked a passer-by. Of course the Dutchman did not understand any German and replied: "Kannitverstan." (I do not understand.) "Kannitverstan," said the German to himself, "Kannitverstan must be a rich and a great man." Meanwhile he arrived at the wharf. There were hundreds of ships of all kinds and thousands of men at work unloading the goods and many more to haul the merchandise to the city's warehouses. "To whom do all these ships and all these goods belong?" our young hero asked. "Kannitverstan," was again the answer. "Kannitverstan, Kannitverstan, he is the lord and master here in Amsterdam!" the young man sighed, and pondering very dolefully on his own poverty he went away and, seeing a long line of people dressed in black following a coffin, he joined the procession, asking his neighbor to tell him who it was that they were honoring with the last rites. "Kannitverstan," was the answer. "Kannitverstan, Kannitverstan," cried out our young friend, "so great, so rich, and now dead and small and poor!" The heavy tears rolled freely down his cheeks. He was mistaken, but still he was perfectly right.

During this meditation we had reached Miramar, the summer resort of Santa Barbara. We had seen on our way quite a number of oil-wells, oil-tanks and pipes for carrying the amber fluid, also many groves consisting of eucalyptus trees, and then we arrived at Santa Barbara.

The first impression on arriving at one's point of destination usually is that it is the loneliest place on earth. During the journey the mind is taken up entirely with the surroundings and the terminus of the trip is expected to be something very great. Then comes the reaction, because after all, wherever we may go, we find the same view repeated, although in another form. It is everywhere the same world, the same firmament, the same manner of living, and so on. Thus even Santa Barbara, although richly surrounded with many of Nature's beautiful gifts, with its flowers, with its fairy-like appearance, with its fine residences, does not fully satisfy the human heart, which in any event will never be fully satisfied in this wide world. God has created it, and no one but God can fully satisfy it. Santa Barbara has nice streets, electric light, an equable climate, very nice people, and, being situated on the ocean, enjoys the privilege of having communication by rail and by sail.

Now, as we said before, one's point of destination seems the loneliest place in the world. It was literally true when we arrived in Santa Barbara. We went to the church.

There were lying in state, in the church dedicated to the Sorrowful Mother, the mortal remains of

VERY REV. JAMES VILA,
VICAR-GENERAL.

We were there. Crowds of people clad in black filled the church. We saw the beads and noticed those who were praying. We also saw tears, and a deathlike silence reigned in the church. We approached the bier. There was resting peacefully the body of the late pastor of Santa Barbara. His face was calm, and the insignia of priesthood adorned the coffin which is to be the last habitation of the priest who has worked for 38 years in Santa Barbara. *Hodie mihi—cras tibi.* To-day for me—to-morrow for thee.

He was ordained in San Francisco by the late Archbishop Alemany 40 years ago. Having been stationed in San Diego, and later in San Gabriel, for a short time, he was subsequently, in the year 1857, placed in charge of the congregation in Santa Barbara. Thus he was pastor of this congregation for the long period of thirty-eight years. A true and faithful pastor of a Catholic congregation is much nearer to the hearts of his parishioners than is commonly understood. Administering the sacraments there is a mysterious spiritual union formed between the pastor and his sheep. Hence we cannot fail to witness the true filial love of the latter, manifested especially at the time of death. The members of Father Vila's flock showed their love towards him in an especially noticeable manner when looking at him for the last time.

Father Vila was educated in Spain. He was an eloquent speaker, particularly in his mother-tongue. When addressing others he was all life and vigor, and although courteous and gentlemanly in his speech, still used choice language in a forcible manner. He was good to the poor and to the orphans, and bequeathed part of his fortune to them. His love and filial reverence toward his bishop prompted him to place all he possessed into the hands of his superior. Santa Barbara people say that he always took a great interest in public enterprise and that he was esteemed by them for his kindly bearing.

The "Requiem" for Father J. Vila was celebrated by the Right Rev. Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, eighteen priests being present. The Very Rev. J. Adam preached after the pontifical "Requiem." He told his hearers of the great patience and resignation to God's will at the hour of death manifested by Father James Vila during his sickness, mentioning furthermore his numerous benefactions and his quiet acquiescence and submission to his bishop. In a strain somewhat similar Father Rubio, speaking Spanish, paid his tribute to the deceased priest.

Quite a number of priests and a large concourse of people were present when Father Vila's remains were interred in the sacred soil of the Santa Barbara cemetery. It was Father Vila's dying request not to be buried in a vault, nor to have a costly funeral, but instead to be placed in mother earth as other people are commonly placed, and he wished to rest in the lot set apart for the orphan-children. He indeed died a happy death, after regulating all his affairs in due time, when yet in possession of all his senses.

May he rest in peace.

The following clergy were present at the funeral services of Very Rev. James Vila:

Right Rev. Bishop Francis Mora, D. D.; Very Rev. J. Adam, Vic.-Gen.; Very Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer, O. S. F.; Rev. P. J. Stockman, Rev. C. Rubio, Rev. A. Uback, Rev. V. Aguilera, Rev. J. Pujol, Rev. J. Cabaleria, Rev. P. Crogan, Rev. Clementine Dreyman, O. S. F.; Rev. R. Ferrer, Rev. B. F. Hahn, C. P. P. S.; Rev. P. Lennon, Rev. M. Liebana, Rev. M. Lynch, Rev. M. Marron, Rev. J. McCarthy, Rev. P. Smith.

After the burial of Father J. Vila we visited the old mission in Santa Barbara, of which venerable edifice we shall have something to say in one of our issues to come.

The return to Los Angeles being accomplished late in the evening, and nothing of importance happening, we returned to our home in peace.

In Viam Pacis.

The Rosary.

The holy rosary is a form of prayer in which there is first said the Apostles' creed and then fifteen decades, each one of which consists of ten Hail Marys. Each decade is preceded by an "Our Father." In connection with these prayers the principal mysteries of our Lord's life, passion, death and glory, are meditated upon, thus uniting oral and mental prayer. As the "Hail Mary" is repeated ten times, we use the beads or pearls, fastened to a string or to the links of a chain, in order to count them. This form of prayer is called the rosary because the joyful, the sorrowful and the glorious mysteries, aptly symbolized by the leaves, the thorns and the flower, of which the rose consists, compose as it were a wreath or a crown. It is also called the Psalter, because it contains a hundred and fifty "Hail Marys," as the Psalter of David contains a hundred and fifty psalms. It is now in common use to say only one-third of the rosary and to choose those mysteries which are suitable to the season of the ecclesiastical year.

We find the rosary in all the reservations of the Mission Indians, and they take great delight in wearing a rosary around the neck. The rosary is an eminently Catholic devotional, and by wearing one a Catholic professes publicly his religion, and no mistake about it, as everybody knows. The month of October is especially designated by the church for the praying of the holy rosary. Did you say the rosary last month? Say it daily, if you can.

A Corner in Smiles.

Windhorst, the great German statesman, was comparatively small of stature. When at college he was one day affronted by a fellow-student, who was a big, tall man with a shallow brain. Says he to Windhorst: "Behold, I could put you little man into my pockets." Windhorst coolly replied: "Put me rather into your head, then you will have brains in it."

—

Susan: "Did the fishman have frog legs?"

Bridget: "Can't tell; he had his pants on."

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Father Farrelly, of Visalia, is fighting the good fight even if he does get a blow now and then.

Father McAuliffe spoke to the Hibernians on the 1st inst. The Father is quite in demand as a speaker.

Redlands' church is pronounced by outsiders "a little beauty." What a smile that brings to Catholics there!

Dame Rumor is always around. Latest: Two new parishes in Los Angeles. A chance to be a city P. P.; very pleasant.

This is a blessed season of missions. The Paulists are at St. Vincent's. Blessed Paul and Vincent! Riverside will come next.

Father Fisher is putting in lovely walks around his church. It is like his good nature to make the road to the church pleasant.

Father Victor, O. S. F., was giving a mission in Sacramento. None can point to a more noble ancestry in California than the sons of St. Francis.

All the world is not wrong. The memorial church of Redondo, built by the Dominguez family, is an object lesson of what ought to be done.

Bakersfield will be blessed with a Paulist mission. The material blessing is not forgotten, and it is right. Father O'Reilly ought to have a better residence.

Father Doyle was not feeling well in San Bernardino. No wonder. He struck it rainy there. The Father's nice, simple, useful sermon will not soon be forgotten.

San Diego is a great place. A new church, a fine academy, a grand hospital, an airy mission school—what more is wanted? Answer: Subscribers for THE MISSION INDIAN.

Bishop Montgomery was recently in Santa Fe, New Mexico, to see the pallium conferred on A. B. Chapells. Some one naively remarked the bishop is looking ahead of him.

Bishop Mora was much grieved over the death of Father James. Those who know the venerable bishop well know that no more kind and affectionate heart beats within a human frame.

Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer, O. S. F., formerly provincial of the order in America, is giving a mission in San Inez. The Father is a fine, noble type of a devoted missionary. He is now 70 years of age.

Father Hartnett visited Pomona, San Bernardino and Banning recently. It is well his stay was short, otherwise there would be much grief at his departure. He brings cheer. Come soon again, Father.

The versatile character of the pastor of Santa Monica is spoken of all around. At the Soldiers' Home he is like one of the "old boys," and at Ballona it is asked from what part of Spain came that priest.

Father Stockman leaves San Bernardino to take Father Vila's place at Santa Barbara. A faithful service of 22 years has endeared him to every one. He will be much missed, and long remembered in San Bernardino.

Father Curran has two nice churches, San Pedro and Wilmington. Though an old missionary, he is still light of foot, and when needs be can handle the ribbons. The Curragh of Kildare is the place to get taught.

During the absence of Father Victor, O. S. F., the Rev. Clementine Dreyman, O. S. F., stayed at the German church in Los Angeles. Rev. P. Clementine is in charge of the boys' orphan asylum at Watsonville, Cal. There are now 233 boys at the asylum, no one being sick. There is a barrel of flour needed daily to furnish bread for the little ones.

Mr. George Mitchell and Mr. Joseph Devin have taken an interesting baggage. George was married to Miss Clarke at the old church by Bishop Montgomery, assisted by Fathers Liebana and Barron, and Joe was married to Miss Macdonald at San Bernardino by Father Doyle, of the Cathedral. The MISSION INDIAN wishes the young couples many happy years.

Rev. Juan Cabaleria is appointed pastor of San Bernardino. We cordially welcome him as our future neighbor, praying to God that He may bless the labors of the Rev. Father in his new field. *Ad multos annos.*

Rev. P. Smith is the new pastor of Anaheim in place of Rev. Cabaleria.

Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald, of Beaumont, pastor of the congregation at Redlands, was in Indio this week to look after the Catholics there. Father Fitzgerald is in California because the condition of his lungs necessitates a climate like ours. May his stay in California be blessed and may his congregation in Redlands prosper and increase. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam!*

SUBSCRIBE for THE MISSION INDIAN.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Banning is to have spic-and-span new athletic grounds, including a half mile oval-shaped race track, base ball diamond, bicycle road, etc., the whole to be enclosed and provided with a grand stand and other conveniences. Through the efforts of Mr. C. O. Barker land has been secured for this purpose from State Senator Williams, of Nevada, and the Messrs. Klein and James. The grounds are to be located midway between St. Boniface Industrial School and the residence of S. J. McMullen, which site has been selected on account of its level surface, besides affording ample space for home run drives on the diamond or saca-de-gallo heats on the oval. Come on, ye Riverside county athletes and pacemakers, and be ye heavy or light of foot, our sports will train up or down to meet ye and beat ye.

A meeting of citizens of Banning was held the fore part of this month to consider a proposition to extend the present water system further west of Gorgonia avenue, so as to fully supply already growing orchards in that end of town, and also to open up for cultivation new lands now lying waste for lack of irrigation facilities. The plan is to abandon the pressure pipe delivery system now in use in the west end, and instead to construct a cement ditch along the northern foothills which will by gravity supply sufficient water to the entire territory lying south, in the same manner as the eastern part of town is now supplied by the flume on Gorgonia avenue. The citizens' meeting resulted in favorable action being taken on this question, and it was recommended to the non-resident stockholders, who comprise the majority, that the contemplated improvement be at once started and pushed to completion. The cost of providing this improved water service is estimated at $7,000.

All litigation concerning the Desert Queen mine has been amicably settled, Mr. H. B. Adsit having been placed in charge of the property, with full power to operate and carry on the business of the mine. Already several wagonloads of provisions have left our town for the scene of operations, and work will be resumed at once. Mr. G. C. Ryan, who came into town from the desert for a few days last week, reports things as booming in the mining region. Mr. Ryan is milling ore from the Lost Horse which runs about $50 to the ton, and recently milled some ore from the Eagle Cliff that yielded $100 a ton.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1895.

Our readers will remark a change in the color of the cover of The Mission Indian, which we think will improve the appearance of the paper. From all sides we have had good wishes and help for the success of The Mission Indian. Indeed the many kind encouragements given us by persons of every creed and class make us hopeful for the future, and are beyond our most ardent expectation.

We thank those who already have become subscribers, and we trust the friends of the Indians everywhere will remember our cause when they feel charitably inclined. To help them is God's work and it ought know no creed or class.

We have in school at St. Boniface just now 112 pupils, and we are anxious that they will enjoy a Christmas treat. Last year many kind friends helped us to bring extra cheer to the hearts of our good little Indians, and we trust that their friends will not forget them when next Xmas comes. Send anything you wish and it will be gratefully accepted by

Mother Celestia,
Industrial School,
Banning, Cal.

Although we did not send copies of the first issue of The Mission Indian to all the different journals in our neighborhood, still several of them spoke of The Mission Indian in a friendly way. We mention the Riverside "Reflex," Colton "Chronicle," Colton "News" and Pomona "Times," who took notice of our publication. We were indeed surprised to read the kind notices given of our charitable work. Thanks, dear friends.

"Catholic Tidings," of Los Angeles, in its issue of Nov. 2d speaks in words of praise of our little Mission Indian. Thus it ought to be. All the Catholic newspapers in this country should be united and friendly; strife and quarrel ought to be unknown amongst them. This was not always the case, still at the present time we notice quite an improvement all along the line, and we feel confident the A. P. A.'s will see to it that Catholics—clergy and laity, including editors—will all stick together like hickory.

"Catholic Tidings" is a weekly paper, at the nominal subscription of $1.00 a year. Catholics ought to subscribe for it liberally.

Education.

In what precisely does education consist? There are few subjects about which so much has been said, and on which so many have written, as this subject of education. And strange, an exact idea of this particular term seems to remain unconveyed. In fact there is hardly any one idea conveyed by its use, and frequently its significance is taken from the context. People say even of animals that they are educated. It would appear that in its scientific and philosophic sense *education is the developing or training of the intellect to reason correctly.* Without memory there can be no operation of the intellect. Memory is a condition without which the intellect has nothing to work on; but memory may be present with a splendid array of very interesting facts, and yet the intellect may not be able to take hold of them and put them in order so as to draw its own conclusions. A person may have read much on various subjects, he may be familiar with many languages, history may be present to him in abundance, and yet he may not, and on account of these alone, will not, be an educated person. But what of the third faculty, the queen of all—the will? The will is really a blind faculty, taken by itself, and apart from reason or intellect can hardly claim existence. Yet at the same time it is the motive power of the world. The whole world shows two forces in action—the moral force and the material force. The latter is the more noticeable, because it comes within the range of man's senses. The moral force is the less noticeable, yet it is the more powerful, and always predominates over the material. The rumbling of the thunders, the restless tossing of the sea, the howling of the winds, strike the senses with force. Others make less impression, such as the force that pushes out the bud, unfolds the leaf, and develops the fruit. But whatever be the nature of the force, when these impressions pass through the senses to the wiser mind, when they become subject of thought, it is at once concluded that they must have a cause, and an intelligent cause. As it is with the world, so is it with man. Man's *will* is his motive power. Now nothing is willed except it is first known. The intellect must present the result of its deliberations to the will before the will acts, or decides on action. The intellect is then "the citadel of power." It must be stormed and taken ere the individual can be completely captured. When the intellect sits down calmly and turns things over and over with itself; when it excludes all prejudice, and pays no attention to the clamoring of low passions, when it arrives at truth, and fearlessly presents it to the will for adoption, then we see the presence of education.

Will is, as has been said, the motive power of man's action. Man enjoys free will, so that even after the intellect does present truth for its acceptance and adoption, the will may not accept, and may act in opposition to truth. If this should be the constant course of an individual's action, if the will should accept error instead of truth, if it should do the wrong instead of the right, of what use is education? Of no use whatever; it is even an injury.

People say in unscientific language that the heart must be educated as well as the head. The meaning of this is that the will must be trained to adopt the right conclusion of the intellect. Train a man in his youth, and in his old age he will not depart from it. What element must be used to carry on this training? *Religion.* Why? First, because religion is a science, and first among the sciences, and to educate without religion would be unphilosophical; second, because man surely ought to be educated in a knowledge of the end for which he was made, and to do that without religion is an impossibility.

Whatever we may say, religion is the foundation of the nation. The Father of our Country said so, and so have said all the wise men of all times. Plato in X book of laws says:

"He who upsets religion upsets the foundation of all society." Xenophon (on Socrates) says: "The most pious cities and nations have ever been the wisest and most lasting." Plutarch says "that it is easier to build a city in the air than to constitute society without belief in God." And strange, Polybius declares "that the holy fear of the divinity is more necessary in free states than in others." Numa made Rome the holy city that she might be eternal, and Rome was the greatest precisely because she was the most religious. It is told that Caesar once in full Senate gave expression to some doubts in regard to the existence of the divinity, whereupon Cato and Cicero arose and vehemently denounced the irreverent youth for speaking *words dangerous to the State.*

These are the sayings of great men, and must not be thrown aside without reflection. Our wish and earnest desire is to give permanency and prosperity to this nation of ours; hence we endeavor to teach our children the necessity and advantage both here and hereafter of keeping God's commandments. ⁂

Proclamation of President Cleveland. Thanksgiving Day, November 28.

The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God, which have been vouchsafed the American people during the year just past, call for sincere acknowledgement of devout gratitude.

To the end, therefore, that we may with thankful hearts unite in extolling the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all our people. On that day let us forego our usual occupations and in our accustomed place of worship join in rendering thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy markets of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity, and for other blessings that have been showered upon us as with an open hand. And with our thanksgiving let us humbly beseech the Lord so to incline the hearts of our people unto Him that He will not leave us, nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us His mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, imbuing us with rectitude and virtue, and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given us as our national heritage. Let us also on the day of our thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show the sincerity of our gratitude.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Atlanta Exhibition.

The Atlanta exhibition thus far has proved a success. The opening by the President, almost the entire Cabinet being present, has given it a prestige and a stimulus that materially helped it along. The exhibition is a proof, too, of the progress of the "Cotton States"—the South of the United States—and should tend to further promote this progress. California has many exhibits there, and all agree that our products carry off the palm. We add here the prayer:

Bless the land with peace and plenty,
Keep in brotherly communion
All the states of this our union,
Save, O Lord, the Commonwealth!

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

Very Good and Very Pleasing. Write Again.

SAN XAVIER SCHOOL,
NEAR TUCSON, ARIZ., Oct. 16, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

My first letter to you is not very good. I trust you will excuse me. I am 16 years old. I will try to give you a little description of the Papago Indians at San Xavier. We all have our own fields. We plow them in the month of November, and December we plant wheat and barley. Mr. Berger obtains the seed for us, also the tools and things necessary for our work. We sell wood in town during the time we are free from working in the fields. Mrs. Berger is a very kind friend to the Papagoes. She gives us medicine when sick, and attends to the dead. Our chief's name is Francisco; he is a good example of industry and good habits. We have a very good policeman; he tries to do his duty. I work for the Sisters since the 1st of September, and I am the sexton in the church. We have a day school on the reservation. Each year we have more children in school than the preceding one. I take music lessons from Sister. We have singing every day in school. I wish you could come to see our dear old church. If this little letter is pleasing to you, I will try to give you a description of the inside and other parts of our church. All the Papagoes are well and try to be good as far as we know. Trusting this will be pleasing to you, I am, your nephew,

VINCENTE STANISLAUS RIOS.

Ask Santa Claus Next Christmas Where He Lives.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Nov. 3, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

How are you? If you come to San Diego we will all be glad to see you. My name is Catherine and I like my school very much. I study reading, and am learning to write with ink. I hope you can read my writing. Where does Santa Claus live? Sister Alphonsa is here. She was in the Banning school, but now she is with the San Diego children. Good-bye, Uncle Tom. Your niece,

CATHARINE.

Very Clever; Will Answer in Next Issue.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write you these few lines to ask you some questions. Why does it snow on the mountains so near us, and not in the valley where we live? The people say it is on account of the elevation above sea level, but I don't see how that makes it snow. Uncle Tom, why is it that the girls can't knead the flour to make bread? I want to get a better answer from you because I presume you know why. One of the boys said it was because the girls had not enough strength, and what strength they had they needed in their jaws to chew the bread we make. I also want a good answer for this question Uncle Tom, I heard you had a good crop of apples. I wish you would send me some, and tell me how many bushels you got from your trees. Now, my dear uncle, if you will please answer all these questions, I will ask some more soon. My best regards to you. Good-bye till next time. Your loving nephew,

CALLISTRO ANTONIO.

Good St. Anthony.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Oct. 22, 1885.

Dear Uncle Tom:

One day last week our little donkey got tired of the barn-yard and thought he would take a walk. So he followed the cows up into the canyon and was not missed by your little nieces and nephews until the evening recreation. O dear uncle, you never saw such sad faces! We thought Bonita was lost. We asked dear St. Anthony to help us, and in an hour, thanks to dear St. Anthony, the boys returned with our pet. Last Sunday all your nephews and nieces took a walk, and that Bonita might not be lonely we took him with us. As we passed the bees they flew about us, but did not sting. Our gentle little donkey was frightened: he danced and jumped, and almost threw off his rider. I don't think he loves bees. Now, dear uncle, I must say good-bye. Your niece,

VIRGINIA FLORES.

Truly a Sacred Spot.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Nov. 3, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am most anxious to write and tell you how delighted we are to get the "Mission Indian." It is a fine thing, and such a good title! The sisters gave it to us to read. I want to say that our school is just beneath the shadow of the ruins of the first church built by Father Junipero Serra. Near the old well is a monument erected to the memory of one of the fathers who was massacred by the savage Indians, who came by night and killed the poor priest. I read that the priest was found in the morning all hacked and torn. Our school for three years was in the old town, and we are four years at the old mission. There are 112 boys and girls. Your niece,

ROSALIA.

How Sad to Be Motherless!

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Nov. 3, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very glad indeed to tell you all the news. Yesterday we all went to the graveyard and prayed for the dead. I love to pray for the dead, because I have a dear mother dead many years. I am truly, your niece,

ENCARNATION GRANDE.

Many more letters were crowded out of this issue owing to lack of space.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

Many houses are being built in this village. There are about ten of the Indians preparing to put good roofs over their houses, to shelter them during the rainy season.

The Indians are working hard to fix up their roads, and as work in the orchards is not pressing at present, woodcutting is going on merrily.

Sunday, November 3, a full-fledged rain storm came upon us. The day after the clouds began to disperse, and Tuesday morning the San Jacinto peak, on the south, and Old Grayback on the north, appeared in their first snowy garment this season, presenting a beautiful aspect. Up in the mountains snow and ice and "winter," while down in the valley it was still "summer," with flowers in profusion, and trees, alfalfa patches and fields of grain clad in brightest green.

Scarcely had the rain ceased when we noticed one of the Indians, Gabriel Quemado, going to haul lumber for a new house. He said that his wife wanted a new house, 16x10, with a door and two windows, to have protection from the cold and rain. You are right, perfectly right, Esperanza.

Ben Morongo sold us two horses, a black mare first, four years ago, which we named "Beauty," whose bones are now bleaching somewhere in Cahuilla valley, and later we bought from him a bay mare called "Nellie." Ben tried to break "Nellie" about two years ago, but was almost broken himself by the animal. As a consequence he will carry a lame arm the remainder of his life. The horse is now more gentle and of great use at the school.

SAN ASSIDRO.

The Indians have built a new adobe church, dedicated to San Assidro or St. Isidor. The San Assidro tribe of Indians forty years ago was still very numerous and one of the strongest extant. Now their number is insignificant; there may be about 15 families, all told. Their land is very fertile, corn growing 10 to 12 feet high. Wheat thrives excellently, and the San Assidro cabbage is known as the largest in Warner's Ranch. The Indians have much trouble about their lands, partly among themselves and partly with the white settlers. The location, although comprising some of the best lands the Indians possess, is not healthy, being damp and cold in winter, and the elevation 4,100 feet above sea level.

SAN IGNACIO.

This is perhaps the most romantic Indian reservation in Southern California, 5,200 feet above the level of the sea. The land here is of medium quality, though some parts are very fertile. Water is insufficient and in winter it is sometimes very cold, snow falling from two to four feet deep. Quite a number of intelligent Indians live here, engaged in raising corn, wheat, alfalfa and vegetables; they have grazing land for their stock, and when the weather grows cold they all migrate into their old homes at Los Cayotes, only seven miles distant, where they find a warm, almost tropical climate, with water and pasture for their animals. But the heat of summer is too intense for the Indians at Los Cayotes canyon, so springtime finds them back in San Ignacio. The winds at times are very severe in all these mountains, and good clothing, warm bedding, firewood and stoves are in great demand there.

We cannot close these remarks without making mention of one of the old Indian women there, a sister of Louisa. Everybody in Banning knows Louisa. Formerly Louisa was married to a Mormon called Tom Mathis. He deserted her, though, and she now lives in a little house near St. Boniface school. Louisa placed her two boys in our school, and they are doing well. She is an active, industrious woman, always busy, dresses neatly, and supports herself by the labor of her hands.

Her sister's name is Thomasa. She lives in San Ignacio with her husband, Martin Segundo, an Indian 70 years of age. There is no Indian woman in the country more active and energetic than Thomasa. She understands everything in the line of housewifery and, together with her sister Louisa, may justly be called "types of industrious Indian women."

They are a kind of "new woman" from among the Indians, and are vastly preferable to the "old" Indian woman. They are not squaws any longer, but as good as many of their white sisters, excepting, perhaps, that they could not be styled typical specimens of the "fairer" sex.

PALM SPRINGS.

Francisco Padencio is undoubtedly an intelligent Indian and speaks English fairly well. He planted many young trees on his land, but nearly all of them died during the water famine a year ago. He is now looking around for a better location and wants to give his house to his brother Alejo. This Captain Jose Raphael will not permit, and as the case is appealed to the U. S. Indian agent, it will be settled there.

PICHANGO.

The new school house is completed and the day school is again in session. Our readers likely have heard ere this of the atrocious crime committed here a year ago, when the old school building was destroyed by fire and the teacher, Mrs. Platt, murdered and cremated. When we appear on the last day before the judgment seat of God there will be quite a settlement all around, and more news will be heard than have ever been published in all the newspapers of the world, without cablegrams or Associated Press dispatches being needed.

MESA GRANDE.

About sixteen captains of Indian reservations commissioned William Pablo to go to Washington to confer with the authorities there in regard to the land question. The time of William's departure for there has not yet been set. This proposed step, although it may prove fruitless, is nevertheless a legitimate way of settling the much-talked-of Indian land question, and we sincerely hope with the Latin poet: *His quoque dabit Deus finem!* May God put an end to this land business in a way satisfactory to all.

SOBOBA.

Two miles from San Jacinto, on the other side of the San Jacinto river, a big wash-out, about 25 Indian families belonging to the San Luis Rey band have their homes and their lands. Some of them also live in the canyons of the San Jacinto mountain range. They have a Government day school and a good frame church. Part of their land is rich and fertile, while others is of a poor quality. There is not enough water for irrigating. The proximity of San Jacinto enables the Indians to earn some money working by the day for the owners of orchards and ranches.

The Papago Indians in San Xavier Reservation, Arizona.

From Farmer J. M. Berger's report we quote: "This reservation, located nine miles south of the city of Tucson, in Santa Cruz valley, contains 69,000 acres, of which 41,600 acres have been allotted to the Papago Indians then residents thereon.........The last census shows a population of 517. There are school children from 6 to 16 years of age to the number of 154."

Farmer Berger deserves credit for his energetic labors in behalf of the Indians at San Xavier. We should like to say more on his interesting report, but want of space forbids, and we hope in a future issue to return to this subject.

Education of Indians.

The word *education* is taken from the Latin language and signifies "to lead out" or "to draw forth" the faculties of man, of both mind and body, into vigorous action. Hence in its widest and truest sense it relates to the whole man. The education of any one part exclusively may destroy harmony or symmetry in mind and character. To this we may yet add that there are many methods used in order to educate, and also that a great deal depends on the educator "to draw forth" the desired result.

To educate the Indian children means to draw forth the faculties both of their body and of their mind. Children of enlightened parents will receive part of their education at home. Whites are trained in their homes to be mannerly, to be industrious, to be good by their parents, and we once heard a wise teacher say: "We in the schools undoubtedly educate artists and scholars, but the 'moral man,' the 'character of man,' is formed perhaps before the 10th year of age is attained, and if any one does not receive this training while yet in the care of his mother, it will be a great misfortune."

Indian children do not receive this education at home. How to address others and how to answer has to be taught them by the teacher. How to act when at table, how to go to sleep, how to behave in school or when at play—all this belongs to the charitable educator of the Indians. We sometimes have to give hints to and advise even the adults and parents; how then can they be expected to teach others? Then how about the training of the hands to useful work, how about the training of the heart, that is, to draw forth, to strengthen and establish firmly the good qualities, the noble sentiments in the Indians, and to crush all which is evil and all which is brutal? Truly there is a wide, immense labor in store for the teachers in Indian schools.

Now there is still another point. In educating the Indians much time has to be spent in the "kindergarten," (children's garden) which is now extensively established in the United States. We spent three years in the "children's garden" at home. Although our recollection of it has become rather obscure, still we yet remember the school building, the school room, the faces of our teachers, and how as a penance we had to stand in a corner; we also yet remember how a music teacher would come and play on his flute to amuse us, how we were taught to sing, and how simple object lessons were given us. Repeatedly the officials of the Indian office in Washington and also Mr. Heinemann, the Indian schools' supervisor, suggested to us to spend much time in the "kindergarten" with the Indian pupils, and indeed it is done. All this may give the kind reader an idea of what is met with in an Indian school.

Nobody ought to expect that all this should be accomplished in a short time. It is true, some parts of man may be educated exclusively and the Indians may be proficient in that line. There are some Indians who can work as well as white men, others can read and write and are fond of being well dressed, taking great care to appear neatly and tidily, but experience teaches that they do not always make proper use of what they know.

It is religion—the education of the better part in man—which is necessary to make a "good Indian." To be honest, to be temperate, to be charitable, to be clean of heart, to be merciful, to be industrious, may sometimes be acquired natural virtues; we say sometimes—let us rather say in but very few cases—and whenever we fall short in virtue, lack of religion is at the bottom of it.

Thus it is with the Indians and their education at school. If the heart of the Indian is not trained he will be like unto a locomotive on the track: let the engineer "steam up" his machine to its utmost capacity, let him then pull the lever and start the engine at full speed and then let him jump off, and no matter how perfect all the machinery may be, the locomotive will run to sure destruction.

From these few points let us reason: [1] it is a great work to educate the Indian children, as their education has to be general and all-around; [2] let us patiently do what can be done for them and, after doing our duty, let us be satisfied with the results attained; [3] let us give to the Indians a good example and let us not judge them harshly; [4] let all those who are charitably inclined do something for the education of the poor Indians by aiding the Indian teachers; [5] let us impress upon the minds of Indian parents that, although they themselves did not enjoy a proper education, they should assist those who are teaching their children, so that at least the future generation of the genuine "Americans," the only true Americans, will enjoy the gifts of civilization acquired by proper education in its fullest sense.

Subscribe for The Mission Indian.

Catholic Belief.

In our last issue we treated somewhat of God and His perfections and in few words explained some of those perfections. In the present issue we give an explanation of some more of these perfections or attributes of God.

(7) God is just, *i. e.*, He rewards and punishes men according to their deserts. Of this we have examples in the Old Testament, for we know how Sodom and Gomorrha were destroyed by fire, and how God sent a deluge on the world, etc., and so St. Paul says that God will render to every one according to his works. (Rom. 11,6.) But this rendering of justice will not be made till the soul leads the body. Yet it is true that there is no real happiness for the wicked, nor is there any essential evil for the just and good. Hence, knowing God is just, etc., we should avoid evil, do good, and refrain from all things contrary to the law of God. "Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear Him that can destroy both body and soul into hell." (Math. x, 28.)

(8) God is good, means that out of love He will do good to all creatures and bestow blessings upon them. And so we can understand from His infinite goodness how it is that He gave His own divine son for the redemption of mankind.

Thus saith the Lord, Can a woman forget her infant......And if she should forget yet will not I forget thee. (Isai. x,6; IX, 15.)

(9) God is merciful, for He is disposed to banish all evil from His creatures, and thus He willingly pardons all who are truly sorry for having sinned.

The mercy of God is upon all flesh. (Eccles. xviii.12.) As I live, saith the Lord, I wish not the death of a sinner, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. (Ezxxx.11.)

What a beautiful and touching example of His mercy have we not in the father of the Prodigal son, as related in the 15th chapter of St. Luke.

It will do you good to open that chapter and there read that God is no tyrant, but the best and most loving of Fathers.

(10) God is long suffering, for He waits long before He punishes a sinner. "Thou overlookest the sins of men for the sake of repentance." (Wisd. XI. 24.) Therefore we should thank God for His patience to us sinners. We should frequently beg pardon of Him for our faults and we should be kind to our neighbors.

(11) God is true, for He is the eternal truth and can neither deceive or be de-

ceived. It is impossible for God to lie. (Hebr.vi.18.)

(12) God is faithful, *i. e.*, He certainly keeps His promise. We ought therefore, since God is true and faithful, firmly believe His word, always speak the truth and keep our promises. Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed. (John vv.29.)

All Souls' Day.

All over the world Catholics on the second day of November visit the cemeteries where their beloved ones are buried, in order to pray for the dead, which day is called "All Souls' Day." To pray for the dead implies two things: first, that there is a state of punishment in the hereafter, called purgatory, which will end in due time, and, second, that we can help the souls in purgatory by prayer. We wish, in few words, to give our reasons for this belief. That there is a purgatory is proved:

[1] By Scripture. "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." II. Mach. 12,46.

"Amen I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing." Matth. v,26. "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but he that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, *neither in this world, nor in the world to come.*" Matth. xii,32.

"The fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon [upon Christ] he shall receive a reward; if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss [by the fire of purgatory] but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." 1. Cor. II., 13,14.

[2] By the Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*; B. XXI., chap. 24: "It would not have been said with truth that their sin shall not be forgiven, *neither in this world, nor in the world to come*, unless some sins were remitted in the next world." St. Cyprian in the 3d century, Epistle LII. writes: "It is one thing to be cast into prison and not go out from thence till the last farthing be paid; and another to receive at once the reward of faith and virtue; one thing in punishment of sin to be purified by long suffering and purged by long fire, and another to have expiated all sins by suffering in this life; one in fire, at the day of judgment to wait the sentence of the Lord; another to receive an immediate crown from Him." In words similar to the foregoing Origin, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome and others write on purgatory.

[3] By the tradition in the church. The books of liturgy and the monuments of the early Christians testify to the belief in a purgatory.

[4] Reason tells us that there must be a purgatory. Those who are perfectly good and pure from sin will enter heaven, and those who are dying in the state of grievous sin will be lost in hell. Now where shall those go to who die not as enemies, but also not as pure and holy friends of God? God is merciful; he will not cast away any one who is sincere in God's service, and He in His wisdom ordained it so that by the temporal punishment for sin in purgatory those who are not pure and holy enough to be admitted into the presence of God may be yet cleansed from their faults. Otherwise our future destiny would be for us dark and hopeless and to be threatened, as there are but few, who live a perfect and holy life.

Of course, we presume first a belief in God and in an eternal life.

To pray for the dead is to ask and beg the Merciful God to shorten the time of punishment of our friends in purgatory. As we pray for one another and as we believe in the efficacy of prayer, as our Lord promised: "Amen, amen, I say to you; if thou ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it to you." John 16,23—and "Ask and you shall receive." J. 16,24—therefore we also pray for the dead, for the "poor souls in purgatory."

This is a most consoling thought. Although death may have taken away from us those who are dear to our hearts, still we can pray for them and thus show our love and affection in asking God to shorten their time of purification and penance, and to admit them to the glorious, happy vision of God in heaven.

Dear and kind reader, pray for the dead. Say sometimes: "Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them," or say, "May they rest in peace," or "May all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen." Read sometimes in your prayerbook the "Dies irae" or "the day of [God's] anger;" it will make you a better Christian.

(FROM THE DIES IRAE.)

When the curs'd in anguish flee
Into flames of misery—
With the blest then call thou me,
Suppliant in the dust I lie!
My heart a cinder, crushed and dry,
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh!
Full of tears and full of dread
Is the day that wakes the dead,
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past.
Lord of Mercy! Jesus blest!
Grant the faithful light and rest.

Historical Sketches.

(Continued from last number.)

Languages and dialects among the Indians were very different, and there was also a great difference in their dispositions. The following characteristics, though, were common among them:

They were copper-colored, had coarse black hair, little or no beard, features often noble and regular and a haughty bearing. They dressed in skins; in warm climates some of them were naked. They painted face and body and decorated the head with feathers.

The early Indians dwelt in rude huts of skins, earth and branches, and had no towns, with a few exceptions. They made their living by hunting and fishing, were always ready to fight, and their women had to carry the burdens on the march, and to gather the scanty harvest of corn, potatoes, etc. The bow and arrow, a spear tipped with flint, a tomahawk or stone hatchet, and a club, constituted their weapons, all made of wood or stone, as iron was not known to the early Indians. They had no dogs, nor horses, nor sheep.

When Columbus met the Indians the first time in the West Indies, he found them gentle, amiable and hospitable, whereas the Indians of the northern continent were cruel, cunning, warlike and savages. They tortured their prisoners most shockingly and bore pain stoically. They had no real government. Each tribe had a head, a sachem, sometimes a chief by descent, sometimes chosen for his bravery and wisdom; his authority, however, depended on his personal influence and was often disregarded.

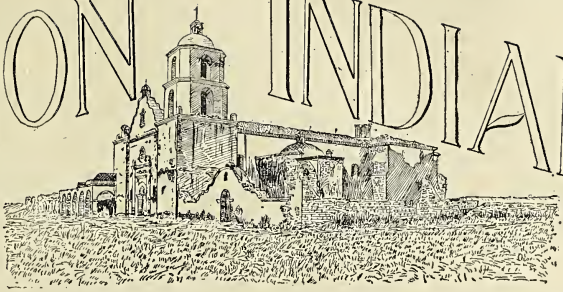
The Indians recognized one Supreme Being, whom they called the Great Spirit, but they did not worship him. They believed in a Bad Spirit, whom they tried to propitiate, and in many demons, in witches, and in magic. They had some idea of a future state, imagining that after death the brave would be taken to the "happy hunting grounds." They had no written language, but they sometimes recorded battles and other incidents by a rude sort of pictures.

We find at the present time yet some of the above characteristics. Four years ago the father of an Indian boy, whom we took along to school, told us to protect his son against the witches in our neighborhood. An Indian woman related lately to us how she saw the bad spirits, as it were, flying through the air. And then the burning of white and black calico on the feast for the dead—genuine evidences of the former pagan superstition! God in the Cahuilla language is "Mookawt," meaning, however, both a good and a bad spirit.

There is no written language of the Indians in California, but missionaries have written several languages of the Indians in the East. The Sioux can read and write their language, also the Menomenees, Ottawas, Chippewas and several others. Bishop Baraga has published a complete grammar of the Chippewa language, and this idiom is perhaps the most perfect of all the Indian languages.

[*To be continued.*]

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1895. NO. 3.

RIGHT REV. FRANCIS MORA, D. D.,

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, consecrated August 3, 1873.

V. Oremus pro Poncifice nostro Francisco.

R. Dominus conservet eum et vivificet eum, et beatum faciat eum in terra; et non tradat eum in animam inimicorum ejus.

THE INFANT JESUS.

VENITE ADOREMUS.

Every little Catholic boy and girl knows who Jesus is: that He is both true God and true man; that He is a *God-Man;* that He is God from eternity and in time became man. When our Lord says: "I and the Father are one," He speaks of Himself as God; and when He says, "The Father is greater than I," He speaks of Himself as Man.

All our dear little readers also know that Jesus is our Saviour and lover, that He is the son of the Virgin Mary, and that He and He alone has done for us everything we want to bring us to Heaven. But sometimes little boys and girls do not think that Jesus was once little like themselves. They forget that He was once a pretty little babe, and they do not think that He was little in order that boys and girls may not be afraid of Him, but may be real fond of Him. If Jesus was a pretty little babe, was He born somewhere like other little babies? Yes, He was, 1895 years ago, on the 25th day of December, the little Jesus was born in a stable at Bethlehem.

Early on the morning of the 24th of December, if you, dear little reader, were in Galilee, a city of Nazareth, you would see an old man outside a little mud house fixing a saddle and bridle on an ass, and tieing unto the saddlestrings such little things as are wanted for a long journey. When he has everything ready the Blessed Virgin comes out of the house and with some help from St. Joseph—for Joseph is the aged husband of Mary—she takes her seat on the back of the ass and away they go. It was a long journey over a rough road, and Joseph, Mary and the poor little ass are very tired when in the evening they come to a place called Juda. Here they were obliged to come because all who were of the house of David had to be here enrolled in this place according to a command from Caesar Augustus. When they came to Juda, they could not get room in the inn or hotel, for they were poor. It was a cold evening, the wind piercing and biting in its sharpness, and Joseph and Mary went up and down the streets, knocking at almost every door to see if they could get lodgings. But they could find none. Joseph was old, Mary was sick, and both were poor. Old suits and poor, they could not find any shelter in the city, and so they wore on over a dark and lonely road to the southwest of Juda to a place called Bethlehem.

The men who watched the sheep are called shepherds, and they made a kind of a roof by putting branches and straw over a placc vacant between two rocks that came out of the hill. Within this shelter was a manger, where the shepherds put something for the cattle to eat. Here on very bad nights the shepherds gave shelter and food to their cattle, and here, my dear little reader, here in this poor, cold place, on a cold night, the sweet little Jesus was born.

There was nobody present to welcome Him, to make Him warm and happy, only God's angels came around and with sweet heavenly music filled the air, and the song they sung was "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." (Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.) When Jesus was born Mary wrapped Him in some poor clothes and laid him in the little manger or crib. Then Mary and Joseph went down on their knees and adored Him. Venite Adoremus. Come let us adore. If, dear little one, you were there that night wouldn't you like to go in too and go down on your knees and adore the Divine Babe?

And when His little limbs began to get cold and His mother took Him up in her arms and pressed Him to her heart, kissing His rosy cheeks and charmed with His little divine eyes, wouldn't you like to be there to see if you couldn't do something to make the babe comfortable? Wouldn't you like to tuck the mother's wrap around His little feet? Wouldn't you pat His little hands, and wouldn't you ask the mother if you could kiss that pretty "Child?" And, O! wouldn't you be the happy little one if Mary said to you "Here, take Him in your arms and fondle Him." You will say "Of course I would." And you wouldn't be afraid? "No." Why? "Because He is a poor child."

Just so. If Jesus was the babe of rich parents, if He was born in a big, fine house, you would be afraid, and would not ask to be allowed to see Him: hence He was born poor, so that all could approach. He came into the world a little babe so that all might love Him. If He came a big man with a man's body, a man's heart, a man's head, a man's hand, He could not coax us to love Him.

"Ah, my sweet, dear little Jesus, my own true lover. If I am poor, under a poor little shelter, sure I am like Thee. Make me love Thee and be daily more like Thee. How often do I take Thee, Divine Child, into my heart in the Holy Communion, and how cold I still remain. O Love not loved, O Love not known."

Christmas Night.

Rev. M. J. Lochemes.

Angels looking from the skies,
Say, what visions greet your eyes?
Little hands upraised in air,
Little lips that move in prayer,
Little eyes so wondrous bright
Peering through the starry night.

Angels looking from the skies,
Say, what visions greet your eyes?
Little hearts that restless beat,
Christ the blessed Babe to greet,
With the precious gifts He'll bring
When the bells of Christmas ring.

St. Boniface Industrial School for Indian Children, Banning, Cal.

Improvements have been the order of the day for quite a while past at our school, and the buildings and grounds betoken the hand of artist and artisan. Perhaps the best improvements at the school are the new lavatory and bath rooms for the girls. They are indeed well provided for.

The kitchen has a new buff dress, and everybody there smiles.

The laundry, bake-house and shops have been treated to a new coat of paint, giving them a neat appearance.

A new shoemaking-shop has been erected, the home of the superintendent enlarged, and a new and comfortable playroom provided for the boys, much to their delight.

Thanksgiving Day was observed by solemn services and prayers in the forenoon, wherein all the inmates of the school participated. At noon the table was spread and the pupils treated to the usual dainties of the occasion.

The entertainment in the evening was a grand success. All the parts were well rendered, especially the concert-recitation by the senior boys, motion-song by the minim boys, and the bugle-song by the senior girls.

"Chino," as sang by Miss Lottie Burns, of Sacramento, "brought down the house," as they say in theatrical parlance.

The Misses Dora and Lottie Burns have been visiting their aunt, Sister Virginia Joseph. They returned home September 2, taking in Riverside and San Diego, and an ocean trip to San Francisco. A beautiful journey!

Valeo Johnson and John Morongo, who were sick in the beginning of the scholastic year, are well again and happy.

Feliz Gonzales, who injured a leg by cutting himself with an ax when at home during vacation, is steadily improving, although still limping.

William Matthis, while engaged at work in the printing office, wished to experiment whether a cog-wheel in the printing press was composed of material harder than his knee. He found out all right, was laid up for a few weeks with a very sore knee as a consequence, but is now well again and a wiser boy.

Assidro Lugo was painfully struck on his jaw by a ball during a base ball game with the Banning club. This accident loosened some of his teeth, giving rest to his tongue for ten days.

Sisters Virginia, M. Aurelia and Margareth were very busy the last few weeks preparing and applying poultices for their clients. Sore toes, sore fingers, and bruises as the result of careless playing were the cause. Certainly without such occurrences there is no fun about play.

The barley has been sown. We did so in order to harvest it for hay next May, if God helps us. George Daniel, our farmer, and Sirvante Chapuli, an Indian boy, did the sowing.

Christian Landoll, our landscape artist, seeded a lawn in front of the school. The seed is sprouting up slowly but surely.

Anselm Leo, an Indian of San Assidro, brought to our school two live young deer, which he captured in the mountains. They are nice pets not only for the children, but for everybody.

Now our live stock comprises the following: Four horses, 7 cows, 1 calf, 1 mule, 3 goats, 75 fowl, 3 ducks, innumerable pigeons, 15 pigs, 2 deer, cats too numerous to mention, and a variety of gophers, rabbits, squirrels, etc., in the hills near by.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Organization is showing its powerful effects on the Old Church. Youth and knowledge go well together.

Mrs. Marshall, of Indio, has donated a handsome organ to the church in Redlands. There are good, generous people in the barren desert.

The Sacred Heart Church of Redlands will in all probability be fit for blessing on the first Sunday of New Year. Look out for exact date later.

A bright new visitor came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lindley on the 25th of last month, and he came to stay. Mother and boy are well. Thank God.

If the Pasadena *News* reports correctly it is pleasant to find nowadays a man with sound views. Eh, Father Scannell? Who can say you don't love Pasadena?

The people of Redlands are very clannish. The new Catholic church is a cherished object with them. Withal Redlanders know a good thing when they see it.

The Advent lectures being delivered by Bishop Montgomery are drawing crowds and doing good. That's just what the Bishop wants: Like the Divine Master, he wishes "to do good to all."

The Mercy Home in Los Angeles is fast nearing completion. It is a magnificent building, but not too great or beautiful for its purpose. A big-hearted mother with an endless family needs a big house.

Father Juan Cabalaria is already beginning to feel the effects of his activity in San Bernardino. San Bernardino will be a big place in time to come. Father Juan is the right man in the right place.

The Rev. A. W. Schneider, of the diocese of Nesquales, is at present chaplain at Fort Yuma. He came for his health, and the combination in Yuma is just what will give it to him. Fine air, good food, and congenial occupation. Don't laugh, Father.

Mr. Milton, of Yuma, and Miss Liptak, of New York, were recently married at Yuma by Father Gheldof. The marriage was celebrated with a nuptial mass, the young couple receiving holy communion. Effective and far-reaching is the advice of a dear little mother. The Mission Indian wishes the couple many years of big happiness, and if troubles come, may they be little ones.

With unfeigned regret we learned of the serious relapse our good friend Father Hartnett has had. But the pleasure is in knowing that he is again convalescent. He visited us here for a few days, and we hoped a change of air and Banning treatment would have benefited him. Even now we are of opinion that had he stayed longer he would have braced up considerably. And so we think it was a mistake to leave us so soon. We hope in the near future to see again your kindly smile.

Two of the Paulist Fathers from San Francisco have concluded a mission at Riverside. The services were well attended and the Fathers were delighted with the devotion of the people during the mission exercises. The closing was very solemn, and a unique feature was the presence of a choir of Indian girls from Banning under the direction of Father Hahn. The Paulist Fathers are expected to return to Riverside to give a mission to non-Catholics. Surely the cup of Father McCarthy's joy is well nigh full.

Some time ago we had the pleasure of having Father Curran of San Pedro here with us. He and our local Neptune struck up an intimate friendship. You must not smile at Neptune's presence here. For here he is and likes Banning. Dear Father, how fare you with the San Pedro God? Why don't you come and visit us sometimes? We should be glad, for we remember your goodness. Thanks for the long list of subscribers to The Mission Indian from San Pedro. You surely love the Indians, and wish to have a hand in helping them.

San Juan Capistrano is one of the oldest missions of Southern California, and it was at one time perhaps the most architecturally beautiful as well as the most solidly built. Under the supervision of the Mission Fathers the entire church edifice was built of solid stone. In 1812, just as mass was being celebrated, a violent earthquake so shook the building that the tower fell, killing 57 people, besides seriously injuring a great many others. The altar and chancel were however intact, but so averse were the people to again assembling there that they attempted to blast by powder the entire building. In this they did not however succeed, but they succeeded in making a veritable ruin. Father O'Keefe, O. S. F., from San Luis Rey, not only ministers to the spiritual wants of the faithful there, but preserves amongst them the best traditions of the old Spanish Franciscans.

We had lately an opportunity of seeing what good work is being done in San Diego. Father Ubach is the pastor not only of a parish, but of nearly the whole of San Diego county. Some call it a small diocese. His coadjutors are Fathers Murphy and Lennon, and their zeal is well taxed in attending not only to home duties, but to the many outside missions. Fathers Murphy and Lennon showed their interest in our Indian work by at once becoming subscribers for The Mission Indian. Thanks, too, dear Fathers, for your kind words of encouragement.

The mission given at Bakersfield by the Paulist Fathers was a great success. But to show that God makes use of frail means to do His work He permitted the Fathers to be the victims of a malaria. That seems to live in high style in Bakersfield. The consequence was that they had to close the mission rather abruptly. Yet they say that rarely have they witnessed a more edifying or solemn sight than at that closing ceremony. The Paulists intend at some future time to return to Bakersfield for the purpose of meeting non-Catholics.

Father Linn, of St. Vincent's, paid us a flying visit lately, say too fleeting and too flying. At once he became with us, as rumor tells us he is everywhere, a general favorite. He played some base ball with the boys, and though they are the crack team here, they gladly admitted that his hand had not lost its cunning. For your hurried departure we have one consolation, that the Xmas holidays are coming, and we shall hope to see you again.

San Luis Rey—what a ruin and yet how beautiful! How eloquently it tells of the zeal and civilizing influences of the old Catholic pioneers and at the same time its crumbling walls are the silent accusers of the vandal spirit that was once abroad. The mission is in charge of Franciscan Fathers who have their novitiate there, and if ever you visit there you will find that kindness, hospitality and charity have not grown cold in the hearts of those sons of St. Francis. Father O'Keefe is charge d'affaires for the Fathers, and to him is entrusted the work of renovating and preserving without modernizing the entire mission building. The good Father's work is great, but great too is his courage, which knows no flinching. But what can he do without *funds?* Surely here is a chance for those interested in preserving the best landmarks of Californian history.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1895.

THE story of the snowfall in Banning is another proof how easily and quickly false reports may be spread.

"A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year" to all our kind readers. Do not forget the Indian children at the Banning Industrial School.

IN the middle ages pepper was so greatly valued that a small packet was considered a suitable present for a noted person on his marriage or on some other great occasion.

THERE is nothing greater in this wide world than charity. We thankfully acknowledge the donation of a valuable encyclopedia from Very Rev. J. Adam, and a complete History of American Literature from Rev. Jos. Doyle.

"Retribuere dignare Domine omnibus nobis bona facientibus propter nomen tuum vitam æternam. Amen."

WHILE on our trip through the Indian reservations we were informed that "hooping cough" was an unwelcome guest nearly everywhere in the mountains of San Diego county. Deaths owing to this malady occurred in San Ignacio, Agua Caliente, Cahuilla Valley, Pichango, and also among the whites in Banner.

A reader asks us: "What is an adobe-brick?" Adobes are made thus: Clay is mixed with sand or straw, a brick made about 1 ft. by 1 ft. 6 in., and it is then dried in the sun. The old Mission Fathers though had bricks made which were burnt by fire, as usually done. The bricks we saw at the old mission in San Diego are about 1 ft. by 1 ft. 2 in. They are very hard and a superior article to those used for building purposes in this country. But the manner how the Mission Fathers made these bricks is not known any more.

THE sensation caused in Denver, Col., by one Joseph Schlatter, who poses as the "Christman," brings vividly to our mind the words of our Lord: "There will be false Christs and false prophets, etc." No doubt the confusion is great in the brains of mortal beings, and there never was a period in the history of mankind when so many and confusing statements were made. We note words like these: "General confessions are from the devil," or "Happiness in hell," as written in a Catholic magazine a short time ago. Now the next will be "Pain in heaven!" This all reminds us of a true story. A boy of eight was asked by his teacher to mention a noun which could befittingly be qualified by the predicate "beautiful." He replied: "The beautiful necessity." *Risum teneatis amici!* (Friends, don't laugh.)

GOURDS are very plentiful in Southern California, particularly in the fields after harvesting. Our Indian girls understand very well how to use the fruit of these creeping vines, the yellow balls about the size of oranges, as a substitute for soap, and they also make practical use of them when darning stockings.

We enjoyed a good laugh lately while on board of the Southern Pacific overland, when a lady, seeing the little yellow balls in the fields, naively inquired whether these were the world-renowned oranges raised in California. This incident reminded us of some people in the old country, who had heard of the maple-sugar tree in the United States, and who imagined the ready-for-the-table sugar-loaves were hanging on the trees in the New World.

The Coming Presidential Election.

There are four political parties in the field for the coming election of a President of the United States. On the first Monday in November, 1896, an election will take place, when every voter in the country will cast his vote for the man of his choice, whom he thinks best fitted to occupy the White House in Washington as President of the United States.

There are many candidates mentioned, whom their friends would like to see nominated, but it is all yet guess-work. A singular feature of the coming election will be the efforts made by the American Protective Association to have one of their men chosen for the office of President. The American Protective Association was brought to the United States from Canada. One of their principal aims is: To prevent Catholics from holding office, etc., within the United States, and the members of this association will do all they can to rouse the public against Catholics. But we need not entertain any fear. It is not the first time Catholics are subjected to such persecution, and if they just remain faithful and live according to their holy religion, avoiding all and everything uncharitable, God will see to it that the trees will not grow up into the heavens. When Bismarck after the Franco-German war persecuted the Church and when the bishops and priests of the Church were imprisoned, the faithful remained firm and the so-called "May laws" were only the means of a more vigorous and zealous Christian life within the fold of the Church and no gain for their suppressors. They tell of the Iron Chancellor the following story: One day the devil asked Bismarck: "What are you going to do against the Catholics?" "Why," said he, "I am going to destroy the Church." "Indeed," answered the devil, "you are smarter than I. I tried to do the same thing for the last eighteen hundred years, but did not succeed." Neither did Bismarck.

Whether the American Protective Association will succeed or not in the coming election does not cut any figure. Truth will finally triumph; truth lasts forever.

Truth crush'd to the earth will rise again,
The eternal years are hers forever.

A Catholic is perfectly free to cast his vote for any one of the political parties, because the Catholic Church does not interfere with politics. But, of course, we cannot vote for our enemies, for those who under oath are bound to do us harm, because "only the most silly calves will choose their own butchers."

We trust in God, Who in His wisdom can ever bring about good from things which may threaten us.

The President of the United States will be elected by electors, who are chosen by the voters. These electors will meet and cast their ballots for the future President.

The new President will then be inaugurated March 4, 1897.

The Knowledge of Evil.

St. Paul said, "let not such things even be mentioned among Christians"—or words to that effect.

And yet St. Paul went in for the purification of society. He was a preacher of the highest morality at an age when the Roman world was being undermined by voluptuousness and indulgence. If ever a preacher had material and provocation to paint the evils in society with a teeming sensationalism, the opportunity was St. Paul's.

He did not do it. He refrained. The advertisement of corruption in all the red lights of rhetoric with a little moral appended and "thou shalt not"—was not his method. People do not need to have evil described to them in order to avoid it. The knowledge of evil is often a temptation to evil. The fewer "If Christ Came to Chicago" books that go from the press, the better. The fewer exploitations of "Maiden Tributes" issued in behalf of good morals, the better for good morals.—*Catholic Citizen.*

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

Well Done, Mary.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Dec. 9, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I was surprised that you published Callistro Antonio's letter, because to me it seemed to lack the commendable kindness and courtesy due to ladies. Perhaps, Uncle Tom, you might tell the boys that the girls do the cooking, ironing, mending of clothes, washing dishes, making shirts, pantaloons, and do other things for the boys.

We are very well satisfied with the bread the boys bake, and hope that some of them may be professional bakers when they leave school.

However, if the boys think we have nothing to do but eat their bread, please tell them to study the old proverb that says:

Man may work from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

And it is still true.

Your loving niece,
MARY BANKS.

—

Yes, Santa Claus Visits Banning Too. From Here He Goes to San Diego.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I want to write to you. I am glad to read the "Mission Indian." My name is Nazaria Garcia. I am seven years old. Once I spoke a little piece, and Mrs. Manix put it in the paper. Does Santa Claus visit the Banning school? He came here last Christmas. I hope he will bring us dolls and candy this year. Your little niece,
NAZARIA.

—

Ask Papa.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 27, 1895.

My Dear Uncle:

How strange it is that my mamma never told me that I had an uncle living in Southern California. Well, in my next letter I shall try and not forget to tell her all about you and "The Mission Indian." Your little niece,
ROSENDA.

—

I Am Pleased.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

What shall I say to you this beautiful morning? First of all I want to say that I am quite well and as happy as I desire to be in every possible way. I am very happy for having received holy communion this morning. I promise always to be faithful to our Lord. Dear Uncle Tom, I hope you will find pleasure in reading my letter. I will close, hoping to know something more about you. May God bless you. Good-bye. I am, yours very truly,
FRANK LUGO.

—

Your Penmanship is Good, Mariana; Write Again.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 8, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I should like to write to you and tell you all about my school. Here we study books and go to school. I like to go to school very much. This is my first letter to you. I am in the third grade and my name is Mariana Cabrillas. I have two sisters in school, and one brother. I have many cousins in school too. I am 12 years of age. I had a cousin in the Banning school; his name is Raphael Cabrillas, and now he is a big boy and he is at home. Now that is all for this time. From your loving niece,
MARIANA.

Address: Mission Indian, Banning, Cal.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I want to know where you live. I saw your name in our little paper, but not the address. When I write I always put St. Boniface Indian School, Banning, Cal. Uncle Tom, if you would come and visit our school, we would like it very much, because you are never around Banning, so we know you do not live here. Send me your address, and I will write you a longer letter. Very respectfully, your nephew,
FRANCISCO PEDRO.

—

I Am So Happy.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 25, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I hope you are very well. All your little Indian nieces and nephews, and their papas and mammas too, send love and best wishes to dear Uncle Tom. Accept a heart full of love from your ever loving niece,
LOUISA MODESTO.

—

There Are Many Who Have Died for the Christian Faith, Rosa.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 3, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I will introduce myself as a pupil of St. Anthony's School at the old mission. Near the old well is a monument that was put up for one of the fathers who was killed one night by the savages. The priest was found in the morning all chopped up, except a hand. I think our school is nice and a holy spot. It is so beautiful here, and I like to stay with the sisters, they are so good with us, and Rev. Father Ubach has charge. Our school was three years in old town, and we are four years at the old mission. I am in the third reader. Very truly, your niece,
ROSA.

—

Very Good for First Attempt.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 25, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you.

I can not write with pen and ink, so I hope you will excuse my pencil writing, and be pleased with my good will.

Dear uncle, come to see your loving niece,
SARAH BANKS.

—

How Nice!

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Oct. 20, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first year in school. I like to go to school. I am not lonely.

I love all my companions and I love my Uncle Tom best of all.

Yours, with much affection,
MARTINA SILVAS.

—

Will Be Glad to Hear from You Again.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Dec. 1, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I have never heard of you before, nor have I ever seen you. This is my first letter to you. I will not make it very long for the first time. But wait till I write again, then I will tell you many nice things about the Mission Indians. We are writing letters to-day to our parents and friends. We had an entertainment on Thanksgiving Day and we sang lots of nice songs. They said it was very nice. I will close my letter, and hope that you will be pleased to hear from your loving nephew,
JOHN C. CLEMENTE.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

Only a few days ago we were in Portrero, and were much struck by the evidences of energy and industry among our Indian friends there. Most of them have neat houses and it may be truly said in the best sense of the word that there is a building boom in Portrero. Not only this, but there is more land under seed than we have ever seen. Some 400 acres are already plowed. This is a good sign, and a most pleasing item to record.

The new church is finished and it is a neat little house of worship. Joseph F. Schoen knows how to do a job well. The Indians are delighted.

Martin Venezuela is very sick. He is an old, good Indian, supporting his daughter Anastasia and her three little children, for which the runaway father and husband, W. Johnson, ought to care.

CAHUILLA VALLEY.

Captain Roman Lugo has built a comfortable adobe dwelling house, with a good roof on it. Near-by his brother Dionysio Lugo lives in a good new frame house. Indeed our Indians are no savages any more, and if anybody deserves credit for it, it is the missionaries who came to this coast more than a hundred years ago.

There is, however, a little history connected with the erection of a few Indian houses that sounds like the lightning-rod business which went on in the East some years ago.

The Indians are plowing, and wheat and barley will soon be sown. There is a fair prospect for a good season next year.

The nights are cold in Cahuilla valley. Good clothing and bedding and warm dwellings are in demand. When there two weeks ago we thought it very cold at night time, and the cayotes, old and young, were barking and howling all through the lonely night. A dismal music!

There are three very old men in Cahuilla, also several very old women. The men say that they yet remember the time when San Luis Rey and San Gabriel mission were being built. Jose Maria, one of the old men, is yet able to recite the prayers he was taught by the Mission Fathers, these prayers including an act of faith and adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament with spiritual communion.

As to the women, not much information is to be gotten from them. Just think of it, they say that they must be 120 years of age! Of such aged people but little can be expected; they are hopelessly lost as far as the "new woman" is concerned. They undoubtedly lived a life of great simplicity, their food having been scanty and rough—frugality in the truest sense of the word. At the same time they never worried about the morrow, nor had they any temptation to commit suicide, being all the time contented with the poor condition in which they had to live, thus attaining an old age, whereas we, as civilized and enlightened people, must confess that the length of our lives may be perhaps seventy, at most eighty years—not to say anything about those who die under that age. We work and worry *too much*, while the Indians do not work and worry *enough*!

Some of the lands in Cahuilla valley are good, and some very poor, containing too much alkali. After all, to tell the truth, we wouldn't like to live there—brrr—it is cold, very cold, so near the snow line.

Turibius Papas, 80 years of age, stays with his son Pio Papas. Turibius, at the time San Gabriel mission was built, was in charge of the cattle belonging to the mission. "Vacquero!"

Manuel Largo, chief of the Cahuilla Indians some 30 years ago, at one time collected money from his tribe to defray his traveling expenses for a trip to Sacramento, whither he wanted to go to speak personally to the Governor in behalf of his band. He went to San Diego, in order to go thence on a boat to San Francisco. He had been on board the ship but a short time when he suddenly became insane. Some say that he was drugged, while others contend that at the sight of the ocean he was overcome with fear, which affected his mind. He never saw the Governor, but was brought back to the reservation. He finally disappeared from view, and all attempts to find him proved fruitless. No one knew of his whereabouts, living or dead, or what had happened to him. One day, however, his wife, sitting in front of her cabin door sewing, was stupefied to behold Manuel's faithful old dog coming up to her carrying something in his mouth, which he deposited at her feet. Examination proved it to be the head of her lost husband. The poor, crazy man probably perished amid the rocks of the mountains, a prey of wild beasts. Lord, have mercy on us!

AGUA CALIENTE.

Just now about all the Indians of this reservation are at home. Everybody knows about the troubles of these Indians concerning their lands. Here are located the famous hot springs, where suffering humanity seeks and finds relief from pain in their balsamic waters. And fine, grand are these springs, from which gush forth the hot waters heated by internal fire, to give health and strength to the sick. It is but natural that the owners of Warner's ranch are anxious to snatch away the most valuable part of the land-grant from the Indians. We hope their efforts may prove unsuccessful, and that the government of the United States will abide by the decrees of the treaty of Hidalgo and "let the Indians be unmolested."

The Indians at Agua Caliente built a nice adobe church in honor of St. Francis. There was some money collected to embellish and furnish the church, and it will be done in the near future.

METAJVALLE.

There are but few families living here, and they possess first-class land in the narrow canyon of this reservation. These Indians belong to the Diogenas. We observed everywhere that the lands in narrow canyons are generally very fertile.

SAN JOSE.

This is another Indian reservation in Warner's ranch. It contains good land situated on the northern foot hills of the Volcano mountains, but is only a small place, the home of about 20 people. The same must be said of the reservation.

LA PUERTA CRUZ.

La Puerta Cruz is situated at the western end of Warner's ranch, forming as it were the portal to Warner's for all that come from the west and north; truly "the door," or La Puerta Cruz.

And we with friendship greet
Every Indian brave we meet,
For he lived here long before our fathers came.
But they took his pleasant land,
Drove him from his forest grand,
Has the red man on our pity not a claim?

Just outside of the great city of London there is a much-traveled road which winds up a steep hill; and some one, who appreciates what a friend the horse is to man, has caused this sign to be hung:

HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.

Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not;
In the stable forget me not;
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not;
With sponge and brush neglect me not;
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not;
When sick or cold chill me not;
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And when angry strike me not.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

John Rooney has bought the Robert Muir claim in the Pinon mining district, located a few miles west of the Desert Queen mine. Specimens of ore from the "Ironclad" showed $137 to the ton, as certified to by Wade & Wade, assayers of Los Angeles. Mr. Rooney purposes further improvements on his mine and expects rich results.

John Rutchman, father-in-law of Mr. C. Sweeters, died December 4, 1895, after a sickness of a few weeks. The deceased was born in Germany, January 28, 1817, the year of the great famine. He was always a very strong and healthy man, never sick, except in his old age. He came to Los Angeles in the year 1869, and was a resident of Banning for the last twelve years.

May he rest in peace.

Our weather reporter strolled into the sanctum sanctorum of the editor-in-chief one fine morning and, pointing to a buttoniere of lilies-of-the-valley in the lapel of his coat, which he had just cut from the sweet-scented flower-beds in front of the school, said: "Does this look like a heavy snowfall in Banning?" The editor, mopping the perspiration from his brow, answered that he didn't exactly see the point of the reporter's query, whereupon ye scribe stated that Riverside papers had perpetrated snow-drifts and ice-bergs upon the fair burg of Banning and were uncommonly merry thereat. This is not as it should be, brethren. Snow it did indeed *around* Banning, but not here. If the keen-eyed and far-sighted weather sharp from Riverside, when he leveled his glass in the direction of Banning and saw the snow falling thick and fast on top of the mountains, had deflected the tip of his telescope at an angle of about 45 degrees, and peered around the corners, he would have perceived not snow in Banning, but the same green foliage of fruit trees and waving fields of alfalfa as of yore. Lovely Gorgonio valley and picturesque Banning remained untouched by the silvery flakes. Snow on the mountains has no more to do with snow in Banning than the curl in a pig's tail has to do with the price of pork. We have no toboggan slides in Banning, neither can you hear the merry jingle of sleigh bells, but you can see here at the present time orange trees laden with their golden fruit, and the pomegranate is ripe for picking. If you don't believe it, come and see.

ECONOMY.

The primary signification of economy is an arrangement or management of the household, but in its secondary and applied sense it has a wider meaning and in general may refer to the judicious spending of money. This may be termed positive economy. In its negative character this will also include the keeping tight the purse-strings, unless prudence, justice or charity demand that we share the gifts God has given us.

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At first sight it would seem that in our times, and in this age, there is no need to even hint at what is and what is not the proper way of spending money. For true it is that each one seems to be a law unto himself and this law is fairly expressed in an old adage which I heard somewhere:

"Get what you can and what you get hold,
For this is the stone that turns wood into gold."

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There is no doubt but a love of money is characteristic of us as a people. Our influence with our fellow men, our standing in society, our moral and intellectual worth, are in a great way measured by the length of our bank account. It cannot be denied that we love the Almighty Dollar, and we forget or ignore individual worth on recognizing bonds, dollars and real estate, yet it should not be so, and the true philosophy of life and society ought be as Burns puts it:

"A man's a man for a' that."

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A phase of character that exhibits greed is not economy. It is avarice, and between avarice and lavish extravagance stands economy. The old poet said *in medio stat virtus*, and this golden mean we must seek if we wish to put economy into practice. Hence it is worth our while sometimes to seriously ask ourselves if we are in reality judicious in spending our money and if we are solicitous to lay up for the rainy day.

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If there is a fault in some characters that may be termed parsimony—and this fault exists and has far-reaching results—we must not forget that there is also an evil that is equally baneful, and that is needless extravagance, especially among those who can least afford it. Some people live only for the day: provided they see their immediate wants satisfied they take no heed of the morrow, and so when the morrow comes there comes with it penury and often dire want. Now if we trace the source of this want we shall too often find that it results from an indifference about the future. People of easy-going dispositions believe in having what is termed "a good time," but why it should be called a good time is a puzzle, when it is the source and forerunner of a very bad time indeed.

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If individuals were wise in the management of their worldly goods we should have a model society, for society is made up of individuals, and as individuals are so is society. Therefore it is that parents, while pointing out to their children the danger of centering their hearts on money, should at the same time teach them to be thrifty, to waste nothing, and to remember that the time may come when they would require what they now despise. And if they wish to give away or spend there are always good poor. There is sound charity in these few lines.

"Do not throw upon the floor the crust you
cannot eat,
For many little hungry ones would think that
quite a treat."

If such kind ideas permeated society then we would not have sneers and closed doors for God's poor.

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A time comes in the life of every son of Adam when he casts looks to the dim and distant future, and happy is the man that shall have made provision for his old age, for assuredly the night will come when no one can work. Now there is no better way of having a quiet and happy old age than to have some provision made for it. This nearly every one can do if he spends wisely during his lifetime the money that he earns. A little saved every week, every month, and it is marvelous what it amounts to in a few years.

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There are nearly everywhere established provident societies, and every man of sense will be a member. Sickness may come, the daily wage or the monthly salary may be only just sufficient for current expenses, but if he is a member of these benevolent societies he never misses what he pays weekly or monthly, and when the evil hour comes he will have wherewith to recruit his shattered forces, and without being a burden to any one can take the needful measures to regain his health.

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There is besides the savings bank—a great blessing to old and young, if only they use it judiciously.

As we said before, those in charge of children may encourage them to invest their little and for this purpose give them a book for their own special use. Soon these children will take an interest in their little bank account, and while we hope they will never grow to recognize money as the great end of their existence, yet they will be in a fair way to learn lessons of thrift and industry.

Oh, the great golden mean, steering clear between avarice and foolish squandering, and then what a blessed happy community.

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How much do we desire that our good Indians would learn this lesson of economy. Indeed we cannot lay at their doors the accusation of avarice, and if we were to choose for them, we would have them as they are, rather than grasping, devouring, never-satisfied money-vultures. But this is not the point. They ought think and seriously, too, of the future, they ought teach their children thrift, they ought look to the morrow. If they sow not, neither shall they reap. In all things, therefore, they ought be prudent and provident, never letting things go to waste for want of care, keeping their eye on their household, seeing everything is in order, seeing their farm implements do not go to ruin for want of a little attention to them, in a word, caring for the little things, and the big affairs will take care of themselves. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Thanksgiving Dinner and Entertainment at St. Joseph's Parish, Los Angeles.

(By request.)

The German Catholics of St. Joseph's parish celebrated their Thanksgiving Day in royal style in the school house on Santee street. The ladies of the parish had arranged for a bounteous dinner, so that the tables fairly groaned under the weight of turkeys and all the luxuries of the season. After dinner there was an entertainment given by the pupils of St. Joseph's school, under direction of the Dominican Sisters, which reflected the highest credit on the teachers.

After the entertainment supper was served, which was appreciated by everybody as much as the dinner had been before. This was followed by a fine concert, under the direction and arrangement of Prof. Knell, who is entitled to the highest praise for the very creditable manner in which the same was carried out. The first number of the concert was from "The Creation," Hayden's "The Heavens Are Telling," which was executed with fine effect and was very creditable to the ladies and gentlemen in the mixed chorus. This was followed by a pretty violin solo by Charles Reis, and a beautiful duet by the Misses Hammes and Hovel, both of which were received with marked favor. A piano solo by Miss Winter, and a mandolin solo by George T. Reis, accompanied on the piano by Miss Rapp, were finely rendered. The guitar solo of Prof. Aravello, and the recitation by Miss Garcia, were highly appreciated. A beautiful bariton solo by Mr. Wagner, accompanied on the piano by Prof. Heinze, was executed in a magnificent manner by this highly accomplished singer, and brought forth bursts of applause, as did also the splendid tenor solo by Prof. Werner. A comic German song by Mr. Laub, which followed next, took the house by storm. A male quartet, composed of the Messrs. Werner, Rapp, Laub, and Prof. Knell, then sang in an exquisite manner "The Evening Song."

This closed a delightful evening, which was enjoyed by everybody. Those in attendance were pleased to hear that the Rev. P. Victor, O. S. F., who has during the past year worked so energetically and effectively in this parish, would not leave for Phoenix, where the Franciscans are going to open a new house, but would remain here—although perhaps not permanently, as the members of religious orders may be removed by their Superior.

Historical Sketches.

POCAHONTAS.

Pocahontas was the first Indian girl that married a European, the first ever received into a foreign court, and the first from whom many eminent Americans are proud to claim descent, and this is how it all happened:

In the early days of the 17th century the English began to make advances into Virginia. In the English army was a soldier, Captain John Smith by name, who was very daring and fond of exploring. In company with two others, Robinson and Emery, and guided by two of a tribe of which Powhatan was emperor, they advanced far up a river and pulling their canoe to the bank, they got out. Smith with one Indian went inland, leaving the others on the bank. He had not gone far when an Indian whoop told danger, and not getting the sign from Robinson and Emery, he concluded they were surprised and killed; and so they were. He himself was attacked and struck several times by arrows but never seriously hurt. He fired his pistol and wounded a few Indians. At last he was obliged to surrender and was taken off by the Indians.

History has it that he was treated kindly, but, however, at an Indian council held in the course of a few days he was sentenced to be beheaded. He was brought before the chief to the great admiration of the members of the savage tribe, and his head laid on a stone. Then Pocahontas, at the tender age of 12, came forth, and placing her arms around his head, laid her head on his. Pocahontas was the only and much loved daughter of Powhatan, the chief or emperor, and touched by the love, devotion and spirit of sacrifice of the child, he allowed the captain to escape and sent him back to his own.

When Captain Smith arrived at Jamestown he found his people sick and wanting the necessaries of life. The devoted Pocahontas was not indifferent to this sad condition of things, and so by herself and through others she brought relief to the English. The captain, writing to Princess Queen Anne, of Great Britain, mentions this, and tells of how she warned him of danger when he was on the point of being surprised, and how under God she was the means of saving the colony from death, famine and utter confusion. "Notwithstanding all, (the dangers of discovery) this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our fears have been oft appeased, and our wants still supplied."

The above account is taken from Captain Smith's "True Relation."

Pocahontas was born about 1595. In 1612 Chief Japazaws sold her to Argall for a copper-pot, and her father offered a ransom of 500 bushels of corn, but in 1613 Pocahontas married John Rolfe, afterwards secretary and recorder-general of Virginia. She was baptized as Rebecca, went to London and was presented at court. As Pocahontas was considered an emperor's daughter, King James blamed Rolfe severely for having married her without his consent. John Rolfe wrote a lengthy explanation, stating that he married Pocahontas in order to help the colony by bringing about peace with the Indians, although not denying that also affection and a desire to make her a Christian were other strong motives.

Pocahontas died at Gravesend, England, in March, 1617. Indeed civilization did not lengthen her life very much. She left a son, Thomas Rolfe, from whom the Randolphs, Eldredges, Murrays, and other families in Virginia, trace their descent.

A Corner in Smiles.

Politician: "Can a politician save his soul?"

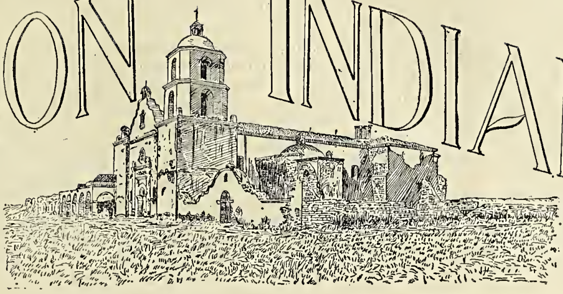
Pastor: "Yes, if he leaves the business."

* * *

Physician (to patient): "You need more out-door exercise, my friend. What is your occupation?"

Patient: "I am a letter carrier."

THE MISSION INDIAN



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Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

A Thought at Christmas-Tide.

For The Mission Indian.

They have asked me to sing a song,
A song for the good and the true!
A song that will float,
With a liquid note
Through the Old Year and the New!

But what the theme of my song?
And the music, what shall it be?
In melody gay
Shall I sing the lay,
Or attune the whole to a minor key?

I list! and the answer's borne
On the wings of the zephyr light:
"A song for the TRUE
We've asked of you
This glorious Christmas night."

Ah! then for the true I'll sing,
But my song will not be gay,
For the true I ween
Have sorrow seen,
And have pressed life's thorny way.

And why not the gay for the true?
Shall be heard a jarring tone?
Is Christmas cheer
For false ones here?
For the good and true a moan?

Ah! soft! God's ways are always best!
Sweet lessons they impart;
And hearts that moan
And have sorrow known
Are nearest His Sacred Heart!

'Twas ever thus and e'er shall be
Since Bethlehem's star hung low,
And brightly shone
O'er the manger lone
At Christmas-tide of the "Long-Ago!"

So, leaflet fair, this thought to-night
Sing down the coming year:
"The good for aye
The Heaven-ward way
Are born on the Billow of Tears!"

FIDELIA.

San Diego Old Mission.

"Here first on California's soil
Cabrillo walked the lonesome sands,
Here first the Christian standard rose
Upon the sea-washed Western lands,
And here Junipero first laid
The benediction of his hands."

It was on the 16th of July, 1769, that Father Junipero Serra, the zealous Franciscan, first planted the cross on the soil of what is now known as Southern California, a day most appropriate, on which the church celebrates the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The present site of the Mission is not the original one, which was established a few miles nearer the coast, but which was attacked and destroyed six years after its foundation by a band of treacherous Indians.

On this occasion, the Franciscan Father Jaune fell a victim to the barbarity of the savages. When Father Junipero Serra heard of this calamity it is said that he lifted his eyes to Heaven and exclaimed "Thanks be to God, the soil has been watered with the blood of the martyrs, and the conversion of the San Diego Indians is assured." The spot where the body of the martyr was found is marked by a palm tree, but unfortunately it is not known where he is buried.

The mission buildings of San Diego, of which but a small portion now remain, were both extensive and imposing. Situated at the head of a lovely fertile valley, in sight of the blue Pacific, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, with its background of picturesque foothills, they added one more charm to the already beautiful landscape of which they were the central point. Built according to the Spanish style of architecture, the edifice was 90 feet long by 17 in height. Its tiled roof was supported by stout beams hewn and carried from Cuyamaca forests by the willing Indian neophytes. Many of these beams still exist, strong and sound as on the day when they were first placed in position. The building formed two sides of a quadrangle, the figure being completed by a wall, beyond which a hedge of cacti formed a strong and sufficient protection against the attacks of unfriendly savages.

Here, under the strict but gentle rule of the Padres, the Indians were in an incredibly short time redeemed from barbarism.

At daybreak all, except the sick and infirm, proceeded to mass, after which they breakfasted and went to their respective avocation. The labors of the day were over at 5 o'clock, and once more they repaired to the chapel, where after reciting the Angelus, they assisted at benediction.

Until marriage the young girls were kept apart from the others, in what was called the *monjerio*, zealously guarded by an old Indian woman. In the center of the *monjerio* was a large court, made attractive by graceful palms and fragrant blossoms. Here the Indian maidens spent their time spinning, weaving and sewing. For the rest, they lived in families, father, mother and little children, happy, contented and industrious.

Such was the story of the first California mission in the days of its prosperity, and the history of one is that of all the others.

Today it stands, a heap of fast decaying ruins, vainly appealing in its melancholy old age to the pitying hand of man to save it from annihilation. How sad to think that soon those hallowed walls will have crumbled into dust, which shortly must mingle with that of its heroic and devoted founders.

A stone's throw from the mouldering pile is the Indian school, where more than a hundred of the descendants of the first neophytes are taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The place is fitting for such occupation. Here where their dusky forefathers swung the "mocana" or wooden sword, or poised the fleet-winged arrow on its supple bow, they are gathered, willing and apt pupils at the feet of civilization and religion.

Upon each dusky face
The impress of its race,
Reserve and sternness, till a sudden flight
Of fancy, or a happy thought finds place:
Then a quick-flashing smile and all is bright.

WAR CLOUDS.

CUBA.

For some time past Cuba has been and yet is the scene of war. The Cubans wish to separate from Spain, and Spain is unwilling to part with Cuba. What the merits or demerits of this revolution are, and whether the Spaniards or the Cubans have the best of it, we have no means of knowing, as we cannot by reason of press censorship rely on the newspaper reports, and so having no definite data we cannot pronounce an opinion. This we do know, that many in this country are enthusiastically demanding liberty for the Cubans. But let us see! How about persecuting citizens of the United States and defrauding them of their privileges in our own country? How about the unprotected laboring classes? How about monopolies? Let us be sincere! Broadminded and wise men will be slow in their judgment.

[Cuba is the largest of the West Indian islands and was discovered in the year 1492 by Columbus, who called it Juana. Cuba is the aboriginal name. It is situated 130 miles south of Florida, is 800 miles long east and west, and 25 to 130 miles wide south and north, with an area equal to about one-half of California. The population is about one and one-half million. The inhabitants profess the Catholic religion and have an archbishop at Santiago de Cuba and a bishop at Havana. The vegetation of Cuba is very luxuriant, oranges, lemons, bananas, sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, cotton, besides other products, are raised there in abundance; but the climate is unhealthy, owing to the lagoons and swamps in the interior.]

ARMENIA.

From the far East—not the east of America, but the east of Europe—comes a wail of woe, and almost of despair, sufficient to rend the hardest hearts. The Turk, with his traditional hatred of Christians, his brutal temperament, his sensual disposition, and his wily nature, is again abroad and Christian Armenia is the scene not only of carnage and desolation, but of nameless crimes, the diabolical torturing and the outraging of women and even little children.

Nearly all who escape the supervision and the espionage of the Turkish officials bear testimony to these facts and tell us in language entirely inadequate to express the facts that there is murder, pillage, plunder, crime and rapine in unhappy Armenia.

It were indeed time that the Christian nations put an end to those atrocities, and surely we ought find some one to rouse Europe as Gladstone did in the case of Bulgaria. Meanwhile Armenia is the scene of untold horrors and Europe protests, but seems to protest in vain. The wily, unspeakable Turk promises and heeds not. How long, O God, how long will these things continue!

Indeed, when we are boasting of the enlightenment of the Nineteenth century and denounce the "dark ages," we ought to ask:

"Who is nowadays willing to sacrifice property, life and all—in order to rescue and deliver the suppressed?" Of course Armenia is far away from us; but why do not all the civilized nations combine to put an end to crimes and atrocities worse than the slavery of former days?

Answer: Because people are selfish, jealous of one another, lest one nation might grow stronger than the "Balance of Power" will permit them to be.

"O thou abominable balance of power, what crimes are permitted for thy sake!"

[Armenia, the scene of the last massacres, is situated in Western Asia and has a population of nearly two millions. The Armenians were converted to Christianity in the year 250 A. D., and have always adhered faithfully to their religion. Hence the hatred of the Turkish Mosselmen against them. The Armenians are physically a fine variety of the Indo-European race, and have excellent talents and are especially skilled in mercantile pursuits. They are far superior to the Turkish brutes and are now massacred by them, the civilized being crushed by the uncivilized.]

THE DARK CONTINENT.

A new and unexpected war-cloud has arisen in Transvaal, Africa, where Dr. Jameson, in the employ of an English private company, invaded the land of the Boers. Loss of life, cripples and prisoners are the cost of the invasion to the English and no equivalent for it.

But there will be no war in Africa. England has too much to contend with in European and in the Venezuelan affair. No repeating rifles, Krupp guns or gatling guns are demanded. She is going to bring into the field the guns that are loaded with ink and she will fire off her most destructive bombs of diplomatic wisdom and if the other party is satisfied the war-cloud in Africa will disappear.

[Transvaal is a republic in Southern Africa with an area of 78,000 square miles. In the valley of the Vaal river, which separates Transvaal from the Orange republic, its neighbors in the south, diamonds were discovered in 1870. This induced the English to establish an independent colony called Grigua-Land, which is therefore as it were wedged in between the two republics, Transvaal and Orange. The inhabitants of Transvaal are called Boers, their original home being Cape Colony or Natal. They number about 300,000. Transvaal is considered the richest mineral country in the world, iron, tin, lead, copper, silver, gold, coal, diamonds, salpeter, marble, porcelain-clay and alum being found, and aside from these riches the soil is very fertile and yields almost anything, including coffee, sugar, cotton, oranges, bonanas, guavas and all kinds of fruit. Game in 1870 was yet so plentiful that lions, tigers and other beasts of prey did not attack man, but at present the formerly numerous herds of elephants, buffalos, giraffes and others are reduced in numbers, as everybody there is living mostly off the hunt, and only the 50,000 white people residing there are cultivating the lands. The domestic animal used to pull wagons and carts is the buffalo. It is a rich country capable of being developed into a land of enormous wealth. Hence the invasion of English adventurers.]

THE LATEST WAR-CLOUD.

Serious complications have arisen just now between Great Britain and Germany on account of Transvaal, and the indications are that a great war between the European nations may be raging in the near future.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Pomona will have a mission from the Paulist Fathers. There will be a great crowd.

The two great events of the month celebrated on the same day: Monsignor Satolli made Cardinal, the church blessed in Redlands.

The old church in Los Angeles is too small. It is crowded at the devotions of the holy hour, and on the first Friday of the month.

The ceremonies at the Cathedral during the Xmas holidays were immense. It would be a decided advantage if the nervus rerum was in keeping.

"Can I take my company to fight England in case of war?" said a young Indian cadet to one of the Sisters. After all the Sisters do teach a little patriotism.

Riverside will soon see the Paulist Fathers giving an explanation of the Catholic doctrine to non-Catholics. It is hoped that much good will come from this mission.

Bakersfield friends want it understood that visitors, especially good people, going there, will not be stricken down with malaria, as the atmosphere is morally and physically becoming purer.

The language of would-be patriots seems to grow milder at the approach of war. There is the test. England is dearer to flag-patriots than the United States. Orangeism has ever been a traitor in the camp.

The Catholics at South Riverside are going to build a church for themselves. Rev. J. McCarthy of Riverside has 300 dollars on hand for that purpose, and when he gets 200 more, work will commence. There is a chance for all generous friends.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver;" thus in Holy Writ. "So say we all of us," may be truly said when applied to Bishop Montgomery's well-adapted one-hour sermon at the dedication of the Redlands church.

The celebration in Redlands was a great success. "Who decorated the altar and sanctuary?" Mr. Butler overheard and was glad. He had a right to be glad, because the decoration of the sanctuary was very tasty and beautiful. "Could Father Hahn and his Indian children furnish some music for the Fiesta?" was another question asked. Father heard it, and he too was glad. Why shouldn't he?

San Jacinto Catholics did not enjoy services on Christmas Day. But the good ladies had a Christmas tree in the church. Well, we never appreciate fully what we possess until we do not have it. Our sincere sympathy goes with the San Jacinto Catholic population.

Father Schneider, of Yuma, got a sudden and serious attack of typhoid fever recently. He was soon surrounded by his friends. A man hardly knows real friends until he gets sick. That's one advantage of sickness. Father Schneider makes friends wherever he goes.

It is pleasant to hear that a great want in Los Angeles will soon be supplied. St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's parish intend to build each a new hall for societies. Organization is the great desideratum; there is plenty of material. Make good large halls, Rev. Fathers.

A chorus of Indian children sang Singenberger's "Easy Mass," and some appropriate hymns at Redlands, every number in accordance with the rules of the Church, as expressed in the rubrics (laws of liturgy). The many compliments received, especially from His Lordship, the Bishop, were proof that after all the genuine church-music—Cecilian—is the right thing for church-choirs.

Father Fisher in Pomona preached on Christmas for one hour and fifty minutes. There were many non-Catholics present and the reverend gentleman spoke on "The True Church." Indeed a great subject for meditation. By the way, if Catholic doctrine were more generally known it would be impossible to spread so many misstatements. Catholics need not fear the light.

Although the singing of the priest during a high mass is not essential to the Holy Sacrifice, still good singing at the altar contributes much to the festivity, and delights all hearers. Rev. J. McCarthy with his pleasant voice sang really well at Redlands. How beautiful to hear the Preface and Pater noster rendered so nicely *ad majorem Dei gloriam.* Indeed we may understand why Mozart used to say that he would give all his fame for being the originator of the Preface as contained in the Roman missal!

Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald deserves credit for the successful erection and neat furnishing of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Redlands. He thought of it day and night, he worked for it, he threw into its funds whatever he could get hold of, forgetting himself, and this is why Redlands to-day has such a lovely church consecrated to the great God. There is one great good friend who ought to receive thanks publicly for the practical help given to the building of the Redlands church. Bishop Montgomery referred to this friend of the cause, and we add the wish that God may reward the charity thus shown.

The Ven. Mother Gonzaga, of the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, visited in December and January all the houses of her community on the Pacific slope. There will be a general chapter in St. Louis in May, when the delegates of the Sisters will cast their votes for the next Mother-General. The present Mother General Agatha celebrates her golden jubilee as a religious February 5, 1896. Fifty years ago the Venerable Mother entered the service of God as a Sister of St. Joseph.

Simile est regnum cœlorum homini negotiatori quærenti bonas margaritas; inventa una pretiosa, dedit omnia sua, et comparavit eam.

His Eminence Francis Satolli.

The papal delegate for the Catholics in the United States, His Eminence Francis Satolli, D. D., was raised to the dignity of a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

January 5, 1896, at the old, venerable and historical cathedral of Baltimore, Monsignor Satolli received the red beretta, which is worn only by Cardinals, from the hands of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore. After this ceremony Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the new Cardinal. Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, preached on 1, Tim. 5; 17. "Let the priests that rule well, be esteemed worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine."

Cardinal Satolli, the papal delegate, is a great admirer of our commonwealth and has made many friends, who feel honored at the elevation of the learned prelate to the cardinalate.

Cardinals are the highest dignitaries in the Church, the Pope excepted, of whom they are the electors and counselors. They wear a scarlet hat or beretta, and a short purple mantle, worn over the rochet. The body of all the Cardinals is called the Sacred College. There are about 70 Cardinals, and if the Pope dies they will have to assemble and choose the next Pope. This "election meeting" is called conclave, because the Cardinals will be shut up as prisoners until they succeed in agreeing upon some prelate, electing him as Pope or Bishop of Rome.

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A CARD OF THANKS.

To the many kind donors of useful Christmas gifts for our school children we wish to express our most heartfelt thanks and appreciation of their kindness. It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the generous response to our appeal for contributions, especially those received from Colton and Los Angeles. May God reward you for your charity thus liberally bestowed.

The series of festivals in connection with Christmas closed on January 13, the octave of Epiphany. Septuagesima, or "seventy days before Easter," this year is February 2. The feast of "Purification of the Blessed Virgin," commonly called "Candlemas Day," is transferred to the following day, February 3. But the candles will be blessed and the usual procession with candles will take place on Sunday, February 2. During mass, however, the candles will not be held in the hands.

Feb. 3 also the feast of St. Blase is celebrated. St. Blase wrought many miracles and he saved the life of a young man who nearly died in consequence of swallowing a fish-bone. Hence the Church sanctions the blessing of throats on this day. The priest, after mass, holding two candles in the form of a cross near the throat, says:

"Through the merits and intercession of St. Blase, bishop and martyr, God deliver thee from all diseases of the throat and preserve thee from every other evil. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Kind reader, partake of this beautiful ceremony.

Some of our readers are beginning to ask us questions. One of them wishes to know whether, in case of war between the United States and England, the subjects of Uncle Sam are in conscience bound to follow the flag of our country going into battle? Of course, there is a moral obligation to obey the summons of the chief of the country. The question whether the war is just or not, cannot be decided by individuals, but we all have to abide with the decision, declaration of war or peace, of the Congress and President.

Waving the question whether the Monroe doctrine is international law or not, it rests with the nations that constitute North and South America to enforce its acceptance. Otherwise the strong powers of Europe might annihilate every one of the little republics existing on the Western hemisphere.

War is connected with many horrors, and we do not think that England and the United States will undertake it for the sake of Venezuela. But the principle involved, the Monroe doctrine, is most important to the United States and to all the republics in the New World, lest some European power might obtain control of their destiny. Hence, if need be, every loyal citizen of our fair commonwealth will cheerfully shoulder his gun and sally forth for the freedom of our homes, for the honor and integrity of the vast country over which is flowing the "star-spangled banner." Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

There is some talk of an alliance between Spain, France and England against Uncle Sam. Just let them continue to talk about alliances. It is clearly to be seen that England does not feel strong enough; indeed she has ever achieved more by her diplomacy than by recourse to arms. She will follow the most sure road to success; but who knows what the future will bring?

The sand-storm and clouds of dust in Riverside, Colton, Redlands and San Bernardino, December 28, deceived the people in such a way that they thought there was a big fire or conflagration somewhere in the valley.

Bishop Reinkens, the head of the Old Catholics, is dead. The Jansenist bishop of Deventer in Holland (Jansenists are a sect in France, Belgium and Holland, separated from the Church) raised Reinkens to the episcopal dignity. As such he was acknowledged by Prussia, Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt. The Berlin authorities guaranteed him a salary of 16,000 dollars (timber for the Kulturkampf). The sect of the Old Catholics, although causing trouble to the faithful Catholics, made little progress, and it is now fast dwindling away. It is doubtful whether Reinkens will have a successor or not. How he died, we do not know. May God have mercy on his poor soul.

The war rumor between the United States and England reminds us of the following anecdote:

Professor to Candidate: "What would you do if a Christian and a Jew would walk across a bridge and the bridge would break down and both would fall into the river? Whom would you rescue first, the Christian or the Jew?"

Candidate: "Professor, I think the bridge will not break down."

Professor: "Neither do I. But in case it would break down, what would you do?"

Candidate: "In my opinion, the bridge cannot and will not break down."

Professor (impatiently): "Why—but it might—it could indeed—how then if it really would?"

Candidate: "Ahem—I am sure the bridge is strong, and no matter whether a Pagan, a Christian or a Jew walks over, it will not and cannot break down."

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

Uncle Tom's Address to His Nieces and Nephews.

My dear little friends:

If you look at the map of the United States you will see there a place called Washington. That is where the President and two or more men from each State meet to make laws for the whole country. When they come together for each meeting the President makes them a speech, in which, like a good man, he begins by thanking God for all He has done for the country and people. He next points out the work to be done, and finishes by asking all the Senators and Congressmen—for that is what we call these men—to go to work in earnest, to work hard, and to ask God to help them in their work.

Now, my dear little friends, your poor old uncle likes to follow this good example in his speech to you. He is very anxious that in beginning the new year you should give thanks to God for all the good things the good God has given you during the past year.

You had a nice Christmas and everybody got something nice. I met old Santa Claus and I said to him, "Did you forget any one of my nephews or nieces?" He shook his gray head, and running his fingers through his gray beard, said to me: "No, I did not forget one." "All right," said I, and he went his way. If I ask you where did Santa Claus get all these things what will you answer? Do you know the answer? If you do not, I will tell you: everything comes from God. I want you all therefore to begin the year by saying: "O my God, I am very thankful for all that you have done for me during the past year."

After this pay attention to what you have to do during the year you are now beginning. Will we all live the year through? That is what we do not know. "Surely," one of you will say to me, "surely, Uncle, I will live, for I am only ten years of age." You may live, my little dear, but you cannot be sure, for I have seen little children, and little boys and little girls, and big boys and big girls, die. I have seen them die at every age. I have seen many begin the year young, and in good health, and before the year was at an end, they were dead and gone. There may be some of you, my little friends, who will be dead soon, and you will be buried under the ground, and your old uncle will be bringing his little bunch of flowers and putting the flowers on your grave. And when he has laid down the flowers, he will take off his hat, and go on his knees near the grave and say some prayers for his nephew or niece that lies there in the cold, cold clay. The wind will blow through his long, white hair, and the big tears will roll down the furrows of his aged cheeks. "But why," you will ask, "does Uncle cry, and for what does he pray?"

I will tell you. Uncle is very fond of the soul of his little friend, and he is afraid lest that little soul may not be good enough to be taken by Jesus to heaven, and if it is in purgatory, and on the road to heaven, he prays for it that it may soon reach heaven. Do you all wish to get to heaven? "Yes, Uncle, we do." Well, then you must be real good, and you must begin this year in earnest so that you may every day grow better.

You ask me: "What must I do to be good?" I ask you what did the little Jesus do when He was at the little home at Nazareth? "He did what He was told." Very good. That is just what you must do, if, like good children, you want to imitate Jesus, and thus be good.

You are told to make your morning offering. What is that? Here it is: when you awake in the morning you sign yourself with the sign of the cross, and then say, "My God, all for Thee, I will do everything to-day for you, my God." Then you get up and put on your clothes, and whilst putting them on, do not forget that God is there looking at you; dress quietly and quickly, and make your clothes nice and tidy; do not have a button open in one place, a string loose in another place, and a third place wanting a pin.

During the time that you are washing your hands and face ask God to wash your soul from every stain of sin. When you have washed your hands and face and combed your hair, then you start to begin the first great work of the day—*your morning prayer.*

Uncle is tired, so if you will excuse him this time, he will tell you the next time how to say your morning prayer.

* * *

It Is Well to Have a Home.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Dec. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It gives me the greatest pleasure to let you know that I am enjoying good health now. I'll try to be a good boy. We have a good home here. Rev. Father Hahn and the Sisters are very good to us. They do all they can to help us and make of us good and useful men in the world and to save our souls. Uncle Tom, I had a terrible cough, and when I was at home during vacation I cut my left leg with an ax, but I am better now. I hope I will get an answer from you. I will close my letter, saying good-bye. Yours, respectfully,

FELIZ GONZALES.

Indeed I Am Pleased.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Dec. 2, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write to tell you how I am getting along in school. I am well and hope this will find you the same. I know you will be glad to receive a letter from me, and to know that I am trying to be a good girl. I hope I will soon be able to play high mass, and then I am sure you will be pleased. I will try hard to get in the highest reader if I can. Dear Uncle, I think this writing will be large enough for you to see. Your loving niece, NANCY A. MORALES.

—

A Lovely Feast.

San Xavier School,
Near Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 9, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I thought I would write you a few lines and tell you about our feast. Last Tuesday was the feast of our patron saint, St. Francis Xavier. We had mass in our church. After the mass four Papago men carried the statue around the plaza near the church and all the children, Sisters, and people, marched in the procession. Some men had guns, which they fired as we passed along. I wish you could have seen it. We had eight altar boys, all dressed in new cassocks and surplices. Oh, they looked nice! We sang in the church and Vincent played on the organ. The church was full of people. We all had new dresses for the feast and we looked nice. After mass was over we danced all day, and at night we had music by the band. Some Yakis from Sonora danced their dances too. We all read your nice paper, and Vincent was glad when he saw his letter in "The Mission Indian." We had a Papago dance last week. Now, I hope my little letter will please you. I am, your nephew.

OCTAVIANO NUNEZ.

—

The Dead Not Forgotten.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Dec. 23, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am delighted of a chance to write. I like to write letters. I am in the fourth grade. I study grammar, physiology, spelling, catechism, Bible history, geography and arithmetic. I am trying to do the best I can. I am very glad to be here with the dear Sisters. They are very kind to us. We have mass every morning. The other day we had a high mass for the poor Sisters that died in Old Town. Father Ubach played the organ, and a tomb was fixed in the middle of the chapel. I wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to Uncle Tom. I am, your devoted niece,

JUANITA MAURIQUEZ.

—

Father Ubach Plays.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Dec. 22, 1895.

I am most anxious to write and tell you all about our school. It is interesting to all of us. I am in the Fourth Reader. I study reading, spelling, grammar, geography, arithmetic, and Bible history. I am thirteen years of age Dear Uncle Tom, I wish you could come to the Old Mission and see us. We all want to see you very much. I hope that you will be pleased with my letters. We had high mass for the dead last Friday. Rev. Father Ubach played on the organ. We were so glad to read the letters that some of the girls wrote to you in "The Mission Indian." Wishing Uncle Tom a merry Christmas and a most happy New Year, I remain, your loving niece,

FELICITA CASTRO.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

Portrero is an exceedingly active and bustling reservation, new houses being built on all sides, and more new land being put under cultivation every day. It bids fair to be the center of Indian population in the future, and the thrifty and prosperous condition of those that settle there is strongly evidenced by the substantial buildings being erected, frame houses with doors and windows taking the place of adobe and brush huts. The spirit of Christianity, too, is thoroughly permeating their souls, and acts of gratitude and thankfulness for the blessings God has bestowed upon them in this thriving village were particularly manifested on Christmas day, when the Indians turned out en masse to the chapel there to render what is due unto God. Under the direction of Juan Verdugo the church was handsomely decorated with evergreen and smilax, while the altar presented a beautiful appearance with its background of ferns and palms, and the walls were hung with appropriate inscriptions.

There are many poor old men and women among the Indians who are in need of the necessaries of life. Old clothing, which may not be used any longer by refined people, but which would be most welcome to these poor creatures, if sent to the editor of The Mission Indian, will be distributed by him among the needy Indians.

There are many Indians living along the shores of the Colorado river. They belong to the Diogena tribe and have some similarity with the Ætheopean race.

Santa Rosa is a reservation situated in the San Jacinto mountains. These Indians belong to the Cahuilla tribe, and are almost entirely cut off from civilization. There are but few families living there.

Ramon Garcia is laid up on account of a swollen leg, caused by rheumatism. He says that his "patron" at Highland Home is taking good care of him.

The Mission Indians manifest always a great affection for their children and other members of their families.

SAN FELIPE.

Southeast of Warner's Ranch, in a valley perhaps four miles long by one mile wide, the San Felipe Indians have their homes. The reservation is sometimes also called Cienega, the Spanish name for a swampy country. We wish to give our kind readers a bit of the history of this reservation, as related to us by the Indians.

Years ago a member of this band of Indians lived on the eastern slope of the mountains which bound the valley on the west. He had a good house there, planted and cultivated an orchard and a vineyard, besides plowing part of his land and possessing horses, cattle and goats. He was well-to-do, though not rich, and his family was cared for by him.

He died. His wife and a relation of hers continued to look after the ranch, which is truly a beautiful spot and well supplied with water. One day a Mexican, armed with a gun, came up to the house and drove the women away from their home, threatening to shoot them dead if they refused to go. They went hurriedly. Then the Mexican took possession of the place and after some time sold the farm to a third person.

Near this ranch the cemetery of the Indians is situated, fenced in and every grave kept in good order, the crosses indicating that the Indians buried there were Christians. There are also graves outside of the cemetery. The Indians explain that some huge stones denote the place of interment of their forefathers, who were Pagans.

The crop of acorns in the reservations near Warner's Ranch was a very good one last year. Acorns are used for fattening stock and, in case of necessity, some varieties are eaten by the Indians.

Some years ago Gov. Downey tried to dislocate the Indians from some of their reservations. This gave a certain lawyer a chance to collect $180 from the Indians, in order to protect their claims. The suit was either never called for trial, or ended without judgment. Tableau!

COLORADO DESERT.

The Indians in the Colorado desert are split up into many factions. The two principal parties are the Cahuillas, living towards the southern foot-hills, and the Chimehuvis, living towards the northern range. Their enmity dates back many a year, and they will probably never be fully reconciled. Chief Gervasio Cabazon is the head of the Chimehuvis, the Cahuillas having no proper head, but changing their captain about by electing another one every year.

Nearly ten years ago money was collected among the Indians to enable Chief Cabazon to go to Washington to talk personally with the great chief of the people. Manuel Espinosa was the interpreter and chief engineer of the undertaking, but somehow it happened that the money was expended in Southern California. This gave rise to general dissatisfaction, and other captains and chiefs were elected as fast as the people were able to meet. Manuel Espinosa was the instigator and headleader of all this commotion.

M. Espinosa had killed his wife many years ago. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to stay for a while in San Quentin. While in prison he learned how to read and write, and he spoke English fairly. He also was well instructed in religion. When he returned to Martinez he could read English and Spanish, and was better educated than others of his tribe. But ever after he proved himself a more or less crooked and crafty Indian. Although actually controlling the chief and the captains, he denied all influence possessed by him over his fellow Indians, pretending he had nothing to say, while at the same time he was truly lord of the Indians near Los Torres, Martinez, Amilo Bonito and other places.

This dual position of course was untenable for any man, and naturally Chief Cabazon got tired of him and chose another interpreter. Then M. Espinosa started the opposition against Cabazon, charging the old chief with having spent the money collected. Cabazon denied it and showed that Espinosa spent it in Los Angeles. Of course, neither Cabazon nor Espinosa were alone if they ever spent it. The most probable solution is that, no exact account having been kept, it was spent in preliminary preparations for the great journey. But we are rather inclined to think that M. Espinosa got the bulk of it. He was too smart for anything, and as we knew him quite well and as we also know something of his smooth talking, we are satisfied that he received and spent most of the money himself. M. Espinosa is dead. One good thing can be said of him—he suffered patiently and died like a Christian. So we may let him rest in peace, remembering the words of our Lord: "Judge not and ye will not be judged."

But the two great factions in the desert still exist, and this circumstance is a great hindrance in their progress and civilization. The Desert Indians are continually shifting from one place to another, and there is also much gambling going on among them, in which men, women and children participate. Well, the Indians are by nature fond of some sort of play, "to drive dull care away."

Subscribe for The Mission Indian.

A Short and Concise Statement of the Venezuelan Controversy.

On the northeastern shore of the South American continent, extending westward to the Orinoco and southward to the tributaries of the Amazon river, is a vast district, sparsely populated. This is known as the Guayanas. In 1814 a portion of this territory was ceded by Holland to England. In 1810 the republic of Venezuela succeeded to the title of Spain. The boundary between Spain and Holland was never definitely fixed, though it can be inferred from a mass of historical facts and data.

Venezuela supports her claim, as the successor of Spain, to all the territory west of the Esiquibo river. This contention is based upon treaties between Spain and Holland, before there was a republic of Venezuela, and before England had any foothold on the continent. There is also a treaty between Spain and Portugal and a mass of official diplomatic correspondence. Besides this, as late as 1836 and 1841, British consuls and law courts have admitted the jurisdiction of Venezuela over the valley of the Morocco river, which runs through the territory now in dispute.

England bases her claims upon the fact that two temporary forts, called "New Zealand" and "New Middleburg," were erected by the Dutch, several miles west of the Esiquibo, in 1657. She also recites that in 1674 Spanish settlers were driven back by the Dutch. Over all, and finally, England's chief claim is based upon a pretended treaty with the Indians, whereby England agreed to "protect" them and prevent aggressions by the whites.

Previous to 1840, England had not even claimed the territory west or south of the Pomaron river. Suddenly she set up a claim to the entire Alantic coast, as far west as the Orinoco. These claims were shifted half a dozen times, and at last, in 1893, Great Britain gravely laid claim to all land east and south of the Amacuro river. Much of this territory had, heretofore, been the undisputed property of Venezuela. Venezuela objected strenuously. England refused to submit the matter to arbitration and would not accept a treaty which did not cover all her claims. The United States asked that the matter be submitted, with all the records and evidence, to an impartial umpire. Venezuela agreed, but England did not even deign to respectfully decline.

The reasons for England's sudden interest are three: 1—The ancient policy of extending colonial lines whenever possible; 2—this valley was made the more desirable by the discovery or gold, the placer mines now yielding upwards of $8,000,000 per year, even in an undeveloped condition, and—3—the commercial value of the position. This last reason is the most objectionable to the United States. The Orinoco river is navigable for a distance of over 400 miles inland and receives the waters of no less than 120 navigable rivers. Thus the power which controls the navigable outlet of the Orinoco will control the commercial gateway of over one-fourth of the entire South American continent and shape the destinies of a least three of the South American republics.

In view of these facts the United States has not been an indifferent spectator of England's aggressions in the Orinoco valley, and no less than ten of the South American republics, and even Spain herself, have requested that England submit to arbitration in order that a line may be definitely fixed.

Early in the present century the Spanish-American colonies declared and secured their independence. President Monroe then sent his famous message to Congress, on December 2, 1823, containing what is now termed "Monroe doctrine," in which he said:

"We owe it to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. We could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them (republics) or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

In this Monroe was supported and applauded by Great Britain. England was in at the birth of the Monroe doctrine, and by her act at that time sanctioned it.

Coming down to the present crisis the case is plain. The United States asked England to arbitrate its claim, make public its alleged Indian treaties and settle the line. England refused. Following the Monroe doctrine Mr. Cleveland holds that the taking of disputed territory without a judicial decree is an "aggression" under the Monroe doctrine. Lord Salisbury says it is none of Uncle Sam's business and declares that the Monroe doctrine is not international law.

Mr. Cleveland now proposes to send a party of surveyors and lawyers to Venezuela to determine, from all the evidence obtainable, as nearly as possible the real line between British Guiana and Venezuela. This line, then, the United States will declare to be the true line and will maintain it, by persuasion if possible and by war if necessary.

The question of the treading upon the toes of a puny power by Great Britain does not enter. The real question is whether or not England shall be allowed to arbitrarily fix a boundary line, after a century's delay, and by so doing capture the commercial outlet of a quarter of a vast continent.

Christmas at St. Boniface Indian School.

If you had stood in the vicinity of St. Boniface Indian School on Christmas Eve, you would have observed as night advanced a lone rider approaching the school buildings, whose figure was silhouetted by the gleaming moonlight in sombre and lengthening shadows as he drew nearer. This rider was soon followed by another, and still another, then several of them hove in view from another direction, and so they kept on coming from all points of the compass, all seemingly drawn to a common center, as they individually and collectively corraled their steeds in and around the barn-yard. What was bringing these numerous silent riders hither? What was the purpose of this mysterious assemblage?

The riders were Indians, stalwart, brawny sons of the forest and mountain, who had come all the way from their remote homes, some fully 50 miles distant, to attend Midnight Mass. They came not out of mere curiosity—for the satisfaction of a mere whim will not endure the fatigue of a long horseback ride in a dark night—but they came because impelled by impulses of faith and the love they bore toward the son of God who this night many years ago came into the world for the redemption of all mankind.

At 12 o'clock midnight you could have observed them all wending their way to the chapel, in which they reverently knelt in prayer as in the stillness of the night there came melodious sounds from the open door of the sacristy, announcing in entrancing tones the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem. The sweet strains of "Holy Night," superbly rendered by the orchestra, had barely ceased, when the refrain was taken up by the choir and gently, softly, and then again powerfully and sweeping, the chorus of mellifluous voices arose on the winged night in honor of the Divine Infant who this day took human form to bring peace to men on earth of good will. No human mind can ever depict or paint in words the tender emotions, the joyful and passionate thrills of faith aroused in the hearts of those who attend Midnight Mass! It is a feeling akin to santification for those who seeth not and yet believeth.

In the large playroom of the school stood the Christmas tree, loaded down with gifts big and little for the Indian children. The announcement having previously been made that the distribution of presents contained on the tree would take place New Year's, that day saw all the children on hand promptly. In a room adjoining the playroom there lay on a couch Patricio Lugo, racked with pneumonia as the result of an over-indulgence at baseball, in consequence of which he became overheated and then too suddenly chilled. He knew the Christmas tree was to be untrimmed that day, and longed to be present, but the high stage of his fever forbade his active participation. He expressed to his nurse, a kind-hearted Sister, his desires, and that good samaritan, as the distribution of presents commenced, threw wide open the door communicating with the playroom, and the sick boy gazed with rapturous eyes on the scene before him. There stood Santa Claus, with his flowing white beard, and clad in his great overcoat, dealing out with a lavish hand presents of all kinds, and he took good care that none of the children were overlooked or forgotten. Happiness and delight shone out from every face, and long before the distribution came to a close pandemonium reigned, the little tots blowing their trumpets and tin whistles, the boys beating drums and the girls thumping miniature pianos, all laughing and talking meanwhile and making merry. And amid all this bustle and confusion the little boy quietly lay on his cot, a silent spectator, but his fever and anguish seemed to have temporarily subsided, for his eyes and features expressed better than words could have done the pleasure, peace of heart and repose of soul that were within him as he clasped with a loving embrace the little gift Santa Claus had placed in his hot and trembling hand.

Catholic Belief.

19. We cannot see God, because He is a spirit. Still, God has manifested Himself to us in a manifold way. We can see numerous of His great works and oh! who could shut his eyes to all the wonderful creations and worlds which we may behold daily, not to speak of that sublime creature, man, who contains himself a whole world of miraculous things.

20. God made himself known also by revelation; that is, by communicating with mankind directly, as St. Paul says: "God, Who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets; last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the world." Hebr. 1; 1, 2.

21. Thus far we have followed in many points the catechism of Jos. Deharbe. The Rev. Jos. Deharbe was a member of the Jesuit order founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola. St. Ignatius was a wonderful man, a Spaniard by birth, and he accomplished great works in behalf of religion and charity. He founded a religious order of men called Jesuits, who devote their whole lifetime to missionary labors and to the education of young men. St. Ignatius, when on his death-bed, prayed fervently to God "that his order might be persecuted and despised at all times to come." His prayer was undoubtedly heard, as the Jesuits were always, and probably will always be, hated and despised by many. This is one of the incomprehensible things in the destiny of the members of the human family.

Rev. Jos. Deharbe was a missionary in Germany. For many years he would travel from one place to another "to break the bread of the word of God" to everyone—to the poor and to the rich. This brought him into contact with everybody; he learned that there were many who, not knowing fully that which God has revealed, would forget their God, would become weak in faith and at the time of temptation fall away.

To teach our holy religion to young and old induced him, the zealous missionary, to publish a catechism, and he did so only after the lapse of about twenty years of persevering labor. This catechism, although having some minor deficiencies, is undoubtedly one of the best ever written. Therefore we thought best to follow Deharbe's catechism in our simple instruction on "Catholic Belief," and we do thereby not desire to underestimate the so-called "Council Catechism" written by the learned Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, or the model catechism of Bishop Claret, which we use in our instructions for the adults among the Indians.

22. Our kind readers though would like to read something *new* in The Mission Indian. Very well. It is not difficult to tell something new in worldly matters, but as to religion, the case is connected with considerable trouble. For religion, if it be *true*, cannot *change*, and it is always the *same*; it is always *old*, although at the same time also forever *new*. Our Lord says: "Therefore every scribe instructed in the kingdom of heaven is like to a man that is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old." Matth. 13; 52.

Truth is always true; whatever is true to-day, was true and will be true forever, and whatever is not true to-day was not true, and will never be true.

Thus explaining the true religion, we have to teach all and everything, nothing more and nothing less than what Christ and His apostles were teaching. "But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema."—Gal. 1; 8.

The world, it is true, progresses; some progress or better development is also reconcilable with religion; but this progress or development of religion can never logically include a change of truth, which must necessarily remain unchangeable. The philosopher puts down as one of the first principles in argumentation: "The same thing cannot be true and false at the same time."

Truth lasts forever.

"Truth crushed to the earth will rise again,
The eternal years are hers forever."

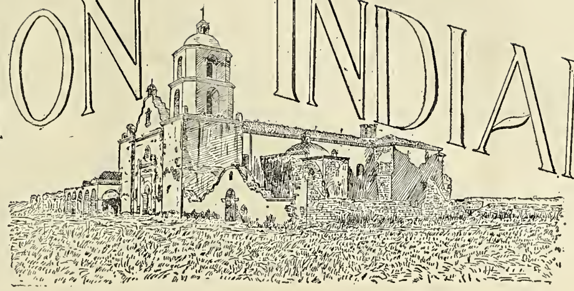
Now, dear reader, do you expect us to change the truth while explaining Catholic belief? Certainly not. Well, then, we shall give you the same truth as taught by the Church 2,000 years ago, and we shall never *change* it.

The belief in *one* God is the fundamental principle of our holy religion, and whosoever calls himself a Christian is agreeing with us in professing with the words of St. Paul: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in us all."

We concede that there are some, especially at the present time, who proclaim: "There is no God." Alas, that it should be so, for "the fool says in his heart: there is no God!"

To meditate on God, to consider the manifestations of God, and to think it all over, whatsoever we know of the existence of one God, is interesting to those who are sincere; and how lovely and fascinating for the heart of a child! We do not pretend to give you choice language, but we shall endeavor to explain religion in a simple way, that also children may follow us and be interested. (*To be continued.*)

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., FEBRUARY 15, 1896. NO. 5.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

Vade Mecum.

(GO WITH ME.)

"Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are terms familiar to all of us, and at no time are they brought to mind more forcibly than when on a journey, either on pleasure bent or otherwise, because the prosaic touch with affairs material and new surroundings requires of us a continual expansion and broadening of thought and feeling and adaptation to circumstances, our constitutionally guaranteed rights to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no perfect liberty in this world, and all the freedom we enjoy is only a relative freedom: that is, we are free, but have to respect the rights and privileges of others, though these may seem to transgress and interfere with our own conceptions of right or wrong.

Such thoughts as these engaged our fancy as we were seated in a railroad cab with three other passengers while visiting one of the missions of the Franciscan Fathers, that at Santa Barbara, a short time ago. Ourself and fellow passengers, each of whom would tip the scales at about 200 pounds avoirdupois, made the most of what little space the small cab afforded, and every one tried to make himself as small as possible, which with overcoats, satchels, and divers other parcels and packages crowded and jammed in besides, was indeed no "small" matter. Happily, however, two of the human cargo alighted ere the train reached the venerable old mission.

What an interesting sight to behold Santa Barbara mission! It is neither ruins you see, nor a building presenting architectural beauties, but it is the same old mission, the same primitive church and monastery, just as built by the Franciscan missionaries, the first pioneers of California. There are the graceful but time-scarred arches, the spacious hallways, the church-steeples and the mission-bells, as found in every mission in California. All that is new about the old buildings are the repairs made from time to time under the watchful eye of the guardian of Santa Barbara mission.

To give a full and adequate description of the mission would be a superfluous undertaking. So many and varied have been the accounts written concerning it, that it would be simply rehearsing what has been often related before, and so many have viewed and seen for themselves, that nothing new could be added. Suffice it to mention a few points which may not be amiss.

The basement of Santa Barbara mission is no longer used in its entirety. There remain still the kitchen, dining hall, and the store-rooms below, the church, sacristy and oratory being, of course, also parterre, or on the ground floor, but the cells and every room used for dwelling purposes are situated on the second floor. However, the Mission Fathers, and even yet the first bishop of California, Francis Garcia Diego et Moreno (†1846), lived in the lower part of the building—a rather unhealthy habitation, to all appearances. The contemplation of these old buildings indeed excites wonder and admiration, and many who have seen the massive walls marveled how it was possible to erect such a structure with the scanty help and assistance the mission fathers had at their disposal.

We omit to say anything regarding the history of the mission, and also refrain from a lengthy review of the beautiful flowers and shrubs in the garden enclosure; nor shall we dwell with perspicuity on the scenery of the surrounding mountains, and the placid blue ocean seen so advantageously from the old mission, but would instead invite the reader to come along to the old mission church. *Vade mecum!*

At 5 o'clock in the morning we arose, went immediately to the church, and entered the oratory. Here all the Franciscan monks were gathered reciting the office of the day. The oratory was well lighted, and the words of the holy office, as pronounced earnestly and distinctly by the sons of St. Francis, reverberated through the old, venerable mission. *Regi sæculorum immortali et invisibili, soli Deo honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*

("To the king of ages, immortal, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen." I. Tim. 1, 17.)

An invitation was kindly extended us to enter the vestry, and after preparation we offered up, for the first time within the walls erected by our predecessors in the Indian work, the continual and unbloody sacrifice to the Most High.

After a short time the missa conventualis followed, the acoustic properties of the commodious church accentuating and re-echoing every syllable as two friars with sonorous voices recited the prayers loudly and so very distinctly. One cannot help exclaiming: "Truly this is a holy place—here you can pray from the very bottom of your heart!"

The church is very neatly kept. Of the relics contained therein many are yet intact, such as paintings and statues, put there by the first inhabitants of the mission. As of particular interest and fascination may be mentioned the images of the Mother of Sorrows and Saint Barbara on the wall behind the high-altar; the last judgment, heaven, hell, and purgatory, on the walls, and saints of the Franciscan and other orders upon the side-altars. There are several specimens of high art there, notably the *Mater dolorosa*, one of the best ever made by human hand.

To the right side of the high-altar is placed the tombstone of the first bishop of California, Francis Garcia Diego y Moreno. He was caring for the faithful after the missions were destroyed, and as he lived in the lower apartments of the Santa Barbara mission, and means of travel at that time were of the most simple kind, it may justly be concluded that, though empowered and exalted by his episcopal dignity, he must have lived a very poor and humble life, undergoing many a day's fatigue and burden. His hat still adorns the memorial plate which tells of his death in 1846. "How beautiful are the feet of those that preach peace and bring tidings of good things."

In concluding these remarks a brief reference to the veneration of saints as practiced by Catholics may not be out of place. All the ancient California missions bear the name of some saint. Catholics honor or venerate the saints, namely those who were shining examples for others, and who heroically practiced virtue, charity, chastity, mortification, true piety, and so on, but they do not *adore* them; only foolish and ignorant people will do that.

We adore God alone as the Lord and Creator of all things, but honor and revere the saints as friends of God. We do not pray to the saints in order that they may by their own power help us, but that they may intercede or pray for us at the throne of our God.

Moreover, we admire their sanctity, their virtue, their greatness, and therefore consider them to be the models after which we ought to conform our own lives.

We certainly honor great men and great women; Washington and his mother are honored by the American people, and their likenesses adorn nearly every parlor in the New World. Should we not also honor those who were foremost in the service of God? Should their pictures and images not urge us on to perseverance and final perfection?

Santa Barbara mission reminds the visitor of the work done for God in the days gone by—of faith, industry and perseverance—do we not therefore justly say: *Vade mecum*—go with me?

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

WAR-CLOUDS AND BREEZES OF PEACE.

At the time of going to press for the fourth number of THE MISSION INDIAN the war-clouds were dark and threatening, but are since gradually dispersing, and "arbitration" is the word heard all around. Nevertheless it is our firm belief that if England disregards the Monroe doctrine, the United States will have to declare war, otherwise a disgraceful retreat would be inevitable. England probably will use her best diplomatic talents to get out of the difficulty without a war; but after all, what do we know about the future?

The Transvaal affair has also stirred up the American people. A citizen of the United States, Hammond, was arrested and made a prisoner in consequence of the disturbance. The Government is expected to protect its citizens and Hammond will be granted full justice as the result of the efforts of our present administration, although it must be admitted that we ought to be able to handle questions of foreign politics, when they interfere with Uncle Sam, without the help of other nations.

Otherwise Transvaal is quiet. Emperor William, of Germany, gave an indirect blow to the English nation when he congratulated the President of the Transvaal republic on his success in killing, maiming and making prisoners of English adventurers. But as Emperor Willie is a grandson of Queen Victoria, he surely did not mean it. The New York *Sun* says: "Was ist los mit Billie? Nix!"—although he is first quoted to have said: "Nix cum 'raus!" which means that Emperor William first put his thumb upon English claims, saying "That will not do,"—then he causes a war rumor, mobilization of armies, and a terrible consternation—a veritable thunderstorm; after this he says that he did not mean it, puts the sword back into the scabbard and declares: "There is nothing in it." Moltke undoubtedly was the greatest strategist which the present century has produced. He is quoted to have said: "There are hundreds of roads that lead into England, but none of them out of it." Let us rest assured he would have gone in and out of it; but Moltke is dead. Where is the general that would risk to invade England? Hence Emperor William says that he did not mean it. Still he showed up finely, and at least humiliated England more than she has been for a long time.

There is a change in Cuba. General Campos is relegated to his native country and Gen. Weyler is appointed in his place. We never thought much of Campos, and he undoubtedly was not successful in Cuba. Now another general is at the helm, and we shall soon find out whether Cuba is a Spanish province or an independent republic. Let us drink tea and wait.

As to the unspeakable Turk, he is having things all his own way. More murders, more atrocities, more outrages—then the talk of a Russo-Turkish alliance, and still no end to the crimes. May the Almighty and Most Merciful God repress and annihilate the attempts of the barbarous Turk! There seems to be no human power capable to check the Mosselman. England, the old friend of Turkey, did not do her duty as a Christian nation; she will sooner or later suffer for it. The Russo-Turkish alliance is the first act of Nemesis (divine retribution) for Great Britain.

The present session of Congress has been unproductive of anything important since the Monroe doctrine promulgation in President Cleveland's message. The Venezuelan question rests for the present in the hands of the commission appointed to ascertain the boundaries in dispute, and until that body makes a report no further action need likely be taken.

The tariff question, which bobs up serenely preceding every election, again engrosses public attention. The revenue measure passed by the House hangs fire in the Senate Finance Committee, but will probably be adopted without amendment. It provides for increased revenue duties, but whether it will be signed by the President is problematical.

The passage of the bond bill to bolster up the gold reserve is a strange commentary on our national finances. It seems little short of blundering statesmanship that the credit of this rich country is made to hinge on a stated gold reserve, which can be manipulated at will by foreign and domestic money kings. The wealth and resources of our country, if rightly handled, ought to make a gold stringency impossible. A sound money basis is at once the most important and most difficult problem to solve, but with war rumors filling the air we ought lose no time in arriving at a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. Bearing on the present money crisis an excellent suggestion has been made to the Secretary of the Treasury by an Ohio postmaster. It is simply that all gold received by the different postoffices in the country, and which runs into the thousands daily, be turned directly into sub-treasuries instead of being deposited in national banks, as is now the custom. Such gold deposits would afford a powerful leverage to the government in controlling its gold circulation, and Secretary Carlisle has taken cognizance of the suggestion with a view to its practical enforcement.

In answer to Antonio Callistro's query (in November number) why snow fell on the mountains and not in the valley, "Uncle Tom" offers the following:

Where vapor condenses at a temperature below 32 degrees Fahrenheit, it freezes into a crystalline form called snow. Snowflakes, though assuming a great variety of forms, usually present the outline of a hexagon or a six-pointed star.

There are many climatic conditions preventing or bringing about snow. Of these we mention here altitude. There is a so-called snow line. As the heat of the air decreases upward, the formation of snow is always possible upon high mountains, even under the equator. Two conditions regulate the altitude of the snow line—the quantity of fallen snow and the amount of heat to melt it. Thus in the semi-tropical zones, which have less snow and no less summer heat, the snow line is higher than at the equator. Again, coast regions exposed to moist winds have a lower snow line than the interior of continents.

There is no snow line in Southern California. The snow even upon the highest mountain peaks disappears towards July. But the rule stated above applies to our climate. There is snow upon the mountains because the atmosphere is colder than it is in the valley; then at the formation of snow the quantity of snow is greater than what might perhaps reach the warmer bottom of the valley. Hence there is snow up on the mountains and summer in San Gorgonio Valley.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Pasadena will next enjoy the benefits of a mission by the Paulist fathers, beginning February 16.

This is a season of missions in Southern California. Missions at Pomona, New Jerusalem and Santa Paula, besides one for non-Catholics at Riverside.

Mr. Jos. Scott visited The Mission Indian on the 10th inst. Like all visitors who expect so little off Indians he was pleasingly disappointed.

Rev. R. F. Byrne, although an invalid, has taken up his residence at Oceanside in order to look after the wants of Catholics in that place and vicinity.

The beautiful bells at the Cathedral and the big bell at the Sacred Heart Church are the largest in the city of Los Angeles. They ought to be.

Father Schneider has been with us for a day or two, and we are glad to see him improving. He is much missed at Yuma. What is home without a mother? Sometimes it does happen that the father is missed.

We are sorry for mistakes, and when we fail to get absolution we pity those whose future is entrusted to the care of the unmerciful. After all the desert does affect people who are not solidly balanced.

Taste and neatness in the sanctuary are a credit to the Rev. pastors. With fresh and choice flowers so plentiful in California, the altar for the adoration can be decorated beautifully even by the poorest church.

The new cement-walks constructed by Rev. J. Fisher, leading to the church, made the way thereto easy on the occasion of the recent mission at Pomona. Sometimes it is well to take it easy; sometimes though it is otherwise.

The Lenten sermons at the Cathedral, Los Angeles, will be preached by Right Rev. George Montgomery on Sundays.

Rev. J. McCarthy will preach every Friday evening during Lent at the Plaza Church.

Similar services will be held at St. Vincent's Church, Sacred Heart Church and St. Joseph's Church.

Rev. Father Hawe's place of residence is fast becoming a favorite rendezvous for those in search of cool ocean breezes and a dip in the surf. The hospitable father is an admirable host and causes his guests to think with sorrow of the time of departure, if indeed they find time to harbor such thoughts while under his roof.

The Indians at the Portrero reservation celebrated the fiesta for the dead last week. This feast, although not encouraged or approved of by us, still evinces a pathetic trait of the Indian character: their love for dead friends. Provisions and other things are given to the poor by the more well-to-do Indians, a charity worthy everybody's emulation.

Rev. Father Liebana has gone to Yuma for a short season of rest and recuperation and to enjoy a brief respite from the cares and worries of this workaday world. The climate of Yuma is said to be the finest in the world, but that of Banning excels even it. The Rev. father intends to visit Banning too, and we hasten to assure him in advance of our climatic superiority.

Father Caballeria, of San Bernardino, visited Banning during forty hours' devotion at St. Boniface school. The Rev. Father was celebrant at high mass, and preached an eloquent sermon in English. He much enjoyed our mountain air and scenery, as well as the few hours pleasantly spent with the Indian children, with whom he was much impressed and pleased, feelings fully reciprocated by the children.

The church at Riverside was crowded on the 2d inst. The severe rainstorm had no terror for the people as long as it was known that Bishop Montgomery was going to speak. A friend writes of the celebration: "Everything on this occasion was solemn, grand, and educational. Bishop Montgomery was powerfully logical and persuasive, professedly non-controversial, yet naively and charmingly appealing throughout his magnificent discourse. He gave the hungry and sympathetic audience 'Scriptural pabulum' in abundance."

Forty Hours' Adoration.

February 16: St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles.

February 23: Orphan Asylum, Boyle Heights, Los Angeles.

March 1: The Hospital, Los Angeles.

March 8: Academy, Pico Heights, Los Angeles.

March 15: The Convent, Ramona.

The forty hours' devotion is eminently a time of prayer. It is also a fit occasion to receive the sacraments, and thus partake of the spiritual benefits granted those who make a daily visit of one hour during the time of exposition.

Forty hours are designated for the adoration in order to commemorate the forty hours during which the body of our Lord was lying in the Holy Sepulchre.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions for THE MISSION INDIAN must be prepaid. No receipts are sent. Receiving the paper is proof positive that the money has reached this office. Notify us promptly if the paper is not received regularly.

Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent, will be on February 19 this year.

Easter-Sunday is on April 5.

Before the divine service on Ash-Wednesday, the celebrant blesses the ashes, which are prepared by cremating the palms blessed the previous Palm-Sunday. The priest when saying the prayers for the blessing of the ashes, asks God to bestow His benediction upon the ashes, that all those who are signed with them may receive the remission of their sins, health for their bodies and protection for their souls. Mention is also made that God may fill our minds with the same sentiments of penance as were in the hearts of the penitent Ninivites. Then the priest puts the ashes upon the forehead of himself and upon those of the faithful, saying; "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust shalt thou return." (Gen. III; 19.) What a beautiful initiation for the holy season of Lent!

Lent, a time of penance and good works, lasts from Ash-Wednesday until Easter-Sunday. There are 46 days included in this time, 40 being days of fasting, and 6 are Sundays, on which there is no obligation to fast. A day of fasting means to partake of only one full meal a day, although a very light breakfast—a cup of coffee and a small piece of bread—are allowed in the morning, and about one-fourth, or at most one-third, of a meal in the evening.

The practice of 40 days' fasting is of Apostolic tradition; the Jews fasted, Moses fasted 40 days, so did Elias, the prophet, and our Lord fasted and gave His commands to the apostles. Hence Leo the Great says: "The Catholic Church, from the time of the apostles, has enjoined fasting upon all the faithful."

Dear Reader: Do so ; fast during the time of Lent. If hard work, or weakness, or sickness, or age, excuses you from fasting, do fast as much as you can, and your temporal and spiritual welfare will be benefited.

Our Right Rev. Bishop Francis Mora, D. D., ordered prayers for rain in all the churches of our diocese. The following prayer was said daily:

"O God, in Whom we live, move and are, give us a timely, beneficial rain, that being helped in temporal things, we may more confidently expect the eternal."

Beneficial and welcome rains have cheered up all hearts in Southern California.

◆

The end of the present century is fast approaching, as our readers no doubt fully realize, and in its last decade lots of false prophets are preaching. Faith is losing ground especially because families do not keep up their family-devotion. Prayer mornings and evenings is the feeder of faith—what the oil is for the lamp, prayer is for the Christian faith.

The father of a family ought see to it, by word and example, that daily prayers are recited with due devotion and attention by all the members of the household.

Do not recite long and wearisome prayers ; say short ones rather and give your undivided attention to them.

Yet never omit them altogether ; never forget them.

Go to bed early ; it will be a great help for both morning and evening prayer. Of course, indolent sleepers never pray well.

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Read "Uncle Tom's" letter on another page. It is good reading not only for his dear little nieces and nephews, but brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and other kinsfolks may also reflect to their advantage on the subject.

◆

All our readers know that Utah was admitted into the Union as a State last month. It is the forty-fifth State of the "United States." The Union began with the 13 original colonies. It has since grown to be a powerful and mighty nation. Here are the forty-five States now comprising our republic:

Alabama,
Arkansas,
California,
Colorado,
Connecticut,
Delaware,
Florida,
Georgia,
Idaho,
Illinois,
Indiana,
Iowa,
Kansas,
Kentucky,
Louisiana,
Maine,
Maryland,
Massachusetts,
Michigan,
Minnesota,
Mississippi,
Missouri,
Montana,
Nebraska,
Nevada,
New Hampshire,
New Jersey,
New York,
North Carolina,
North Dakota,
Ohio,
Oregon,
Pennsylvania,
Rhode Island,
South Carolina,
South Dakota,
Tennessee,
Texas,
Utah,
Vermont,
Virginia,
Washington,
West Virginia,
Wisconsin,
Wyoming.

◆

The traveler on the Southern Pacific, upon arrival at Colton, is besieged by orange venders, big and little, who in a perfect Babel of tongues try to beguile the unwary stranger into buying their loveliest of lovely oranges. Prices vary every minute. At arrival of train it is 25 cents per basket (strictly one-price); a few minutes later, 20 cents, basket and all; before departure of train, the best and finest oranges in California, every single one guaranteed, 15 cents, basket and all; as the train starts, your own price, basket and all. At Beaumont navel oranges are sacrificed at 30 cents a basket. One shrewd young native-born Californian, a possibly future President, was observed recently trying hard to sell his basket of oranges; nobody would have it; then the expediency of retailing them by the piece struck his sagacious and resourceful mind, and he disposed of every one, selling two or three for a nickel, thus realizing 50 cents, besides retaining his basket. How's that for a business stroke!

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

If you try to remember what I said to you when you last heard from me, you will recollect that I told you I would tell you the next time how you are to say your morning prayer.

You have made your morning offering; that is, you said to God that whatever you did during the day you would do for Him. You washed and dressed, and now you go to church to say your morning prayer. There are many people besides little boys and girls who do not say their prayers well. Why? Because they go to pray without first thinking of what they are going to do. They do not prepare their souls to pray. What is it you do when you go to pray?

You go to speak to God. Yes, to speak to God, for what is prayer? Your little catechism tells you. Uncle knows his catechism. I am going to pray, I am going to speak to God, I am going to thank Him for taking care of me during the night, and I am going to ask Him to watch over me during the day just beginning.

When you go inside the church, if you say your morning prayers in church, and if the Blessed Sacrament is there, you will say, so that no one but God will hear you, "Good morning, Jesus," for you know that Jesus is in the Blessed Sacrament. "Would not that be too familiar, Uncle?" No, my children, not at all. The little Jesus is there waiting to welcome you, and He likes you to speak to Him as little children speak to each other. After saying "Good morning, Jesus," you make a genuflection before going to your place in the bench. A genuflection is a bending of the knee, and by bending your knee before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, you make an act of faith in the divinity of Jesus; that is, you believe that Jesus is God, and that God is present in the Blessed Sacrament.

You kneel down, and bless yourself. How many of my little nieces and nephews are thinking of something else even when making the sign of the cross? Do they make a cross at all? Indeed they do not. They wind their hand in the air, and very often do not say the words. And yet see how beautiful is the sign of the cross when made properly. Our little catechism tells us, nicely too, what the sign of the cross means. It tells you that there is one God, for you do not say, in the *names*, but, in the *name*. It tells you that there are three persons in the one God. You mention them: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. In making the cross you are reminded of the death of Jesus on the cross, and you know that all graces come to you from the cross where Jesus died. "But how make the cross, how do you divide the words in making the sign?"

That is a good child, always ask your little question. Don't be afraid of your uncle. Here is how you divide the words: When you put your right hand to your forehead you say, *in the name of the Father;* when you put your hand on your breast you say, *and of the Son;* when you put your hand on your left shoulder and take it from there to the right shoulder you say, *and of the Holy Ghost;* and then, joining your two hands in front of your breast, you say, *Amen.*

Now you begin the prayers, and to pray well you must be attentive. To be attentive means to know that you are speaking to God, and to know what you are saying whilst speaking. Alas! my little friends, how many of you when praying think of everything else except what you are then saying. Little boys are thinking of their balls and bats, they are thinking of their tops, they are thinking of their marbles; and the little girls are thinking about poor little dolly down in the cold hall, or something that way. "Oh, but Uncle, I can't help it; just as sure as I kneel down to pray all these thoughts come to me, and I cannot put them away." You cannot, my dear? Well, do you try, and do you keep on trying, and before you began praying did you try to put other thoughts out of your mind, and did you say now I am to speak to God? "Yes, Uncle, I tried to prepare to pray, and I tried to put other thoughts away, but I gave up trying, for the catechism says prayers said with distractions are of no avail."

You are a smart child, and I am glad to have such a bright little niece, but you must look more carefully at your catechism. You will see that what the catechism says is that prayers said with *deliberate* distractions are of no avail. It is when you have these distractions, when you know you have them, and when you make no attempt to put them away, that they make your prayers useless, of no avail. Attention, attention is the first thing necessary to pray well. I will tell you more the next time.

The one hundred and sixty-third birthday of GEORGE WASHINGTON will be observed at St. Boniface Industrial School, Banning, Cal., by divine service in the forenoon, sports in the afternoon and appropriate exercises in the evening.

Very Sensible and Charitable.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Jan. 26, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

With much regret I read Mary Banks' letter you put in "The Mission Indian," because she says I am deficient in courtesy and consideration for the ladies. If I was, I did not mean it that way. I have the highest regard for the dear girls, God bless them, but they should also be considerate to us, and not turn up their noses when the bread the boys bake is not just as it should be. When they eat meat they sometimes get more fat than lean, or it may be a little tougher than they like it, but the meat and bread is just like we are, not always perfect, and therefore they should be charitable and not blame us when the bread did not rise well, or "caught a cold," perhaps, through no fault of ours. Very respectfully,

CALLISTRO ANTONIO.

—

Your Handwriting Is Very Good.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Jan. 27, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am a pupil of St. Anthony's School, and I am very anxious to write and tell you all about our school. Dear Uncle Tom, we study very much, and we are learning to write letters. We have a very nice time here. I like to go to school very much. I hope our dear friends in Banning are well. I am in the third grade. We study reading, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and catechism, and on Fridays we learn to knit and crochet, also making button-holes. We learn to sing too. Hoping that you had a merry Christmas, I remain, your loving niece,

MARIANA CABRILLAS.

—

You Will Yet Write Well, Sarah.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Jan. 16, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I will write to you to let you know that I am very well. I cannot write very well yet, but I will try to write to you. Uncle Tom, I am in the school this day writing to you. The Sisters are very good to us and I am glad I am here. I am 11 years old and I think I will come back to school next year. I think this is all for this time. Good-bye. Your little niece,

SARAH BANKS.

—

The Donkey Missed.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Jan. 18, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my fifth year in school. Sister Virginia has charge of the girls, and Father Florian has charge of St. Boniface Industrial School. Dear Uncle, we miss the donkey very much. I never forget to pray for you. Now I think I better close my letter for this time. May God bless you. Good-bye. I remain your affectionate niece, VIRGINIA FLORES.

—

You'll See It This Time.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
January 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I wish you a most joyful, happy day. Dear Uncle Tom, I wrote to you the last time, but I did not see my letter in "The Mission Indian." We had a lovely time Christmas morning. We had Santa Claus to give us nice things. I got a little piano and many other things. And the Sisters from town came out here, three or four of them. We all went to holy communion on Christmas morning, girls and boys.

May our Lord bless you. Good-bye, good-bye.

ALICE MARY GARRETT.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

It might be said without fear of successful contradiction that if the question of the Indian's rights were submitted to a popular vote, embracing our whole country, or the civilized world at large, for the matter of that, the verdict would be in favor not only of protecting the American Indian in his natural and God-given rights, but also to educate, civilize and assimilate him into our manners of life and place him on a mental and physical level with ourselves. That this plan of action is feasible, and just, will be admitted by all who have followed the course of events connected with the development and advancement of the Western States and their original inhabitants.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. D. M. Browning, in a report recently made to the Department of the Interior, recommended that "as the Indian populations are surrounded everywhere by white populations, and are destined inevitably, at no distant day, either to be overpowered or to be assimilated into the national life, the welfare of the Indians, the peace and prosperity of the white people, and the honor of the nation, ought to constrain every lover of justice, every patriot and philanthropist, to join in promoting every worthy plan that will reach the desired end."

These are plain and simple words, and the course they point out to be pursued is plainer still. Instead of driving the Indian from place to place, persecuting him and depriving him of the means of obtaining for himself and family a livelihood, by white men stealing his land and robbing him of his home, why not gently take him by the hand in a Christian spirit and by easy stages "assimilate, not overpower?" Why not make provision for reclaiming from barbarity and educating and absorbing into our social system those who were here before we came, whose every feature stamps them as our equals in the human race, and who have every imaginable claim of kinship upon our generosity and fair-mindedness to be treated with honestly and mercifully? By every obligation of humanity we are bound to render fair treatment to our inferiors, in this case both in point of number and intellect. The Indian cannot by a twist of the wrist be transformed into a civilized being, neither can the "squaw" in a jiffy be turned into a modern "new" woman, but, taking into consideration the difficulties attending his enlightenment, we may indeed with gratified feelings reflect on the achievements already accomplished in emancipating from his degeneracy the noble red-skin. His wild and untrained instincts require a long time to be curbed and trained, and his conversion to our mode of life must needs be slow and gradual. That his regeneration and civilization will eventually be attained cannot be gainsaid, and immense progress has already been made in assimilating and absorbing him into our national life. But before any further signal advance in the Indian's reformation can be recorded, he must be protected in his property and civil rights. His ambition to become an independent citizen must not be nipped in the bud, and if honestly assisted and encouraged, the Indian himself will not block the pathway to his elevation and betterment.

One often hears the brutal assertion made that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," but it need scarcely be said that this inhuman sentiment is confined chiefly to those who find in the Indian a dangerous barrier to their greed and villainy, or those whose duty it is to deal with him with bullet and bayonet after he has suffered untold wrongs and turned finally, like the trodden worm, on the heel that ground him into the dust. Columbus, when he landed on our shores, found the inhabitants peaceable and hospitable, and the occasional warlike uprisings of certain half-wild tribes are but the natural consequences of the hatred instilled into the red man's heart against his mercenary and pitiless white brother. Our statute books are profuse with enactments made for the benefit of the Indian populations, but are they being carried out in good faith and held inviolate? Treaties (which the late Benjamin F. Butler held were supreme over all other laws) are entered into with the different tribes, and lands allotted them, but the Indians are not always protected in their possessions.

The Indians on the Pacific Coast may be taken as fair examples of what education and touch with civilization can do for the red man. We will not recount here the efforts put forth by the Franciscan fathers, who were the first to spread civilization among the Indians and to lead them out of the darkness of paganism and superstition into the broad light of Christianity, because these are well-known facts in the history of our Indian population. These brave messengers of peace and good will paved the way for the ultimate redemption of the savages hereabouts, and the degree of happiness, thrift and progress attained by them under the Franciscan regime will probably never again obtain. Nevertheless many Indian reservations in California are prosperous settlements, especially the Portrero reservation, near Banning, and it may serve as a case in point. Here the Indians are surrounded by white men, farmers and orchardists of experience and knowledge, from whom they may learn how to cultivate the land and raise crops, and by coming in contact with tradespeople acquire those ways of barter and sale so conducive to independence and well-being. What good can result from isolating Indians on barren lands in distant mountain regions, with scanty water supply and surplus of wintry blasts? An Indian agent in the West, who has long been in the service and is acquainted with the foibles and weaknesses of the Indians, is of opinion that if they had allotted them good fertile lands, with abundance of water, agricultural implements furnished them by the government, and industrious white farmers located adjoining their lands to teach them by practical example, together with ample school and educational facilities, the whole Indian problem would soon be a thing of the past. In this view we heartily accord, and will take occasion in a future number to again revert to this subject.

Below we print a few letters which speak for themselves:

SAN ASSIDRO, WARNER'S RANCH P. O.,
SAN DIEGO CO., CAL., Jan. 29, 1896.

DEAR SIR: We have the church all completed and fixed up, and are waiting for any suggestions you may see fit to offer. I have not heard from you in regard to the church, but I know you will say something to me. I wish to get an answer from you, because I want to know what you think about our church. We made another little house, and we need one window and one door. We also need an altar, a bell, and a cross. I am, respectfully yours,

CAPT. JUAN CHUTNICAT.

To Rev. B. Florian Hahn, C. P. P. S.

* * *

PALM SPRINGS, CAL.,
Dec. 28, 1895.

DEAR FATHER HAHN—This day I write to let you know something about Palm Springs. A few weeks ago Francisco Estudillo came here with the documents to let the water run here from the mountains. Yesterday we put Pedro Chiuo in the place of Francisco Padencio. You said you would send us the paper, "The Mission Indian," but we have not received it. This is all for this time. Good-bye. Tell Francisco Pedro to write to me.

Your sincere friend,
SANTOS PADENCIO.

* * *

BERGMAN, CAL.,
December 27, 1895.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, Banning, Cal.

DEAR SIR: You promised some time ago to give me a pair of blankets. They would be very nice now for a Christmas gift. Our children are all well at home. Wishing you a happy New Year, I remain, yours respectfully,

DOMINGO VERDUGO.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Viewed from a Christian Social-Reform Standpoint.

Dr. Ming, a member of the Swiss National Council, upon invitation of the academic total abstinence society of Freiburg Academy, recently delivered an excellent discourse to the students of that institution upon the liquor question, says the Freiburg *Journal*.

Prefatory to his remarks the speaker said that the Catholic Total Abstinence League had nothing in common with certain immoderate opinions with which ignorance occasionally coupled it. On the contrary Pope Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and the presently reigning glorious holy father, Leo XIII., as also the illustrious Swiss bishops, encourage and recommend total abstinence as a particularly Christian work of love.

But why do we only now have this movement, said the speaker, when drink has been indulged in for ages? There are several good reasons. Different causes must have worked together to produce an alcoholism as now existing, but which was unknown in past centuries. Wine production has reached that stage where, even if not a drop of wine were to grow, chemists and wholesale and retail dealers would manufacture a stuff, which, while agreeable to the palate, contained nothing else worth recommending. The brewing of beer has made such immense progress that, at all seasons of the year, "malt juice" is being offered devoid of all malt or hops. Destillation has happily improved to such an extent that brandy can be extracted not only from all cereals and the different kinds of fruit, but even sawdust and the turf, are made to yield the notorious "poor man's drop." To drag agricultural interests into the arena as opposed to total abstinence, will soon prove itself a delusion and a snare, for the industry will not require much time to produce cheap alcohol abundantly even without agricultural means. On the other hand the distilling of spirits was unknown up to within a few centuries, and brandy first came into general use about the middle of the last century. Another reason can be found in the entire reversion of trade conditions, which permit the introduction of alcohol into sections of country where it previously did not exist, and where, at most, light unfermented wines were drunk, but which now are flooded with cheap Italian liquors, beer or fusel oil. Finally may be added, as another reason, the boundlessly liberal freedom of trade, under which anyone may, in the absence of something better to do, engage in the saloon business or liquor trade, without a semblance of necessity for the same. All these reasons or causes have tended to bring about that not, as was the case in olden times, indulgence in strong drink was confined to certain exclusive circles, but that almost the whole population, or at least a large percentage of the same, has become infected and diseased with alcoholism, so that the civic body in its economic welfare, in its physical and spiritual prosperity, is impaired, impeded and damaged.

This increased alcohol consumption rests also, in a large measure, upon the prejudicial belief that alcoholic stimulants are conducive, yea indispensable, to healthfulness. Physicians have frequently led public opinion astray on this subject, and they may labor long and hard until they have removed this self-inculcated prejudice. But that these mistaken ideas are without foundation in truth is conclusively shown in the practices of life insurance companies, of allowing total abstainers a 10 to 15 per cent. rebate, because they have found in their calculations, which are certainly beyond reproach, that the entirely abstemious live considerably longer. Sick benefit societies consisting of total abstainers have fully one-third less cases of sickness, and the individual cases generally are milder and of shorter duration. On the other hand we know that every tenth man in Switzerland, as a consequence of alcoholic drink, prematurely sinks into the grave. About 10 workingmen die annually from the effects of sulphuretic poisoning, and the cry has long been heard to prohibit the yellow substance—alcohol yearly claims 600 victims! Are they not also deserving of our sympathy and consideration?

Alcohol populates our insane asylums, and of the 2,000 unfortunates confined in our penal institutions at least one-half owe their sad fate to the demon drink. These are sufficient reasons to justify the social-reform movement to extend its operations to the dominions of alcoholism. The daily partaking of spirituous beverages, even in an apparently harmless manner, entails however other baneful consequences, as, for instance, destroying the taste and liking for wholesome and cheap nourishments like fruit, milk, and articles of food prepared from flour, thus leading to the preferment of more expensive and less beneficial spiced animal foods. But the saddest and most destructive feature of alcoholism inheres in heredity, namely, that children must suffer and terribly condone the sins of their parents. Dr. Demme, professor at the children's hospital in Bern, Switzerland, diligently investigated the progeny of habitual drunkards and found that more than one-fourth of them died prematurely. Of the survivors fully one-half were misshapen, epileptic, and imbecile, and not the one-fourth part showed a normal development. In the face of these facts should not every friend of humanity, notably physicians and officials, but above all, ministers of God, strive to check and curb such nameless misery? The evil of drunkenness has always been preached against, societies cultivating moderate drinking have been established, but the members thereof were unable to draw a proper line of how far one might go, and consequently were of no avail.

Cardinal Manning, that embodiment of apostolic charitableness, once prevailed upon a lowly laborer pursuading him to let drink alone, as it brought him into misery. "But, Your Eminence," said he, "you drink too, only not such cheap stuff as I do." These words so touched the heart of the ecclesiastical prince that he exclaimed: "From to-day on, however, not another drop!" And he kept his word. By this means he achieved great things for England—for the sake of the good will of the people he did not shrink from this sacrifice. Before his death he said: "On this question I have gotten to be a fool, for the love of Christ, but I wish no happier end but that also you may once be able to bear such witness."

Total abstinence is the proved means of cure for the said social disease. But who shall become a total abstainer? Above all, the drunkard, because for him there is no other salvation, while at the same time continence affords a comparatively easy and certain cure. Further, children should not be given spirituous beverages, because alcohol, even in the form of the best wine, or in small quantities, is simply poison to the undeveloped organism. Finally, the saving anchor of total abstinence must be embraced by all those having hereditary inclinations to drink, or who may otherwise feel tempted to its use, if they do not want to miserably perish.

But how will it be possible for the drunkard, the whole or partly mentally diseased, to break away from the drinking customs, which often assume a compulsory form, inasmuch as nobody voluntarily confesses to drunkenness or a mental tendency to dissipation? And how should the children be taught to avoid the draught whose indulgence causes the parent to smirk and smack his lips? Can they alone overcome the prejudice, can they change and remodel public opinion? No. Should we allow the unfortunates to helplessly sink lower and lower, while we leisurely watch the evil growing? Such a course not only Christianity, but also humanity, forbids. Therefore, if we want to effectively combat alcoholism, let those who are parents, teachers, and leaders of the public, prove by their acts that by total abstinence not only is nothing lost, but everything gained.

Historical Sketches.

There is no history of the Indians living on the Western Continent, which is sometimes called the "New World," prior to the discovery of America by the Europeans. In order to have a brief review of the most important historical facts referring to the discovery and colonization of America, we give here a concise statement of these undertakings.

In the 9th century an Icelander named Gunnbiorn discovered Greenland.

One hundred years afterwards another Icelander named Eric visited Greenland and explored the northeastern shore of the North American continent. The son of Eric, Leif, also made voyages along the same line, discovering Narragansett Bay. The colonies in Greenland, established in consequence of the discoveries, were destroyed in the 14th and 15th centuries.

The discoveries of the Icelanders were not known in Europe, and Christopher Columbus, born in the year 1436 at Genoa, a city in Italy, was the man who first conceived the idea that, the earth being round, a sea-voyage in a western direction would bring the bold sailor to the eastern shore of Asia, known then as India. He thought that the distance thus to be traveled would be much shorter than the one which was known at that time—and that in this way the riches and treasures of India would be opened to the European (Christian) nations. He also wished to acquire the necessary means in order to rescue the Holy Sepulchre (grave of our Lord Jesus Christ at Jerusalem) from the Mohammedans.

Washington Irving says:

"It is a curious and characteristic fact, which has never been particularly noticed, that the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre was one of the great objects of his (Columbus's) ambition, meditated throughout the remainder of his life and solemnly provided for in his will. In fact, he subsequently considered it the main work, for which he was chosen by Heaven as an agent, and that his great discovery was but a preparatory dispensation of Providence to furnish means for its accomplishment."

Columbus was a great man; he surpassed many of his co-temporaries, and God had chosen him to discover America by arousing in his heart both a desire to acquire a fortune and also to spend it for religion.

Columbus applied first to the government of his home, Genoa; they laughed, shook their heads, and said "No."

Then he asked the king of Portugal. He too smiled and replied "No."

Next he went to England. Henry VII. refused to help. The same result at Venice, the then powerful republic, and in Spain, when Columbus asked certain Spanish nobles.

Ferdinand and Isabella, the regents of Spain, also at first dismissed him. Everybody smiled, the learned men shook their heads, even the Bible was brought forward to refute the statements of Columbus, and thus the poor man, 56 years of age, had to go his way.

He stopped one day at the convent of La Rabida, near Palos, a seaport of Spain. The prior, Juan Perez, gave shelter and bread to Columbus, and being himself a man of learning, had many a conversation with Columbus about his plans and ideas.

Thus the good prior became an enthusiastic admirer of Columbus, and as he was influential at the court of Spain, he pleaded the cause of his guest with such an ability that Isabella, the pious and broadminded queen, greater than her consort Ferdinand, sent for Columbus, pledging her jewels for the expedition, if it could not be brought about in any other way. Thus Columbus received the necessary aid.

The fleet which was equipped for Columbus consisted of three vessels, the Santa Maria, Pinta and Ninya, none of them fit for an ocean voyage.

One hundred and twenty persons were on board these ships, many of them being forced to go along, which may give us an idea of the material placed at the disposal of Columbus.

The fleet which discovered America set sail from Palos on the 3d of August, 1492, and on October 12, 1492, Columbus and his men landed on a beautiful island in the West Indies, which he called San Salvador (The Holy Redeemer.) The Indians called it Guanahani; it is one of the Bahamas, probably what is now known as Watling's Island.

(To be continued.)

Naval Forces of the World.

The United States has at present in active service, not counting coast defense vessels and gun boats, 3 battleships, 20 armored, 42 unarmored cruisers, and 2 torpedo boats. Further there are at present building 5 battleships, 10 armored and 9 unarmored cruisers and 6 torpedo boats.

England has 50 battleships, 86 armored and 188 unarmored cruisers, and 189 torpedo boats.

France has 25 battleships, 55 armored and 92 unarmored cruisers, and 218 torpedo boats.

Germany has 13 battleships, 32 armored and 42 unarmored cruisers and 151 torpedo boats.

Italy has 11 battleships, 16 armored and 55 unarmored cruisers and 184 torpedo boats.

Russia has 9 battleships, 41 armored and 59 unarmored cruisers and 174 torpedo boats.

Austria has 6 battleships, 10 armored and 31 unarmored cruisers and 64 torpedo boats.

Spain has 1 battleship, 8 armored and 34 unarmored cruisers and 22 torpedo boats.

Brazil has 2 battleships, 7 armored and 12 unarmored cruisers and 22 torpedo boats.

Denmark has 1 battleship, 8 armored and 13 unarmored cruisers and 29 torpedo boats.

Sweden-Norway has 18 armored and 20 unarmored cruisers and 28 torpedo boats.

The Netherlands have 25 armored and 55 unarmored cruisers and 39 torpedo boats.

Argentine has 1 battleship, 5 armored and 12 unarmored cruisers and 21 torpedo boats.

Chili has 1 battleship, 3 armored and 8 unarmored cruisers and 22 torpedo boats.

Japan has 1 battleship, 8 armored and 32 unarmored cruisers and 40 torpedo boats.

China has 24 unarmored cruisers and 23 torpedo boats.

A Novel Remedy.

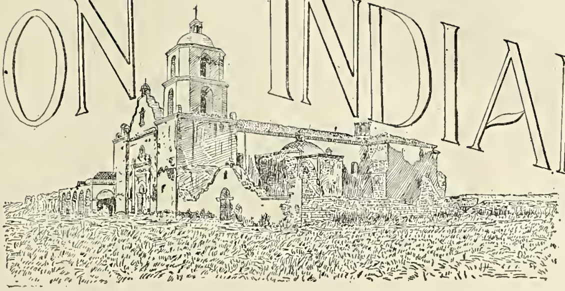
A Virginia gentleman, during an athletic exercise one day, felt a sudden pain and, fearing some internal injury, sent for a negro living on the plantation who made pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having sagely investigated the case, prepared and administered a dose with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being obtained, however, a regular physician was sent for, who on arriving inquired of the negro what he had given. Sambo promptly responded:

"Rosin and alum, sir."

"What did you give them for?" continued the doctor.

"Why," replied Sambo, "de alum to draw de parts togeder and de rosin to solder 'em."

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1896. NO. 6.

Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

MEDIA VITA IN MORTE SUMUS.

In the Midst of Life We Are Near Death.

Very Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer, O. S. F. His Untimely Death.

On the morning of February 27 the Very Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer, guardian of the Franciscan monastery at the Old Mission of Santa Barbara, recited as usual the office with his community and then said mass. At about 7 o'clock the same morning he was on his way returning from the church to his cell. While ascending the stairs leading to his quarters on the second floor of the old mission, he was met by Henry Krusemeyer, a laborer whom he employed on the premises of the mission, and who doubtless was deranged in his mind.

Krusemeyer was standing at the head of the stairs, awaiting the coming of his victim. As soon as he saw the venerable guardian coming up the stairs, the crazy man at once, without any warning, began to discharge a revolver, which he held in his hand, firing five times, four balls taking effect in the body of the aged priest.

Father Ferdinand fell mortally wounded and called for help, the crazy man meanwhile threatening to kill anyone who dared approach or touch the priest. Father Ferdinand, with great presence of mind, called out to his assassin: "Henry, why did you do this? What did I ever do to you? Run away quickly, or you will be arrested." Then the insane man, struck by these words, without further delay made his escape, going to the city of Santa Barbara. As he was leaving he threatened, however, a Franciscan brother, who has charge of the kitchen, with the words: "The next time I shall kill you."

The inmates of the monastery were as if thunderstruck at the suddenness and enormity of the tragedy. Father Ferdinand asked one of the fathers present to at once administer to him the sacraments for the dying, exclaiming "I have to die, but I recognize the Holy Will of God in dying thus. I have no fear; I have run my race, I have kept my vows: I submit willingly to God's providence." He then began reciting the Confiteor. Father Servatius immediately granted him, as is usual in such extreme cases, absolution, and afterwards administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The Franciscan monks thereupon carried their beloved guardian to a cell upstairs, and physicians were called. It was at first thought he was not mortally injured, but soon it became evident that he was beyond medical skill. All attempts to probe and extract the bullets proved unsuccessful.

Then followed twelve hours of intense suffering. Father Ferdinand had received the Sacrament of Holy Unction, but could not receive the viaticum. Vomiting set in, as two bullets had lacerated and torn into shreds his abdomen. Another bullet had entered his chin, taking a diagonally downward course and coming out below the left armpit. Still another ball had struck in his right thigh, shattering the bone, which wound seemed to cause him excruciating pain, for he sometimes would say "O, my leg, my leg!" Apparently he suffered no pain but that coming from this one spot. Up to within two hours of his death he remained conscious.

Father Ferdinand was nearly six feet in height, and was never sick during his whole life, excepting a slight indisposition last summer.

He was a man of strong build, and thus it was that the hour of death came only after intense suffering. Nevertheless, what a consolation that he yet had time to prepare for the moment when he was to appear before His Maker.

Of the 69 years of his life he spent 42 in religion, as a poor friar. For 40 years he labored in the vineyard of our Lord for the salvation of souls, and for three years he was Provincial of the St. Louis province of the Franciscan order.

He conducted many retreats for religious communities and also gave many missions to the faithful generally, for which labors he was eminently qualified by his thorough knowledge of the sacred sciences.

Being strong and healthy, he kept his rule to the letter, during 30 long years never tasting any intoxicating drink, and to all and every one he ever met with he was kindness in its truest sense. And it was his perhaps not judicious kindness that prompted him to keep about him the wretched idiot who caused his untimely death. He could truly say with St. Paul:

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me on that day." II. Tim, IV. 7, 8.

The Rev. Father Ferdinand Bergmeyer died Thursday, February 27, at 7 P. M., and was buried in the vault of the monastery at Santa Barbara mission on Saturday afternoon. Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, Very Rev. J. Adam, Very Rev. L. J. Meyer, C. M.; Rev. Victor Aertker, O. S. F.; Rev. P. J. Stockman, Rev. R. M. Ferrer, and the members of the Santa Barbara mission, were present at the funeral, besides large numbers of the Santa Barbara population. Very Rev. J. Adam preached in Spanish, while Very Rev. L. J. Meyer spoke in English, both giving utterance to such pathetic and soul-stirring sentences that many of the listeners were moved to tears.

The shock given the peaceful inmates of Santa Barbara mission by this unfortunate tragedy cannot be described. A good old brother of 80 years is still exclaiming: "It is awful; I shall never get over it." The many friends of Father Ferdinand in the United States were undoubtedly no less horrified, and many were the prayers offered up for him in the communities where he had faithfully labored for the cause of God and religion. Especially his co-religious of the Franciscan order have and will ever remember him at the altar and at the community prayers. May he rest in peace!

The murderer of Father Ferdinand is now in the insane asylum at Highland, in San Bernardino county.

The present guardian of the Santa Barbara mission, and successor of Very Rev. P. Ferdinand, is Rev. Servatius Altmicks, a priest of the Franciscan order. Father Servatius was for many years a missionary among the Chippewa Indians, whose language he speaks and writes fluently.

(Very Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer, O. S. F., guardian of Santa Barbara Mission, was born October 30, 1826, at Riesenbeck, Westphalia; he entered the Franciscan order as a professed member July 1. 1853; was raised to the sacerdotal dignity September 4, 1856; came to the United States November 17, 1859, and died February 27, 1896, aged 69 years and 4 months.)

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

From far-off Abyssinia in Africa news of a terrible wholesale massacre was flashed across the cable wires last week. It is reported that the Italian army now operating in Abyssinia was completely routed and almost annihilated by the savages under King Menelik. The Italian army numbered 15,000 men, of whom over 5,000 are said to have been killed and many more wounded. The Italian people are in a tremendous uproar at this slaughter of their soldiers, blaming the present ministry as being responsible for it, and popular clamor has forced King Umberto to accept their resignations. A new cabinet has been formed, with Gen. Ricotti at the helm of the war department, which signifies that the campaign will be fought out to the bitter end.

This is the second crushing defeat the Abyssinians have inflicted upon the Italians, and forcibly illustrates the fallacious colonial policy of not alone Italy, but all European nations seeking aggrandizement and enlargement of their territorial limits by waging war against the African populations. The triple alliance is weakened and may end in disruption at the trend affairs are taking lately.

The Cubans are battling for independence, and Gen. Weyler has so far not been more successful in restoring peace and order than his predecessor in command. President Cleveland is not disturbed over the "jingoism" exhibited by Congress, and continues uninterruptedly at his duck-shooting. His well-known conservative views may be relied on to prevent an unnecessary conflict with Spain.

The Venezuelan imbroglio is brought to the front once more by England publishing a so-called "blue book," in which divers matters relating to the boundaries of Venezuela and Guiana are voluminously detailed. The purpose of the book is to explain a general outline of the position of Great Britain in the long-pending dispute between Venezuela and that country.

The many murders committed in Uncle Sam's domain are no credit to our civilization and it is an undeniable fact that the lives of the citizens ought to be better protected. What a horror to find the corpses of two girls dead and dishonored in the steeple of Emmanuel Church in San Francisco—then the unspeakable murderer Holmes—then the two criminals Jackson and Walling in Cincinnati, not to mention others. It is said more than ten thousand murders were committed in the United States in 1895. These crimes recall to mind the words of Frederic the Great, who in answer to some reform-project of his cabinet ministers said: "Spread religion in the country."

◆

SUBSCRIBE for THE MISSION INDIAN.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

The Lazarist fathers conduct their Lenten devotions in the afternoon on Wednesdays.

Rev. Father Cabaleria is now caring for the Catholics in San Jacinto, much to their delight.

The 17th of Ireland is at hand. Celebrate well and wisely, ye blessed sons of the glorious apostle.

Father Fisher was prostrated for a few days with an acute attack of la grippe, but is mending again.

The attendance at the Lenten exercises in the Cathedral is immense, more than 1,000 people being regularly present.

The new bishop of the diocese of Sacramento is Right Rev. Thos. Grace, rector at the Cathedral. Indeed a happy choice.

Father Richardson is well again after his serious accident. THE MISSION INDIAN is glad. Now you'll be happy, Father?

Father Peter Yorke does not seem the least affected after his many great battles. The gates of Hell can never prevail. *Tu es Petrus.*

On March 4, 1896, at the pretty village of Beaumont, our Rev. Confrere saw two feet of snow. He saw, felt, and went his way preaching penance to the angels.

There will be appropriate services on the last three days of Holy Week, both in the morning and in the evening, at all the parish-churches in our diocese.

Rev. Thos. Fitzgerald is evangelizing every Wednesday evening during Lent at the Cathedral. Is it any wonder the Cathedral is thronged when so many are pulling together?

The fair for the beautiful new Mercy Home will take place after Easter. We should like to see great interest taken in such a noble work. If you cannot come and help send in *your* donation.

Monday, the 16th inst., is the anniversary of the death of Miss Iza Puzey. The departed will not be forgotten by her own many benefactors, and by those to whom she is dear on account of her generous, noble mother, Mrs. Mary Puzey.

Very Rev. J. Adam has given missions at Visalia and Bakersfield to the Spanish population, while Father Cabaleria gave a mission to the Spanish people of Pomona.

All these missions were attended by thousands of people. What a delight to witness the zealous work going on all around.

Bishop Montgomery is preaching Sunday evenings at the Cathedral and on Thursdays at the Plaza Church, on which occasions all pews are filled and even standing room is at a premium in the rush to hear this popular divine.

It is a pleasing coincidence that both Rev. Thos. Fitzgerald and Rev. P. Victor are preaching in Los Angeles on the sacraments, the former in English and the latter in German. The real beauty of our religion is found and tasted spiritually when we partake of the sacraments.

Rev. Father Lynn came up to Banning March 3. His was again but a short visit, but it was attended by novel experiences. Not having tread upon snow for 12 years, he succeeded admirably in wading through 12 inches of the "beautiful" from the sacerdotal residence to the Indian school proper, a distance of maybe one-quarter mile, at the early hour of 5 A. M.

Monsignor Dr. Nugent is a visitor in California. Although 74 years of age he is still vigorous and strong in body and soul. The Liverpool *Times*, edited by Dr. Nugent, is one of the best Catholic papers in the world, and has a circulation of 50,000. Next June Mgr. Nugent will celebrate his golden jubilee. He will seize this occasion to double the circulation of his paper. May success crown your gray hairs, Monsignor.

◆

Distinguished Visitors from the North.

Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan and Rev. P. Yorke of San Francisco arrived in Los Angeles Tuesday morning, March 10. They were met at Saugus by Bishop Montgomery. Wednesday the distinguished visitors were taken to see the chief Catholic buildings of the city. Last evening Father Yorke went to the Old Church to see Fathers Liebana and Barron. This morning the Archbishop, Father Yorke and Mgr. Nugent started for San Diego. They will return on Saturday. On Sunday evening the Archbishop will preach at the Cathedral, and on the afternoon of Sunday Father Yorke will address the Catholic Knights. On Monday evening Hazzard pavilion will hear the great California Catholic champion deliver an able lecture on the keystone of the Catholic faith—the infallibility of the Pope. On St. Patrick's day Bishop Montgomery will entertain His Grace at banquet, to which the city clergy will be invited. The Archbishop is expected to speak on the Saint of Ireland.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

J. Pluvius' bad weather clerk treated Banning to a surprising series of atmospheric changes the initial week of March. A cold wave made its presence felt the closing days of February, which shortly gave place to a raging sleet, hail and snow storm that lent a wintry aspect to our green fields and mountainsides, and only subsided after a foot or more of snow covered the ground. The sight of snow at one's doorstep in Banning is an unusual occurrence, and generally happens but once in a decade, and then disappears as fast as it comes almost, but this last snowfall exhibited remarkable staying qualities and repelled the sun's softening rays for a whole week before it yielded. The damage done by the blizzard to trees just filling out with new leaf is considerable, many limbs being broken by the weight of snow upon them, while fruit trees in blossom no doubt also suffered to some extent. The snow afforded excellent sleighing, but sleighs being scarce as hen's teeth in this land of perennial sunshine, the merry jingle of the sleighbell was conspicuous by its absence. The old saw of March coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb is likely to be verified, as at present the loveliest summer weather again prevails and the bees are busily gathering golden-hued nectar from flower-bedecked hill and perfume-laden dale.

Dr. J. C. King, who is the S. P. physician between Colton and Yuma, is being kept quite busy lately setting fractures and dressing wounds sustained by employes as the result of accidents. The depot building resembled a miniature hospital this week when the Mexicans hurt in the accident near Beaumont were brought here to receive medical treatment. One man had a foot cut off below the ankle, another's right arm was torn and the bone crushed, a third suffered spinal and internal injuries of a fatal character, a fourth was badly used up about the head, while the entire crew was more or less bruised and battered. The men were section hands riding on a handcar, and were overtaken and run into by a gravel train. The injured, after having their hurts attended to and being made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, were sent by the doctor to the Sister of Charities hospital in Los Angeles, where all railroad patients are being taken care of. Dr. King also amputated a finger for Frank Colwell, an engineer, and sewed up cuts about the heads of Thomas Satterthwaite and William Murphy.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions for THE MISSION INDIAN must be prepaid. No receipts are sent. Receiving the paper is proof positive that the money has reached this office. Notify us promptly if the paper is not received regularly.

There is trouble brewing everywhere. Russia has its Poland, England its Ireland, Italy its Abyssinia, and Uncle Sam, if he so chooses, may have Cuba.

◆

The maxim that the majority rules does not include that such a majority may tyrannize or wrong the minority. We call the ages, when the strong would annihilate the weak, the "dark ages." Are we going back to the "dark ages?" Yet bigotry is worse than tyranny and brutal force.

◆

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. The S. P. people are renewing their track, putting on a heavier rail, and preparing to make the road first-class. But they ought not to work Sundays. We are living too fast in this world. The Mexicans and Indians say sometimes that the American people are crazy, because they are working and running all the time. There is some truth in it.

◆

The House of Representatives has passed the amendment of Mr. Linton, A. P. A., the salt, lumber and bank magnate from Michigan, "that none of the appropriations on the Indian appropriation bill should go to sectarian schools."

This was to be expected, as there are many A. P. A. members in the Fifty-fourth Congress.

Mr. W. W. Bowers, of San Diego, and Mr. McLachlan, of Los Angeles, were amongst those who helped to injure public institutions within their districts.

To the honor of the Democratic minority in Congress be it said that they rose above partisanship and sect, February 24, 1896.

To say that the Catholic Indian schools are the only sectarian schools that receive support from the Government, is not true. Many sectarian Indian schools sail under another name.

There was a time when the effective assistance given by Catholic missionaries for the prevention of bloodshed and destruction of property by the Indians was welcome and appreciated. The nigger has done his duty; he may go.

◆

Hell never had, has, nor will have, any terror for the good, because they will not go there. But as to the wicked, it has not lost its terrors; they surely will have to suffer for their crimes. Otherwise, seeing the just downed and annihilated in this world, we could not believe at all in the existence of a God who will give to every one as he deserves.

Hell was and is not invented by ecclesiastics in order to terrorize the souls of men. If you want to know more about it, please read Mark. 9, 44; Matth. 8, 12; Luke 3, 17; Apoc. 20, 10; 21, 8; 14, 11; Luke 16, 26; and Matth. 25, 41.

By minifying the terrors of hell the churches have not made the incentive to good living greater, but less. Read the papers filled with reports of suicides, murders, robberies, and crimes of which St. Paul says they ought not to be mentioned.

Good people love God first, and they also fear hell, because hell includes the loss of God, separation from God.

The wicked do not love God, and they forget that there is a "casino" for the devil and his followers in the world to come; therefore they commit crimes and sins.

The existence of good and evil men in this world necessarily includes also the belief in two different places beyond the grave, and the question whether the wicked will be punished by fire and brimstone, or in any other way, is insignificant when we consider the two classes of human creatures: the good and the wicked, the friends of God and His enemies, and their just separation in the other world.

Would to God that criminals like Durrant, Holmes, Jackson, and others, had feared hell before they destroyed the lives of their unfortunate victims.

◆

The Catholics in the United States at present number 9,410,790, hence about one-seventh of the entire population.

According to Hoffman's directory the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles has two bishops, 74 priests, 72 churches and 31 chapels. (Population about 70,000.)

◆

Rev. Father Brockhagen writes in a pamphlet against the proposition of the A. P. A.'s that the Catholics of this country wished to annihilate the members of other churches:

"Two colored gentlemen were discussing the wonders of the New Testament. One of the negroes, Mr. Jones, was not quite clear concerning the wonderful things as related in the Bible. He did not know exactly whether our Redeemer fed five thousand men and women with seven loaves and five fishes, or if he satisfied the cravings of hunger of seven men and five women with five thousand loaves and fishes. Finally he said: 'Our Lord Jesus Christ appeased the hunger of seven men and five women with five thousand loaves and fishes.' 'Well, brother,' replied the other triumphantly, 'where is the wonder?' Mr. Jones answered indignantly: 'Wherein did the wonder consist? Why, sir, in the circumstance that the seven men and five women didn't burst!'

"It would indeed be a like wonder if nine millions of Catholics could devour and gulp down sixty millions of other inhabitants of this country without bursting. And surely Catholics have too much common sense to make the attempt, even if they felt such an inclination. Or do our non-Catholic Christian brethren believe that perhaps God would work a similar wonder as he did according to the version of Brother Jones? Hardly."

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

For Holy Week.

My dear little friends:

This time I am going to tell you something about the love of Jesus Christ. We are at present preparing for the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Resurrection is a great big word, and what does it mean? It means that Jesus Christ, who was God, and could do all things, came back to life again on the third day after his death. Did Jesus die? Yes, Jesus died on Good Friday. He died because He loved us. Last Christmas I told you how He became a little child that we might love Him. Now I tell you He died for us that we may try to love Him still more. If you were to be put into a dark room, to be kept there for ever, and that some little friend of yours came and said: "Don't put my friend in a dark room, let my friend free, but put me to death," wouldn't you be perfectly sure that the friend was very fond of you? You would. And if the friend died that you may have freedom, would you not always think of that friend with love? All this Jesus did for each one of us. He did more. He died to bring us to heaven. The very night before He died Jesus did something that showed how fond He was of us. What did He do? He instituted the Blessed Sacrament. He took bread in His blessed hands and changed it into His own body. "This is my body," He said; and then He took wine and said: "This is my blood." He was God, and there was nothing that he could not do. Why did He do this? Why did Jesus change bread and wine into His body and blood? Because He loved us, and He wanted to stay with us. Yes, to stay with us day and night in the altar. But that was not enough. He loved Mary and made her His mother. He came to her. Jesus loves us, and He comes to us, and makes us like the Blessed Virgin Mary, when we get holy communion. How good these boys and girls ought to be who go to Holy Communion!

On Thursday night after supper Jesus left us Himself in the Blessed Sacrament and what He did He gave His priests power to do. He said to the Apostles, and the priests are the apostles, "Do this for a commemoration of me." "Do this"—what is *this?* What I, Jesus, have done —I have changed bread and wine into my body, do the same you priests. Then He got up from the table, went out, and began his sufferings. What were the sufferings of Jesus? Our catechism asks and answers. "A bloody sweat, a cruel scourging, a crowning with thorns, carrying of the cross, and death on the cross."

Jesus went into the garden of Gethsemani. He took two of his friends with him, but they soon fell asleep. They were tired. It was a bright moonlight night. The pale rays came through the trees, leaving the shadow of branches on the ground. It was quiet. Now and again the gentle wind sent a rustle over the trees, and made the still silence more solemn. Everybody is resting in sleep. No, not everybody. Jesus is awake, alone, among the trees, and thinking of the sufferings awaiting him. He is thinking too of the cause of these sufferings. And the vision of the sufferings and the thought of their cause made Jesus suffer so much that he began to sweat blood. You see how the sweat comes from a poor man who works hard. The big drops roll down the face and neck, and we pity him. If you saw that hardworking man sweat blood, would it not be a terrible sight? That is just what happened Jesus in the garden. He sweat blood. The big drops of red hot blood came out from every pore of His body. And though it is night, yet you can see the red spots all over the ground round about Jesus. Why did Jesus sweat blood? Oh, my children, Jesus sweat blood on account of our sins. He saw all the sins that His own children, whom He loved so much, would commit, and the sight of them caused Him such suffering that the bloody sweat came. He saw how little boys and girls omitted their prayers. He saw how they got angry and quarreled. He heard the bad words they said and saw the bad things they did. He saw their disobedience to their parents and superiors. He saw them steal. He saw them idle and lazy. He heard them tell lies and talk badly about others. He saw their bad confessions, and when Jesus saw all these He sweat blood. My Jesus, I made you sweat blood. I am sorry. I won't sin any more.

After this Judas came to betray Jesus to those who were to put Him to death. A little while ago Judas got communion from the hands of Jesus, for Judas was one of the Apostles. Since then Judas has sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, and now Judas comes and gives Jesus a kiss so that the enemies might know Jesus. Was not that terrible, to kiss one when about to kill him? It happens sometimes that we, like Judas, do wrong after communion, and in that way put the traitor's kiss upon the lips of Judas.

Jesus was taken away tied with ropes. He was scourged. They fastened his hands with a chain to a pillar, took off His clothes, and strong men whipped Him on the bare back until they broke all His skin and covered the pavement of the yard where He was with little pieces of flesh and drops of His blood. What an awful suffering for the innocent Jesus! What wicked men! Ah, yes, but when boys and girls commit sin, when they do wrong in places where nobody sees them, they take the whip into their own hands and they give a blow to the poor Jesus.

Jesus was crowned with thorns. Great big thorns were made into a crown, that crown was placed on the head of Jesus, and one of the soldiers took a stick and, striking the crown, drove the thorns into His head. The blood flowed over his face. The big red drops rested on his eyebrows and almost blinded Him. That is what Jesus suffered on account of our pride and disobedience. When you are stubborn, and when you refuse to obey those placed over you, or when you do not love and respect your superiors, you take a stick and strike the crown of thorns into the head of Jesus.

Jesus carried His cross. After the scourging Jesus was sore and weak—sore, for His skin was all mangled and torn, and weak, for he had lost very much blood, Yet he must carry along the dirty streets and up the steep hillside the big, rough, heavy cross. He falls, but they kick Him, and make Him go on. Yes, they kick Jesus. Terrible! At last, almost dead, pale, weak, sore, bruised, covered with blood, with His clothes stuck into His wounds by the cross, He gets on the hill of Calvary.

And now, my children, now they begin the worst of all. They lay the cross flat on the ground, and they begin to strip Jesus, to take off His clothes. The cross stuck the clothing into the flesh, and when they take off the clothes big pieces of flesh and skin come with them, leaving our Saviour one piece of sore flesh. He is laid on the cross—what a bed for our loving God. Strong, stout, unpointed nails are got, with a big hammer. One nail is placed on the palm of the hand of Jesus. The nail gets a heavy blow from the hammer and in it goes, breaking bones and muscles, and tearing its way through flesh and skin, right into the wood, and the hand of Jesus is nailed to the cross.

In the same way they fix the other hand, and then the feet, and when Jesus is nailed they lift the cross into the air. For three hours Jesus is in agony; after three hours He dies.

Come around me, my little friends,

and let us stand together at the foot of the cross. Let us look up on the face of Jesus, and with tears in our eyes give a warm kiss to His divine feet. Let us ask ourselves, Who hangs on the cross, and why is He crucified? It is Jesus who hangs, and He is crucified for my sins. Oh, what love to die for me. Will I sin any more? No, my own sweet Jesus, nevermore. My heart is broken with sorrow for the past. I will try to be good for the future. Pray for your Uncle to Jesus, and he will pray for you. My Jesus, bless my children, and make them love You in time and eternity.

All Fond of the Sisters.

Indian Training School,
Fort Yuma, Cal., Feb. 10, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very happy to write a letter to you. I am attending school for four years and I am very happy. I read in the Third Reader, study Christian doctrine, writing, spelling, language, geography, arithmetic and drawing. I also take lessons on the piano. I am to play for our next concert. I wish you would come to see us and I think you would be pleased with our earnest efforts. I hope to see my little letter in the "Mission Indian." I would like to see it in print. I think some more of the girls will write to you soon. We are all very happy in school and like our dear Sisters very much. They are very kind to us, and we try to be good girls, to please God and the Sisters. Dear Uncle Tom! My letter is getting long, so I will say good-bye and God bless you.

SALESIA ABSOTZ.

Father Home Again and Well.

Indian Training School,
Fort Yuma, Cal., Feb. 10, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

My first letter to you, I hope, will please you. I shall have great pleasure, to see it in the "Mission Indian." I attend the Fort Yuma Indian Training School and like it very well. I have made my first Holy Communion and I try to be a good girl. I help Sister in the sewing-room. We will have a concert for Washington's birthday. We have our dear Father home again and he is well and we pray that he may stay with us. We like him very much and we hope he will get strong and well. We have a very nice little grotto here, our Blessed Mother looks so sweet, all the girls like to pray there We are all very happy in school. My letter is getting long, so I say "Good Bye."

Your loving niece

MODESTA ABSOTZ.

Santa Claus Danced.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Feb. 10, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am going to write and tell you about my school. We had a nice time Christmas. Santa Claus brought us lots of presents and then he danced for us. I remain, your loving niece,

FLAVIA URBINA.

I Will Come Soon.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Jan. 16, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Our teacher told us that we could write letters to Uncle Tom this afternoon, and so I will tell you that I am very well, and hope you are the same. The month is nearly up and I am so sorry to leave the kitchen. I like to work in the kitchen. Why don't you come to see us in the school room? I will show you something nice. I do crochet work. Your affectionate niece, ANNA ROSE CALDERON.

You Are a Very Good Writer.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Jan. 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is a pleasant morning and I will write you again. This is my second letter to you. I like to read your paper, but was so sorry you did not print my letter. Well, Uncle, we had a nice rain here. Did it rain where you are? I think it did, because you are so much further north than we. I remain, as ever, your loving niece, ROSALIA OLEVARES.

Learning Will Make You Smart.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Feb 29, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

With pleasure I write to tell you that I am trying to be a good boy, and that I try to learn my lessons well. The boys are all good and obey and do what the teacher tells them. The Sister is trying to make us smart in reading and writing and all our studies. Thanking you if you put my letter in the paper, I am, your nephew, WALLEC JOHNSON.

I Told Father Hahn.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Feb. 1, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I read all the good things you said to us in your letter on Christmas, and I will try real hard and do as you say. We all enjoyed Christmas, and Santa Claus brought us little wagons and dolls and pictures. We had lots of goodies. Dear Uncle, tell Father Hahu to come again with his magic lantern and the nice pictures. We are looking for him every day. Please remind him of it. I remain as ever your niece,

JOSEPHA RICARDES.

You Must Attend to Spelling, Dolores.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Jan. 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you, and I don't know what you may think of me. We had a grand time on Christmas. Santa Claus brought us candy, apples, harmonicas, and other things. All the little girls were afraid of Santa Claus and ran down stairs when he came into the school room. I have been here four years and like to go to school very much. I remain your friend, DOLORES NEJ.

I Am Pleased Very Much.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Feb. 24, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I hope you will be pleased to get a few lines from your little niece. I am trying very hard to learn this year. One evening we went over to Father Hahn's house for a walk, when it began to rain so hard that we could not get back to school, so we had to stay until dark. I am improving in my studies. Your affectionate niece, LOUISA MODESTO.

Guttenberg Invented It.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Feb. 18, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I take the greatest pleasure in informing you that I am well and happy in school. It is nice here and I like to go to school. In front of the school there are some trees and flowers, and a place to play base ball, but it is full of little stones that put the ball out, so we play games on the other side of the orchard. Now I want to ask you, dear Uncle Tom, who invented the printing business? Our superintendent has a printing office now, and I would like to know where the printing comes from. Please tell me. I am, yours respectfully,

PATRI IO A. LUGO.

Not Afraid Now.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Feb, 3. 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

When Santa Claus came to our school Christmas Day I was afraid of him, but I am not now. He gave me a nice big doll and a wagon to ride it in. I am very happy and glad that he came. I hope he will always know the way out here. Good-bye, Uncle Tom.

TRINIDA SILVAS.

◆

Palm Sunday is the first day of Holy Week, and falls on March 29 this year. Maunday-Thursday is on the 2d of April. Good Friday comes on the 3d of April, Holy Saturday on April 4, and Easter Sunday on April 5.

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THE MISSION INDIAN'S family of contributors, besides Uncle Tom, is further augmented in this issue by an article from Uncle Sam, of the distant Buckeye State. Now, who will be the Aunt? Don't all speak at once, for the connections of THE MISSION INDIAN are numerous and scattered broadcast over this land of the free and home of the brave.

In Memoriam.

Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D. D., consecrated November 30, 1841, coadjutor bishop to Right Rev. Bishop Rosati, first bishop of St. Louis; Bishop of St. Louis in 1843; Archbishop in 1847; born August 17, 1806. Died March 4, 1896.

Death has spread his mantle over the Archdiocese of St. Louis. Its shadow is broadcast throughout the land, and Atlantic waves have borne its sombre shade to Erin's shore. Why the shadow? Why the gloom? Because Death has laid his icy hand upon the venerable form of the great Archbishop of St. Louis. Yes, Death sits throned upon his noble brow.

Catholics of St. Louis, you especially have reason to feel the gloom. Well indeed may your hearts be saddened, well may your heads be bowed in sorrow, for he, your faithful shepherd, who has guarded you for fifty years, is dead. Look around you and behold what he has done for you, his cherished flock. The spread of the Church in St. Louis is due to the energy of your great prelate. Behold your hundreds of priests, your two hundred and twenty-four churches, your seminary, the pride of your hearts; your numerous colleges, academies and orphanages, and bless his memory.

And yon isle of saints and scholars have reason to weep and rejoice, to weep because the church to which you sent him in 1833 is in sorrow, is in tears, weeping for the loss of its good shepherd. You have also, O Erin, to rejoice, because he was given to you, as a son, August 17, 1806, in your beautiful capital Dublin.

Let us as children of the Church waft our prayers to the throne of God.

Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace.

KNEIPP AND HIS CURE.

From The Review.

The continued popularity of the Kneipp cure in Europe is attested by the Kneipp Almanac for 1896. It chronicles the fact that between August 1, 1894, and August 1, 1895, 12,000 persons in search of health made the pilgrimage to Woerishofen, the little Bavarian village which Mgr. Kneipp has rendered famous. They were of every station in life, from beggars, who came afoot, and were obliged by necessity to obey Mgr. Kneipp's celebrated precept to go barefoot, to princes and millionaire bankers who lived in their private railway cars and brought their own cooks along. There were two Grand Dukes, two cardinals, the Bavarian Nuncio, lots of bishops, and a crowd of ecclesiastics of lower degree, and more noblemen of various lands than the village numbers peasants. Distinguished patients are, indeed, a feature of Mgr. Kneipp's career as a healer. Some of the testimonials collected by him in the last thirty years are fit to make an ordinary patent medicine man turn green with envy. The only collection that approaches his is the Golden Book of Count Mattei, the Italian octogenarian, who lives in a Moorish castle on a lonely peak of the Appenines, and will undertake to cure cancer, leprosy, or any other incurable disease with infinitesimal solutions of mysterious pellets composed of water, extracts of mountain herbs, and astral fluid. Count Mattei has before and after letters from crowned heads, but Mgr. Kneipp distances him easily, both in the rank and the number of his endorsers. Until three years ago his patients addressed him by the homely, affectionate title of Pfarrer, or Pastor, Kneipp. Then Pope Leo XIII. recognized his services to mankind by bestowing upon him the honorary office of Camerlingo, which carries with it the title of Monsignor. Ordinary physicians, who don't like outsiders to cure people, are inclined to exult a bit over the consequences of the Papal approval of Mgr. Kneipp's work, and Kneippists do not like to discuss the matter. Mgr. Kneipp went to Rome the following spring to make the customary visit and to express his thanks for the honor bestowed upon him, and while there was consulted by Leo XIII., who desired to try the Kneipp treatment. The treatment proved far from beneficial to the aged pontiff, and it is even said to have threatened serious results. Kneippists admit the failure, but are ready with an explanation. The feebleness of the Pope, they say, is not due to bodily disease, but to his advanced years, incessant labors, and the heavy burden resting upon the head of the Catholic Church. Mgr. Kneipp, indeed, pronounced him to be in good health so soon as he saw him. In the homely language in which he discribes his first interview with Leo XIII. he says:

"The Pope asked me many questions and spoke of his own condition. Mgr. Baumgarten told him that I had said, 'The Holy Father is well; his ears are in good condition.' His Holiness then asked me, with a smile, what I could tell by the ears.

" 'The ears,' I replied, 'are a sort of barometer. They show if the body is in good health or if it is not; and, as I observed in the Basilica of St. Peter that the ears of your Holiness were perfectly healthy, I believe that it is the same with the rest of the body.'

"Usually my conclusions upon this point have not deceived me, and the Pope, notwithstanding the pallor of his face, is still vigorous; for a long time yet will he occupy the chair of Peter."

(*To be continued.*)

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The Sacredness of Childhood.

In a sermon preached on Christmas Day in the Normal Park Baptist Church the Rev. H. J. Vosburg made some remarks on the sacredness of childhood which deserve to be reproduced. He said that Christmas is the day of childhood's sanctification. Speaking of the attitude which Christians should take towards childhood in the light thrown upon infancy by the incarnation and teachings of Jesus, he said:

"First of all, children should be coveted. Their presence in the household should not be regarded as a burden either to be avoided or ungracefully endured. Parents who forsake the responsibilities of rearing children in order that they may have more time or money or convenience for business, literature or pleasure, are false to their most sacred trust, blind to their highest joys, and neglectful of their most pressing duty. No honorable explanation can be offered for the excessively large number of American families where there are either no children or but one. This condition in the main is due to selfishness. It did not exist two generations ago. Neither does it prevail at present among foreigners and Catholics. It is the reproach of Americans. Even the old Romans had a motto, 'A home without a child is a day without the sun.' From large households come the noblest minds and the strongest characters. We are instructively reminded that Napoleon was one of thirteen children; Franklin was one of seventeen: General Sherman was one of eleven; John Wesley one of nineteen; Charles Dickens one of eight; Gladstone one of seven. Dr. Carlos Martyn, after careful investigation, says: 'There is scarcely an instance of an only child's achieving greatness.' Such illustrations, while extreme, abundantly refute the shallow argument advanced by some that families of one or two children are to be preferred, because quality is preferable to quantity."

◆

Historical Sketches.

After landing on the island Guanahani, Columbus visited several of the Bahama islands, and then he discovered Cuba and Hayti. He returned to Spain and a new expedition, with 17 ships and 1,500 men, was fitted out and sent back to the New World under his command. Twelve missionaries accompanied this enterprise to preach Christianity to the aborigines. [The second voyage of Columbus was undertaken September 25, 1493, and resulted in the discovery of Jamaica and Porto Rico.]

On his third voyage (1498) Columbus discovered the South American continent and entered the mouth of the Orinoco river. The intrigues of dissatisfied adventurers not only thwarted the labors of the missionaries, but ended in Columbus being sent back to Spain in chains. Isabella, the broad-minded Queen of Spain, indignant at this outrage, caused Columbus to be honored with new marks of royal favor, but King Ferdinand, after Isabella's death, treated him with neglect and injustice. A proof that woman is sometimes stronger and better than her narrow-minded husband.

Columbus made a fourth voyage in 1502, exploring the coast of Central America. He died in poverty and distress at Valladolid in 1506.

Columbus was not only a man of science and great personal courage, but also a good, pious Christian. Therefore this world was not to reward him, and it was left to the God in heaven to say to him: "Come, thou faithful and good servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

Columbus opened the path to the West. In this connection we cannot help mentioning the "egg of Columbus," to please our Indians.

One day when Columbus was at the court of Spain some noblemen, jealous of him and his achievements, said that it was an easy matter to discover America. Columbus thereupon asked that an egg be brought him. "Who of you can make this egg stand upon end?" he asked. Everyone present tried to do so, but in vain. Then Columbus, taking the egg, and striking one of its ends hard on the table, caused it to stand upright. "Why we all can do that," shouted the noblemen. "Yes, after I showed you how," quietly said Columbus. "After I showed you the way, you too may now go to the newly discovered country."

Whatever this anecdote may be worth, it is an admirable illustration of the merits of one man showing the New World to the Old World.

Of the discoveries made following those of Columbus, might be mentioned those of John Cabot, who discovered the North American continent June 24, 1497, while in the employ of King Henry VII. of England.

Vincente Pinzon, Pedro Ninyo and Alonzo de Ojeda made explorations of the coast of South America in 1499, Ojeda being a most distinguished explorer, he having a romantic career, Venezuela, Guiana and Brazil being located.

Two Portuguese navigators, Cabral and Cortereal, either by accident or by explorations, discovered portions of the New World. Cabral landed in Brazil, while Cortereal named the country in the north of America Labrador.

One of the companions of Ojeda, a merchant from Florence, Italy, named Amerigo Vespucii, in 1501 made a voyage of his own to Brazil under the protection of the King of Portugal. He sailed more south than any navigator had previously gone. He also published an account of the New World, and did it so well that the credit of having discovered this continent was wrongly assigned to him and the country was named "America" in his honor, and Columbus was left out.

True merit is seldom accredited those deserving of it.

(*To be continued.*)

Catholic Belief.

23. God has manifested Himself to mankind in the creation which surrounds us.

What an immense and wonderful world is daily before our eyes! The mountains, containing metals, minerals and precious stones within their interior, and the valleys in their verdant garment of trees, flowers and millions of other plants. Then look at the living beings that inhabit the world, from the lion, the king of the desert, down to the little worm in the dust, from the eagle soaring through the sky to the creatures at the bottom of the sea? Above them all, the starry sky, the blue firmament, forming as it were the roof above our earth, at the same time consisting of millions of worlds greater than ours.

24. Now, kind reader, what we thus see testifies that there is a God above us Who has made everything. The world did not come into existence by accident. If some one would tell you that a fine watch made itself and that all the tiny wheels came flying through the air and adjusted themselves by a mere coincidence, you would smile. Neither could the world come into existence accidentally; it supposes a Creator: God. Cicero, although a pagan, says: "If you behold a large and beautiful house you know, although you do not see the landlord, that it was not made by mice or weasels. Much less can you say that this great world of wonders, with its infinite variety and beauty of heavenly things, its vast dimensions of ocean and of firm land, came into existence simply by an accident."

25. The theory too that matter is eternal and that the world by a natural evolution brought itself to perfection is not disapproving the existence of a Supreme Being; because there must have been Some One, Who created the first undeveloped matter and Who gave to it the natural law of evolution or of perfecting itself by degrees. There is no instance known that a stone ever became a tree or an animal, because there is no such a thing as accident. Every effect has its cause and every creature its maker.

26. Then what beautiful order, what a life and motion is everywhere in the creation? Who designed the orbit of the sun, moon and stars? Who surrounded the earth with the air necessary that man and beast may live? Who gave the laws to the elements? How does it happen that the four seasons come and pass in regular order? You cannot explain and fully enumerate all the miracles in nature! Consider the tiniest plant, or the giant oak! Consider the various animals with their instinct! Who taught the bees to build their cells and to gather in the honey? Who told the birds how to make their nests? Who gave to each kind its weapons and its manner and place of living, where to find the necessaries for their existence?

What a world of wonders moreover is not contained in man? Thousands of books have been written on the nature, organs and members of the human body and still all is not yet explained. There is one answer: God made it all. The world which surrounds us indeed testifies to its Creator, to the good, great God in heaven! An Arabian was asked one day how he had convinced himself of the existence of a God. "When I see the footprints in the sand, I know whether a man or a beast had passed, thus I am convinced, seeing God's works, of His existence."

27. Hence the royal prophet says: "The fool says in his heart, there is no God;" and Job 12, 7-9: "But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the birds of the air and they tell thee; speak to the earth, and it shall answer thee; and the fishes of the sea shall tell. Who is ignorant that the hand of the Lord hath made all these things?"

28 That there are nevertheless human beings, who think much of their knowledge and deny the existence of God, is rather incomprehensible. Some say though there never was nor ever will be a read infidel. Plato says: "Not one of those who believed in their youth that there are no gods, continued in this belief until his death." Voltaire, the patriarch of the infidels, wished to be reconciled to the Church before his death, but his infidel friends did not allow him to do so. Heine, another infidel, and others, made profession of their faith in a God before they died.

It is impossible to enter more minutely upon this interesting subject in THE MISSION INDIAN. But one word we may yet add. A truly wise man will not shut his eyes to the truth that there is one Almighty God in heaven.

Kind reader, say with our Indian children in their hymn:

> There is one true and only God,
> Our Maker and our Lord;
> And He created everything
> By His almighty word.

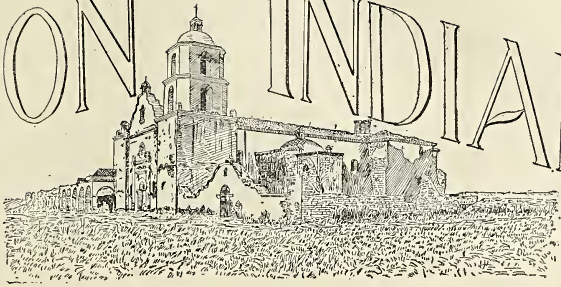
* * *

"What can you tell me about Esau?" queried the pedagogue. "Esau," responded the youth, with the glib alacrity of one who feels himself, for once, on safe ground; "Esau was a writer of fables, who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash."

* * *

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether you were crossing the street with the baby on your arms and the omnibus was coming down on the opposite side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, and which of them, respectively, or how it was."

THE MISSION INDIAN



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Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

Festina Lente.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

If any work has been done for you, and it has been done well, you are pleased and satisfied. If you do the work yourself, and succeed, you feel happy and contented. You do not ask and relate with a sad face how much you had to pay or how many sacrifices it cost you; the work is well done, you will say, and that which costs nothing is worth nothing.

Especially is this good and sound policy when applied to education. To have learned something, and to know that something thoroughly, cannot be compared with the expenditure of money; and if, besides having acquired knowledge, you have also gained virtue, all the riches of the world pale into insignificance when placed alongside the value of such an education.

Moreover, if you learn at school how to make practical use of what you know, it will greatly aid and benefit you later on in life; because, even though a man know little, but understands how to apply and make use of that little, he may be relied on to succeed and prosper. Knowledge at best is none the less finite, and facts and figures, however carefully studied and committed to memory, are apt to be forgotten in the turmoil and cares of daily life.

From these few points we deduct that in education care must be exercised to make it the best possible, to unite the education of the mind with that of the heart, to do the work well by avoiding any overtaxing of the pupil's capabilities, and to see to it, rather, that practical use of what has been learned may crown the efforts of both teacher and pupil.

In educating the Indian the same principles hold good—possibly to a greater degree. The Indian, though frequently bright and quick to learn, does not in the same measure possess the gifts of intellect and energy of his white brother or sister; therefore the process of education must in the nature of things be more slow. We do not dispute about the time; but experience and an acquaintance of years' duration with Indians of all ages and conditions compel the assertion that the education of Indians is slow and laborious work, and when a class has finished its annual course a repetition of what has been taught and learned will prove that the pupils have not retained all and everything they had mastered in class during the school term.

No one nowadays looks with favor on mechanical school-drill; the teacher must be discerning and able to ascertain the mental grasp of his pupil, and then lead on by easy stages. Beginning with object lessons, the pupil is gradually shown how to look at things in this world, how to express his ideas, and how to reduce to writing his conception of surrounding objects. All this requires a process perhaps slow, but it is effective and far-reaching.

Thus teaching the Indians how to read well or execute fine handwriting, does not always imply a good education; but if they can be brought to express in plain but good English just what they want to say, a great deal is accomplished. *Festina lente!* Teach well and thoroughly, so the pupil may retain what he has acquired.

That they will do it, is certain. Oftentimes teachers in Indian schools are pleased to hear remarks of their pupils that show them to have a mind of their own. This is good as far as it goes, but that alone does not go far enough. Of what advantage or benefit is it to the Indian, to be able to extract the cube-root, if he does not know how to save money? Or if he know by heart the length of the Yang-se-Kiang, but not the width and breadth of an acre of ground? Practical knowledge, and a mind trained to make the most and best use of it, is the main object to be achieved in the education of the Indian.

But all the knowledge an Indian may acquire is for naught unless he at the same time be a good man. If we do not succeed in educating a good moral people of Indians, our work is in vain. You may reply that there are also bad and immoral white people. We are sorry to have to admit this, but there ought not be any. Or is our much proclaimed and praised civilization at fault? Then we ought say with Frederick the Great: "Spread religion in the land."

To implant in the heart of Indians the fear of God, to establish firmly good morals, combined with a practical knowledge of things to be met with during life, are the prime requisites without which the Indian's education must fall short of having been fulfilled.

Of course, harmony and uniformity ought also to prevail among teachers. It grieves us deeply to note the interference in religious matters of the Indians, as it surely will result disastrously to their spiritual welfare, without compensation to the influences active for its accomplishment.

We can assure our readers that the Mission Indians under our care are being faithfully looked after, and that there is no necessity or shadow of excuse for any outside interference.

Furthermore, to educate Indians successfully, authority is an urgent necessity. If they are not controlled in a charitable way, their civilization is shaky. But now we stop. Some other time we will again revert to this subject, so that our readers may know there is quite an amount of information contained in our note-book touching on these matters, which we gathered up to be used at the proper time and in the proper place.

For Our Boys and Girls from the Life of Napoleon I.

"From my earnings as Second Lieutenant I defrayed—God knows under what privations—the expenses of educating and bringing up my brother. Shall I tell you how I did it? Never did I set foot in a tavern, nor go to entertainments, dances or social parties. I ate dry bread, and brushed and cleaned my own clothing, which for this reason remained clean the longer. I held myself aloof from my companions, all alone in my chamber with my books, they being at that time my best friends. But how much did I have to retrench in order to buy these books, my only enjoyment! When by hardships and denials of all sorts I had saved 5 or 10 franks, I trudged with childish glee to the bookseller. Often I viewed there the great bookcases, with the sin of envy in my heart—how long before had I desired books ere my purse allowed of their purchase! They were for me the pleasures and the sufferings of my youth. However, I had early learned to forbear. As a little boy already I had to suffer under the privations attendant upon a numerous family."—*Napoleon in his Memoirs.*

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The political concert in Europe continues to be very interesting, and Russia is at present playing first fiddle. When the victorious Japs were about to annihilate the Chinese empire, Russia interfered and Japan desisted. During the troubles in Armenia, Turkey entrusted her case to Russia, and as a result Russia annexes Bulgaria to her vast domain, Servia will be dependent on the Russian bear's tender mercies, and Korea is under its warm, protecting paw—and so, without the shedding of a drop of blood, the great northern empire annexes countries, creates dependencies and dictates to other powers.

France is the ally of Russia and supports her in all diplomatic stratagems. The ascendency of Russia will be unfavorable to the Catholic Church, as well as to Protestants. The Greek, or Russian, church will prosper thereby. The missionaries in Armenia will have to go, and the Russian clergy will replace them.

Africa still contributes to the sensations of the day. The darkies are all stirred up. Some of them are fighting, as the Abyssinians and Matabeles; others of them are mad enough to engage in a scrap with somebody, and the broth in the political pot is seething hot. They have hard and tough heads, these Africans. The Italians killed in battle by the Abyssinians were shot with guns the papal authorities sold to King Menelik more than 20 years ago. Very strange!

In spite of a grandmotherly admonition from Queen Victoria not to go near the fire, Emperor William courageously inspected Mount Vesuvius. This mount is an eruptive volcano, but resting in comparative peace at present. On its summit is a big opening, or crater, and inside can be seen sulphurous smoke and brimstone. An Englishman is said to have once looked into this fiery furnace, at sight of which he became dizzy, fell in, and when he again came forth, his form was changed into a mass of lava. Hence Queen Victoria told her beloved grandson to be very careful. And he was. He drove in a carriage to the nearest station, 100 yards from the crater. Then he approached on foot to its edge, and gazed into the crater's awful depth. The mount was rumbling and roaring, little streams of molten lava issued from it, the air had a smell of sulphur, and in the presence of his followers, who stood around admiring the grand spectacle, Emperor William solemnly promised in case of a dangerous eruption to take grandma's advice and never go near it again.

We would kindly invite His Majesty to come over to the New World to see our volcanoes, for instance the Popocatapetl in Mexico. The Emperor will certainly come and see the New World, as he likes to travel. A thorough knowledge of some more volcanoes will be very beneficial for the next issue of fire and smoke from the Teutonic ruler.

The many war-clouds that came up lately have tended to make Uncle Sam busy in creating a stronger navy. Our navy was once styled a fleet of wash-tubs by a wag, but new first-class battleships have been added since and are still building. No wonder the other powers talk compromise when the American eagle flaps his wings.

Congress is yet in session, but Senator Platt was sensible when he made his motion to go home for awhile. As to the harbor question in Southern California, the S. P. people seem to be winning. Mr. Huntington will get his harbor; such is at least the outlook.

Four Republican aspirants for the Presidency are mentioned: Ben Harrison, McKinley, Allison, Reed. We are satisfied with any one of them.

Mr. McKinley is not the choice of the A. P. A. organization. That is too bad. Thus Mr. B. Harrison may yet be a so-called dark horse candidate. They say he has a big hat, which he inherited from his grandpa, that comes in very handy during the campaign.

Carlisle is the probable nominee of the Democrats. As only one man can be elected President of the United States, we cannot yet congratulate the lucky man, but hope he may be happy in his office and enjoy many days of duck-hunting.

New Water Supply for San Diego and Oceanside.

It is proposed by a company to purchase 15,000 acres of the western part of Warner's Ranch, and to construct thereon a reservoir with a dam 150 feet in height. The choicest portion of the ranch will thus be taken up by the reservoir, and at the same time it will effectually put a stop to any hoped-for future colonization of its vast area, unless coming through the water company, because all the surrounding water would be taken up. Surveys have been made and estimates will be prepared for building the reservoir and piping the water or carrying it in flumes to Oceanside, San Diego, and other towns.

The erection of this immense reservoir is a stupendous undertaking, but engineers say it is feasible and practicable, and the capitalists behind the enterprise expect it will prove a paying investment. If the project as proposed is carried to completion, the reservation of San Jose will be wiped off the face of the earth, as on its site the huge basin is intended to be built. San Jose will then be exactly 125 feet below the surface of the sheet of water there to be gathered.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Easter-Sunday again brought the joyous Alleluja.

The Miserere and the violet color made place for the pure white!

Easter-Sunday Offertory ought be "Terra tremuit and quievit!"

The less solos and the more congregational singing is heard in our churches, the better.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery paid a visit to Archbishop Riordan the week after Easter.

O the immortal "Popule meus" of Palestina! Will some of our kind readers tell us where it was sung during Holy Week?

Tell me what you read, tell me what pictures you enjoy looking at, tell me what kind of music pleases you, and I will tell you what you are.

During Holy Week three bishops were at the Cathedral in Los Angeles, viz.: Right Rev. Bishop Francis Mora, Bishop Montgomery, and Bishop Medlycott.

Bishop Medlycott went and saw Riverside. The venerable prelate comes from East India, and we feel hurt very much because he did not come and see Banning.

"Mozart's Twelfth Mass!" Keep it dark, please! First, because Mozart never wrote it; second, because it is wrong to make Mozart responsible for so much noise!

Father Fitzgerald is at Yuma. He is sick. Stout ruddy persons have to bear sickness without sympathy. How hard, Father! The Mission Imdian extends its sympathy.

The fair for the benefit of the "Mercy Home," under the management of the Sisters of Mercy, is a decided success. May the good Sisters enjoy God's blessing in their charitable enterprise.

Father Corcoran, of the diocese of Lincoln, Neb., is staying at Beaumont. He is not well. A stay in Beaumont will surely make a change for the better. The Father favored the sanctum sanctorum of The Mission Indian with a call. Come again.

The *St. Vincent College Student* is the latest addition to the diocesan newspaper circle. It is a literary gem, and a typographical jewel. We welcome it to our exchange table. "What is home without a mother?" is a familiar, striking saying. "What is a college without an organ?" suggests itself with equal force after one has read the salutatory of the *St. V. C. S.*

Banish from your choirs all worldliness, select the grand and beautiful compositions written by men in the service of the church, and let opera-music be confined to the parlor and theater, and the reform will have a most beneficial effect upon the people.

Riverside's amiable divine, Rev. J. M. McCarthy, gyrated betwixt the Home of Oranges and The Mission Indian's eyrie on different occasions within the last few weeks. Poor health necessitated a rest for the Rev. Father, and of course he came here to get it. Banning's elixir of life so quickly rejuvenated him that a succession of record-breaking feats with the cue were an everyday post-prandial occurrence.

The Mission Indian rejoices to know that Bishop Montgomery has determined to have a fine, large Catholic hall in the City of Los Angeles. The need for it is patent; its cause beyond doubt. The Bishop is blessed with a spirit of perseverance that knows no failure. Quietly but surely the work will go ahead and it is to be hoped that Catholics of the city will one and all co-operate with the good Bishop. There are some who are inclined to procrastination, but the tomorrow, of which they speak, never comes. Now is the time to be alive and take hold of every opportunity for the spread of truth.

A distinguished Protestant said: "If the Catholics are trampled on, they deserve it, because they will not unite and defend themselves." To bring the Catholics together, so that they may get acquainted and united, is impossible without a hall.

A general taste for reading will not be diffused by Summer Schools or Circles whose unquestionable good comes to the few, but by the entrance into Catholic households of a weekly Catholic journal. Let the weeklies have a support and leave the dreams of the dailies vanish. I should advise editors to remain unruffled. They, like other folks, are bound to do some penance.—*Walter Lecky in Catholic News.*

Let the weeklies have a support, and also the monthlies, for instance The Mission Indian; and *do not let* the dreams of the dailies vanish.

The German Catholics in the United States, and the French Catholics in Canada, have several daily papers in their respective languages. They say they are paying well.

The English-speaking Catholics ought have at least one! Let the A. P. A.'s continue to wake up the drowsy, and we will have it in due time.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Many invalids are coming to Banning at present to be benefited by the benign influences of our climate.

◆

Five townships of public lands in the vicinity of Banning have been opened to entry by proclamation of the Land Office at Los Angeles. A number of Banning people will thereby be enabled to secure title to their homesteads.

◆

C. F. Joos has been appointed inspector of apiaries for Banning by the board of supervisors of Riverside county. Mr. Joos will shortly make a tour of inspection of the apiaries in the territory lying between Beaumont and Whitewater.

◆

Prof. Ward, principal of the Banning school, is at present engaged in a course of practical natural history. In following the devious ways of the busy bee he occasionally comes in contact with the business end of that interesting little creature, and though ordinarily requiring no prodding or stinging to urge him on, such contacts are said to accelerate his movements wonderfully.

◆

The injunction proceedings brought by Drew, Pomeroy, and others, against the Banning Water Company to restrain it from carrying out certain proposed improvements in the water service, were raised by the court and the case dismissed. This clears away all obstacles, and the work will now go on. The improvements contemplated will provide more water for orchards in the west end of town, and also open up more land for orchard planting.

◆

"Resolved, that the Expectation of Reward is a Greater Incentive to Exertion than Punishment," was the subject discussed at the meeting of the Banning Debating Society at the school house last Saturday evening. The meeting was fairly well attended, and the debate at times quite animated. After the subject of debate had been discussed pro and con at some length, the judges decided that reward had been shown to be the greater incentive to exertion. Mr. Chas. Bigley was appointed by Chairman Duane Hauverman to fill a vacancy on the affirmative side, and created no end of amusement when, after having championed that side of the question for awhile, he suddenly inquired which side he was on, the negative or affirmative. Two new members were proposed and elected, Emma and Louise Graf. Miss McKeehan's recitation was immensely appreciated, especially by the marriageable young men present. Another meeting will be held next Saturday evening.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

This is a commandment of God. It is also a natural law. The conscience of man will tell every one, who wants to listen to its voice, that telling a lie is wrong, essentially wrong. A man who tells a lie, is a liar.

A cause, a religion, or any political party, that makes use of false statements, which is the same as telling lies, has no future; sooner or later they will be found out.

There are historical lies, slanders that detract from the good name of our neighbors, and lies told for fun. Every kind of falsehood is wrong, in itself wrong.

The devil, or evil spirit, is the father of lies. Those who follow the suggestions of the bad spirit will also imitate his example, and they will not hesitate to tell a lie if it suits their purpose.

A lie may in some instances live long and do great mischief; the injured persons may have to suffer and the dark days of tribulations may embitter their lives; but the day will come when liars will be shown up all around.

For a time people may believe in falsehood, especially the ignorant and those who are stirred up by religious fanaticism or personal spite; it may happen that the whole world may conspire and unjustly persecute the innocent, as was done when our Lord stood before the hypocrite and coward Pontius Pilate, when the air was filled with the terrible "Crucify Him!" But truth must finally triumph; truth lasts forever, and the gates of hell will not prevail against it.

There is some consolation in being unjustly attacked and sneered at; good people will not insult others; and a religion, or any cause, or any political party, that is assaulted by lies being told about it, must be indeed good, for wasps will not bite into bad fruit, but only the best. A cause, or party, that is in need of making false statements or publishing historical lies, is necessarily a very poor undertaking; the time will come when they will be found out.

A good, kind lady-friend of The Mission Indian says she is delighted with the little paper and adds the suggestion that it might prove true to its policy of never saying anything offensive to non-Catholics. This awoke in our heart feelings which can never be expressed, but only felt. It brought home to us the flood of abuses and insults the Catholic body has been subjected to especially in the recent past.

We bear no malice or ill-feeling against any one; we do not interfere with other people's business; we do not meddle in political affairs, and, really, we do not care for all the historical lies published against the Church, because those who believe them do not know better and only betray their own ignorance thereby; but we wish to say that everybody expects a Catholic paper to be truthful, to be good, charitable and prudent, and it is right to expect from it all this, and our aim will ever be to fulfill and justify such expectations, knowing that according to the immortal words of St. Francis de Sales more flies may be caught by a drop of honey than a barrel of vinegar. But—but—did our Lord not say:

"Do unto others as you wish others to do to you?"

In these days of warfare against Catholics there does not seem to be many who would apply and reciprocate the above rule of life as far as we are concerned. Whether Catholics or Protestants or infidels, there ought to be justice to all and everyone; we are all brothers and sisters, Catholics included. Throwing mud at us, boycotting us, defrauding us of the rights which other citizens are enjoying, may in the end serve best to unite the Catholics; lukewarm and nominal Catholics will either fall away or become fervent, and the trouble may bring about more good than evil, but on the other hand the ignoble proceedings are no credit to a nation which boasts of its intelligence, liberties and greatness.

Hence we certainly shall never retaliate and offend others by following the example of the powers of darkness—never! But do not forget that the little worm, if you step upon it, will curl up and try to save its life! Also we Catholics will have to protect ourselves; very little has so far been done; but the law of self-preservation will force the Catholics to unite, to forget their own little differences, and to work harmoniously against the common enemy that sprays its poison broadcast over this fair, free and beautiful country.

We would like to see our dissenting brethren separate from a party that is unjustly attacking Catholics; we would like to witness a broadminded, charitable, generous, moral spirit all around, and would like to see a unification of Catholics and Protestants in the cause of justice, fairness and true and inteligent civilization.

When the founders of liberty in Switzerland many years ago formed their league, which has outlived the changes of empires and nations for centuries, they cried out: "Let us be a united people of brethren!"

Would to God we could say the same in Uncle Sam's domain! We may differ in many things, but we ought not persecute and insult one another.

AUNT MARY

Sends Greeting to Her Little Friends, Together With a Few Timely Remarks.

My dear little darlings:

It is with pleasure I have read the departments of Uncle Tom and Uncle Sam in THE MISSION INDIAN, and the letters of the good little girls and boys. Reading these letters has led me to think that perhaps the dear children would also like to hear from their Aunt Mary, who has been silent thus far, but she now wishes to remind her little friends not to forget their aunt, who has been waiting to know what they are doing and how they are getting along. Aunt Mary lives a long ways from Banning, and cannot come to see her beloved dears very often, but next vacation she will come surely.

Meanwhile I want all the girls to write some letters, telling about their studies in school, their sewing, knitting, and other work, and I will try to advise and help them. Uncle Tom tells you so many nice and good things about holy religion that I may well leave you to him in that respect. When reading his letters as they appear in print did it ever occur to you to consider how it was and is that they are printed? Do you know how and when the art of printing was invented, and by whom? When reading the lessons printed in your school books did you not often stop to think who printed them and wonder how it was done?

Well, now, I will tell you something about printing, especially as we are about to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its invention.

In the year 1396 there was born in Germany a man by the name of John Gutenberg. When he had grown up to be a man he spent much time and thought upon how to make letters that he could print from instead of writing them with pen or pencil. Before John Gutenberg was born printing was not known, and there were no printed books or newspapers. All the books then were written with pens made of goosequills. The ancient Romans used stamps made of wood into which letters were cut and impressions made therefrom, and the Chinese in the year 1041 engraved letters and figures on porcelain blocks, from which they took impressions, but it was slow work and they could not print books by that means.

In the eighth century the art of making paper was discovered, but it was 600 years after that before paper was used to print on. John Gutenberg was the man who first invented the art of printing and developed it so that books and newspapers could be printed. He made little movable metal blocks, upon which he cut every letter in the alphabet. These little blocks he put together in such a way as to form words and sentences, from which he then printed. He was greatly assisted in his work by John Faust and Peter Schoeffer, who made some improvements on Gutenberg's invention. In 1448 he established a printing office at Mentz, in Germany. From this time on dates the history of printing. He then printed a copy of the Bible, and other books and papers. Gutenberg died in 1468. Like most great men, he had many enemies, who said he was not the inventor of printing, but facts and history prove that he was the first man who used movable types and thereby discovered the main principle connected with printing.

(Printing has brought about much good. There are many good and nice books, newspapers and periodicals, which may be read with great profit. Still everything may be abused, and the printing of lies and other bad things have done much harm to human society. Friends! Read good books and good papers, but never touch any bad book or bad paper. Especially abhor immoral literature and impure pictures; they are the devil's editions. Good reading is spiritual food, bad reading is poison. A learned professor used to say: "If you read immoral and irreligious works, you are inviting the devil to give you a lecture." Considering all that has been accomplished by the art of printing, we may gratefully honor the men who invented it, guarding ourselves, however, against mistakes and abuses. Three cheers for John Gutenberg and his associates—may they rejoice in eternity. Ed.)

The Same to You, Josepha, and Many Returns.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., March 27, 1836.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am so anxious to write and tell you about our Mission school. I am 12 years of age and am in the fourth grade. I study arithmetic, reading, writing, grammar, geography, natural history and Bible history. I have three sisters and one brother. My name is Josepha. I hope you will be glad to hear all this. Sending to you, dear Uncle Tom, many Easter greetings, I remain, your loving niece,

JOSEPHA RICARDES.

Obedience Is the Word.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL,
FORT YUMA, CAL., March 27, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

Some of the girls from this school wrote you last month and were so much pleased to see their letters in print that I thought I would like to write to you too. I enjoy reading Uncle Tom's Column in "The Mission Indian." It is very nice. I am 12 years old and anxious to know all my lessons well and do what Sister tells me to; then I will please God. I read in the Third Reader, and hope to get into the Fourth Reader soon. Wishing you a joyous Easter, I remain your loving niece,

AGNES REGINA ABSOTZ.

Joseph Will Write a Letter.

SAN FELIPE, CAL.,
March 17, 1896.

My dear friend, Padre Floriano:

I hear that my son is sick, and I want to know how that is, because you told me when he got sick you would send me word, and I never heard from you. I wrote a letter to my son three weeks ago, but he did not answer me. I am very sorry. If you please tell him to write a letter. I want to know,

JOSE MARIE CAPISTRANO.

Your son Joseph is well and was never sick. He is doing nicely and is improving daily in the school and at his work. He is a good boy.

PADRE FLORIANO.

Poor Genoveva Is Dead.

CAHUILLA, CAL.,
April 1, 1896.

Padre Floriano:

Aqui le mando esta carta para noticiarte sobre de mi hija Genoveva y es muerta. Murio el dia 30 del mes pasado, y yo quiero que le agas a saber La Madre.

Es todo fin

SOY MARCOS PASIBA.

Esa mi hija que estaba casada por aqui en Cahuilla. M. P.

(Genoveva Siva, aged 15 years, died on March 30, 1896 She was married to Ventura Areuas November 26, 1895, in Cahuilla. Genoveva was a strong and healthy girl and well educated. May she rest in peace.)

Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL,
FORT YUMA, CAL., March 27, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning it is nice and cool in our school room, and Sister says we may write to you. I often read the column in "The Mission Indian" for your nephews and nieces. I try to be very good in school and attentive to my studies. I do not find my lessons difficult, because I am anxious to learn and know something that will do me good in the future. I know if I do as I am told in school I will be happy afterwards. I help Sister in the sewing room and like it very much. I have charge of the dormitory and try to keep it nice and clean. Everybody seems pleased with it Some say the floor looks like a mirror. Your loving niece,

ADELIA AMBROSIA HIPPA.

Am Always Pleased to Hear From You.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., March .2, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am glad to have an opportunity of writing you a letter. I will tell you all the news I know around the school. It is a nice and pleasant day this morning. All the flowers in the garden in front of the school are in bloom. Mr. George is planting some more in our yard, so that when people come to look around they may see what the Indian boys can do. I hope the trees in the orchard will have more fruit this year than they did last year. The trees around Father Hahn's house are growing very nicely, but not all. Some are getting dry. The garden on the hill, where the barley is, is very pretty. Now, dear Uncle, I hope you will be pleased with my letter. I remain, yours truly,

LOUIS FLORES.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

The snowstorm which swept over California the first week of March, extending from San Francisco as far south as the 33d degree of latitude, not only did considerable damage to fruit and ornamental trees in valleys of the higher altitudes, but even roofs of houses were crushed in by the weight of snow that fell in the mountainous regions of Riverside and San Diego counties. Many evidences of the heavy snowfall were observed by us recently while on a visit to the Indians of Southern California. The roof of the church in Mesa Grande collapsed under the weight of 19 inches of snow, doing much damage to the interior also. It is an old and weather-worn edifice, and has withstood many blasts of the raging elements, but could not bear the great pressure of this unexpected avalanche. In Cahuilla Valley the house of Cornelio Lugo suffered seriously from the snow, the roof giving way. Everywhere could be seen misshapen trees, and broken limbs and branches told of the fury of the storm. But amid all the debris and damage wrought by the wind and snow one redeeming feature stood out as in bold relief, namely, the good roads. All the driveways leading up into the mountains bear marks of improvements made upon them, and man and beast may now travel along them in comparative safety, without danger of precipitation into the yawning depths of canyons below. This improved condition of the highways is no doubt in a large measure due to the untiring efforts of the new road supervisor, John Shaver.

At Agua Caliente the Indians are doing well and all turned out to greet us upon our arrival there. The Indians here possess in the thermal springs quite a source of revenue, owing to the number of invalids going there to take the waters, for the use of which and the rent of houses, they pay the Indians handsomely. The hot springs here, from which Agua Caliente derives its name, possess medicinal virtues of the highest order, embracing many mineral ingredients that greatly benefit rheumatic ailments and skin diseases. They are celebrated as being superior to any hot springs in California.

The Indians at San Ignacio raised a large amount of potatoes last year. They are industrious, sowing their land to wheat, corn, potatoes, vegetables and planting fruit trees, besides raising cows, horses and chickens. Everything helps, and by honest toil and stock raising the Indians are enabled to maintain themselves. Prayer and work, are the two words designating true civilization.

Jose La Luz is the captain at San Jose. He has good land, and raises wheat, corn and vegetables. Two years ago he lost a grandchild by death, another one is sick now, a girl and two of his children are down with scrofula at present, and his brother died in March at San Diego. Misfortune seems to be pressing him rather hard.

At San Assidro Juan Chutnicat is superceded as captain by Bill Ballatt. This constant changing of captains will eventually do more towards severing tribal relations among the Indians than any other factor. In fact, tribal relations have almost ceased to exist among the Mission Indians. If properly protected in their possessions and left to themselves, they certainly will in a more satisfactory way accommodate themselves to existing conditions than if driven from pillar to post in the mountains. By the treaty of Hidalgo the Indians, when they became subjects of the United States, were guaranteed the same privileges they enjoyed when belonging to Mexico, including citizenship. But now they are again reduced to a condition little short of abject slavery, a prey to pettifoggers, demagogues and blood-sucking human vampires. The terms of the treaty stated distinctly that they were never to be molested in their possessions, but instead they are being disturbed and interfered with without end. Is this keeping faith with treaties solemnly entered into? The Indian may truly say: Protect me from my friends, my enemies I can attend to.

In the broad domain of California is contained enough land to satisfy the needs of every white man and Indian too. The Indians do not need the whole world to make their living on, but if it is contemplated to evict them from the lands upon which they were born and brought up, where their forefathers lived, died and are buried, then one would ask, is this the boasted civilization of the Nineteenth century?

Most of the Indians at San Assidro, Agua Caliente and San Ignacio are away from home engaged in sheep shearing. It is a profitable employment for them. Good board and $1.25 per day constitute quite an inducement to the Indian to work for. But unfortunately this season and last year the supply of labor has been above the demand, consequently there is less work, reduced pay and scanty food. Bad times indeed.

In Cahuilla Valley we found Cornelio Lugo and wife enjoying good health, but the roof of his house had sunk in during the snowstorm, and some of his children were sick. Cornelio Lugo is a strong, stalwart man, and a good Indian, as is also his wife. They are healthy, typical California Mission Indians, but their offspring is afflicted with the dread scrofula and consumption. Of their 12 children seven have died, and a daughter, Seraphina, is hopelessly ill now. Privation, exposure, and often starvation, are the only causes imaginable of this condition of the children. Too much confinement in ill-ventilated habitations, and indiscriminate huddling together of consumptive and healthy children in common sleeping apartments may also be responsible for the spread of the disease, which is doubtless to some extent contagious.

Warner's Ranch is a little kingdom in itself up in the mountains, consisting of about 44,000 acres, mostly pasture land. After the death of Gov. Downey the entire property was put in charge of an administrator, who is now managing it. A good general store is located on the ranch, kept by Mr. Henry Wilson for the past five years. He has been living there 30 years, coming to California in 1858. His hospitality is proverbial, and many a poor belated traveler has found a meal and shelter beneath his roof. His store is well stocked and prices reasonable. He does not dispense alcoholic drinks, but near the store is a spring of cool, refreshing water, where all may quench their thirst free of charge. Formerly the means of obtaining water was from a barrel placed in the middle of the spring. Many times did we advise Mr. Wilson to have it cleaned out and walled in, and he has finally acted on the suggestion. In excavating around the spring the bones of a bullock were unearthed on the very spot where the spring bubbles forth. For lo, these many years, have parched throats been slaked with this water, sweetened by percolating through the bones of an ox! With the solid masonry surrounding the spring it is now pure and reliable, unless, perchance, more carcasses should be buried beneath the surface it wells up from.

We are reminded by this circumstance of a story of days gone by when a traveler in Ohio, where the mud is soft and deep, one day encountered a hat lying in the middle of the road. He stooped to pick it up, but to his amazement saw the head of a man beneath it, asking for help in pitiful tones. After being dug out and rescued the man told his deliverers that his horse was buried still further underground.

REV. SEB. KNEIPP AND HIS CURE.

From The Review.

Continued from our last number.

The Kneipp treatment is intended to rouse dormant vigor and thus make nature assert itself, as is exemplified in the case of an athlete going into training for a contest of endurance and great physical trial.

The pilgrims to Woerishofen during the past year suffered from every form of human ailment. Every nation was represented among them. The two countries that sent fewest patients were England, where bathing is not a novelty, and Italy, where the prejudice against it has not yet been overcome entirely. The proportion of ecclesiastics was particularly large. This has been the case for many years, and the popularity of the cure may be explained in part by the fact that its fame has been spread by members of religious bodies. In addition to taking the treatment, many of them receive a course of instruction in order to practise it in the houses of their orders. Mgr. Kneipp, assisted by several physicians, is occupied from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. in giving consultations and instruction, and half a dozen secretaries are kept busy in answering letters asking advice. It is no longer necessary to go to Woerishofen to receive treatment. Kneipp associations have been formed in Germany, France, and other countries, to teach the principles of the treatment, and establishments have been opened in many cities, where the cure is administered by physicians who have been instructed by Mgr. Kneipp.

The spread of the idea in Europe nowadays may be compared with the popularity of the Keeley cure in this country while the boom lasted. Then, too, Mgr. Kneipp has developed an assiduity in producing books which is as great as his industry in curing people. And they are not small books, either, but thick, closely printed volumes, typical monuments of solid German literary industry. A fresh work explaining new points about his method appears almost every year. It is said that 125,000 copies of his first volume were sold in the year of its publication. The sale continues good. The books and the almanacs are published in several languages. Thus it appears as if every opportunity to cure itself had been offered to Europe, and Europe seems to be taking advantage of the chance.

Kneippists admit sorrowfully that Woerishofen, like its neighbor, Oberammergau, the scene of the Passion Play, is showing evil effects from contact with the great outside world. The peasant simplicity that once characterized it is turning into low cunning applied to the art of money making. This is one unexpected consequence of the Kneipp cure. Mgr. Kneipp has been as zealous for the souls of his parishioners as for their bodies. He attributes disease in great measure to the debilitating effects of modern luxury. In his desire to cure he does not seem to have foreseen that contact with the outer world threatened deterioration of the morals of his people. They have learned worldly wisdom, and the hackmen in particular have become the equals in extortion of their brethren in large cities. Mgr. Kneipp himself remains simple-minded and zealous. It will be seen easily that he has had an opportunity of accumulating a fortune from his patients and the sales of his books. This opportunity he has passed by. So far as he can effect it, the expenses of visitors at Woerishofen remain surprisingly low. The bill of one patient for medical advice during a period of five weeks amounted to about $2.50, and that of another for a course of treatment extending over two months was only $1.50. He uses his influence to keep down the prices of lodgings, baths, and other incidents of the cure. Such money as he has received in excess of expenses he has used in establishing an orphanage, a monastery which is to carry on the treatment after his death, and various other buildings for the use of patients.

The first thing patients do after their arrival at Woerishofen is to take off their shoes and go about either barefoot or in sandals. Newcomers are looked upon with pity because they wear shoes. At one time Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, a prince, and a Cardinal were to be seen walking with bare feet in the grass of a field. Bare feet, Mgr. Kneipp believes, will relieve, if not cure, any ailment. His treatment is a mixture of water cure, faith cure, and common sense. Physicians are apt to have a fixed idea to which they refer all diseases. Mgr. Kneipp resembles them in this respect. As some doctors blame the stomach or the liver for everything, so he attributes the beginning of maladies to the defective circulation of the blood. He thinks mankind is becoming debilitated and enervated by luxury, and he seeks to reinvigorate people by a return to primitive ways. He begins by toughening the body by means of baths and douches administered in a great variety of ways, and of cold compresses, of which the variety is equally great, and, most important of all, by means of walking barefoot. At the start the patient may retain his socks and wear sandals, but both of these concessions should be withdrawn successively. The next step is to walk for from one to five minutes in cold water reaching to the ankles, or in wet grass, in the dew or hoar frost. If there is no dew, it is permissible to water the grass. If there is no grass, one may walk on wet tiles or bagging. For extreme cases, after proper preparation, walking barefoot in the snow is recommended.

Our Lady of Quadalupe.

The veneration of the Blessed Virgin, as practiced by Catholics, may appear singular and strange to many who are not familiar with the teachings of the Church. For this reason Catholics are said by some to be superstitious, and are called idolators and God only knows what more besides. Yet if these were just a little slow in their judgment, they would soon discover that the belief that Jesus Christ is true God and true man, that in Him we profess two natures, logically includes some form of esteem or love towards His Blessed Mother.

Mary, being the mother of a God-Man, being chosen by God to be the mother of Jesus, is worthy the love, or call it veneration, of all who believe in the divinity of Christ.

God honored Mary in selecting her to be the mother of our Redeemer; Christ honored Mary, by obeying her and abiding in her house at Nazareth until his thirtieth year. Should we then be wrong in honoring her? Once more, we profess not to adore any creature. The Christian church has ever since her existence battled against idolatry. Historians say that more than twelve million Christians sacrificed their lifeblood rather than honor false Gods and idols. Should the followers of Christ in the so-called "enlightened" Nineteenth century then make fools of themselves and adore creatures? No, by no means. Nevertheless, we *honor* the saints and, above them all, the mother of our dear divine Lord.

There are many shrines of the Blessed Virgin all over the world. Some of the faithful have testified that through invoking the intercession of Mary, the mother of Jesus, they were helped, and gratitude prompted them to make such happenings known to others. Or they would attest before the authorities of the church that they had a vision, or some manifestation of things from above.

One such an instance gave rise to the impulse of erecting the Church of Our Lady of Quadalupe, in the village of Quadalupe, Mexico.

A kind friend of our school and of the little Mission Indian sends us a history and description of the shrine of Our Lady of Quadelupe, for publication. To this we write the above preface and wish to say, moreover; that the following does not constitute any article of faith. We live in a century of materialism; people are prone to pay more attention to a good talk, even if it be sophistry or false logic, than to the narration of miracles. Still our kind readers will surely feel interested in reading this essay on Our Lady of Quadalupe.

October 12, 1895, was a memorable day in our sister republic. It was the occasion of the solemn crowning of the magnificent statue of Our Lady of Quadalupe in the Cathedral in Mexico.

The village of Quadalupe is some two or three miles outside of the city of Mexico. It is reached by two beautiful parallel roads, lined on either side with palms and tropical plants. On the occasion of this grand celebration these magnificent avenues were thronged with people of all classes and of all nations. The crown presented to Our Lady cost $45,000.

The history of the apparition is, briefly, as follows: In 1531, some ten years after the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, the poor simple Indian Quanthlatoaizin, whose Christian name was Juan Diego, was on his way to receive Christian instruction from the Padres who had a mission station at what is now known as the village of Quadalupe. As he approached the Cerro of Tepeyac a beautiful vision suddenly broke upon his astonished eyes. It was the Blessed Virgin, surrounded by a bright light. In a voice full of gentleness and love she bade the astonished Indian to go forthwith to the Bishop and make known to him that she wished a church built in her honor upon that spot. Poor Juan Diego hurried to the Bishop with the request, but Mgr. Lumarraga was slow to believe him, and put him off with a kind but evasive answer. The next day Juan Diego was again on his way to the mission chapel, as was his wont, when the Blessed Virgin once more appeared on the same spot on which he had seen her the day before. Juan Diego told her how the Bishop had received him. "Go back," said the Holy Apparition, "and say that Mary, Mother of God, hath sent thee."

The Indian returned to the Bishop, told his message, and besought the Bishop to do as the Holy Virgin had commanded. The Bishop was still loath to believe the Indian's story. The poor ignorant fellow was filled with holy zeal in the new religion he had adopted and was apt to give way to imagination. So thought the good Bishop, and he asked Juan Diego to bring some token of the presence and command of his patroness. It was on December 12 that Juan Diego again saw the apparition. This time she ordered him to go up to the barren top of Tepeyac and gather the roses he would find there. To his astonishment the Indian found the rocks covered with beautiful and fragrant roses. He joyfully carried them to his patroness who, throwing them into his tilma or apron, bade him "Go back to the Bishop and show him these credentials." Again Juan Diego stood in the presence of his Bishop and, joyfully opening his tilma to show his precious flowers, was surprised to find impressed upon it the marvelous image of his holy patroness. The good Bishop was no less overcome; he realized the miracle that had occurred and immediately had it proved and made known. Processions and masses were celebrated far and wide in honor of Our Blessed Lady; a grand cathedral was erected on the hill of Quadalupe and multitudes flocked from all parts of the country to honor the mother of our Divine Redeemer under the invocation of Our Lady of Quadalupe. It is a remarkable fact that this sanctuary to Our Lady was erected on the very spot upon which the Indians formerly worshipped their goddess Totantzin, mother of other deities, and protectress of fruits and fields. Take notice that on displaying the beautiful roses gathered upon the hitherto barren rocks of Tepeyac the image of the Blessed Virgin remained impressed upon the tilma of Juan Diego. This tilma, or apron, was of the coarsest cloth imaginable, and the last material an artist would select upon which to paint a picture. Cabrera, the great Mexican artist, wrote a treatise on this celebrated picture, and in it he joins the other painters of his day in affirming that "the miraculous painting, which he had examined carefully in the light of art, is not the work of human hands." This opinion of an artist whose reputation is as great as Cabrera's, gives the stamp of conviction to the faith of Quadalupe. A cathedral and four chapels are the buildings now to be seen rising prominently above the adobe houses in the village of Quadalupe. Up the tortuous ascent to this loved shrine crowds of pilgrims may be seen moving up and down from the quaint old chapel built centuries ago. Here is to be found the original imprint of the figure of Our Lady.

In the cathedral is a copy of the marvelous tilma. It is placed over the altar, and poetically represents Our Lady in a blue mantle covered with stars, and a robe, said to be of crimson and gold. Her hands are clasped; her foot rests on a crescent supported by a cherub. The tilma is enclosed in a frame of gold eight inches broad and is set above the altar. On the 12th of December of every year, the anniversary of the apparition to Juan Diego, the beautiful roads leading from the Mexican capital to the Cerro de Tepeyac are thronged with human beings. From fifteen to twenty thousand Indians crowd the village of Quadalupe to celebrate the day. Mexicans from all the walks of life come in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, to honor Our Lady of Quadalupe.

Every house and every cabin in Mexico has a painting or a print of Nuestra Senora de Quadalupe. In 1747 Our Lady of Quadalupe was formally declared the patroness of Mexico. There has never been a time or place since the marvelous apparition that her intercession has not been sought. The celebration of her feast has become not only a national event, but it has been invested with a sort of religious patriotism. In the days of the late empire the ill-fated Maximilian, and his still more unfortunate Empress Carlotta, were wont to wash the feet of the poor near the altar of this venerated "Lady." The people of Mexico believe what three centuries and countless millions of people have affirmed; hence their veneration has grown into a faith.

The cynic may smile at the miracle, but the arm of God is not shortened. He can do to-day what he did centuries ago. The Mexicans will ever love the Holy Mother that deigned to appear to one of the lowliest of her sons. Their devotion and confiding trust are voiced by Manuel Carpio, Mexico's favorite poet, when he says:

"How often has the timid, trembling maid
Upon the verge of ruin sought thy help,
Shutting her eyes to pleasure and to gold
At thought of Thee? O maiden pure and meek,
Centuries and ages will have vanished by,
Within their currents bearing kings and men;
Great monuments shall fall; the pyramids
Of lovely Egypt moulder and decay;
But Time shall never place its fatal hand
Upon the image of the Holy Maid
Nor on the pious love of Mexico."

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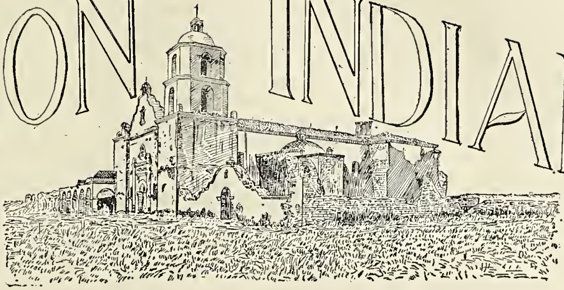

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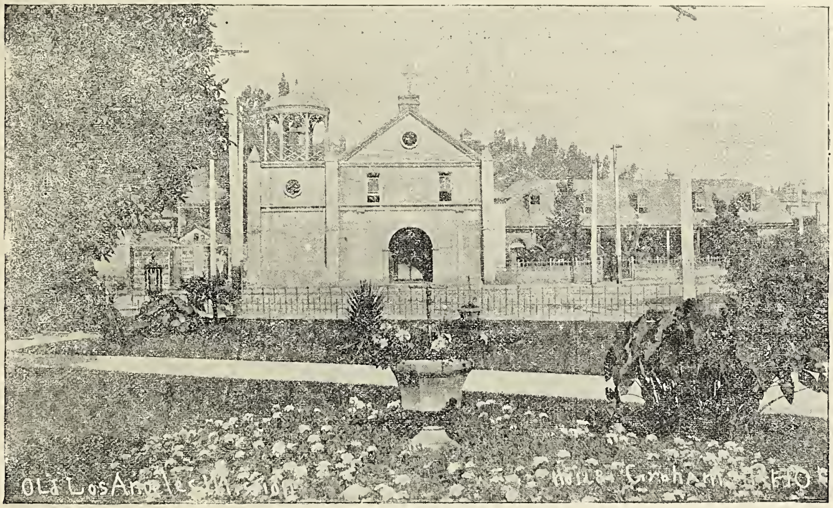

THE OLD CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES.

La Reina de Los Angeles.

La Fiesta—La Reina de Los Angeles—have become of late years household words with every family on the Pacific coast. Strange indeed when we consider ourselves living in an English speaking country, and yet at the same time how natural to hear spoken in California that beautiful language of the Spaniard when we gaze in wonder upon the Southern sky above us and view with delight the many and varied scenes about us that reflect so to speak the beautiful hills and smiling valleys of dear old sunny Spain. The very sound of those beautiful soft words brings one back to the days when our fair city was not considered the metropolis of Southern California—when Spanish was the language of the people and when La Reina de Los Angeles was known far and near as the patron saint of the now great city of Los Angeles. The southern metropolis has grown wonderfully in a remarkably short time. Scarcely a city in the Union where so many beautiful and substantial buildings have been constructed during the past five years—the old landmarks passing away to make room for modern edifices. This state of affairs is very interesting and pleasing to the tourist and the stranger—they feel they are living in the nineteenth century with Los Angeles as a model; but with the old resident it is different. Without a doubt he is proud of his city—her triumphs are his triumphs: her success his glory—nevertheless he cannot but recall the days that are gone, the friends whom he once knew. The scenes he loved so well—where are they now? Gone—one after the other into the past. Look where he will—nothing recalls the days of his youth—even the old Court House, where he was wont to feel at ease mid the stir and tumult of the city, has disappeared and a gigantic new edifice is in its place. Amid all the changes that have taken place, however, despite the passing away one by one of the old familiar haunts, there is one old land mark standing still, a landmark dear to every citizen of Los Angeles be he a forty-niner or otherwise —a landmark that is the pride of every Los Angelenan irrespective of race or creed, the old landmark known as the Old Church opposite Plaza: the Queen of the Angels—La Reina de Los Angeles. Built of adobe, cruciform in shape, with a depth of over a hundred and a width of less than thirty feet, the Old Church at the Plaza, La Reina de Los Angeles, stands to-day a relic of the past, a treasure of the present, and a consolation for the future. It was the forerunner of civilization in the county seat: for from its pulpit was preached for the first time in Los Angeles the grand, sublime and divine message of peace on earth to men of good will. We treasure it to-day because it stands a towering monument to the zeal, enterprise and self-sacrifice of those saintly and honored men who left home and country, friends and all they held dear upon this earth, to give their lives for the immortal souls of a people far away from and unknown to them. These holy men have gone to their reward, but the seed is sown and it is consoling to know when this generation is likewise past and gone the dear Old Church established by those pioneer priests from Spain will still stand, the Queen of the Angels, the refuge of sinners, the comfortress of the afflicted, the morning star, the haven of rest for weary and wandering souls, and be ever known as it is to-day by the glorious and ever to be remembered title, La Reina de Los Angeles.

The foundation of the Plaza Church was laid in 1818 and the building completed December 1822. Forty years after the front portion was frescoed under the direction of Father Raho and three inscriptions placed over the main entrance. Time has worked havoc with the frescoing, but the inscriptions are still legible and a source of great interest to tourists. The quaint old belfry with its mission bells ringing out the sweet notes of the Angelus or the plaintive dirge of a Requiem never fails to charm the traveler, yet as he stands viewing the sacred edifice his every thought seems centered in those words upon the facade. The reason is not very apparent unless it be that they are written in a foreign tongue, or that they speak to his heart in all their significance.

The central inscription reads: "El Senor esta en su santo templo—calle la tierra ante su acatamiento." The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him (Habacuc II. 20.) The Lord is indeed within and the earth is truly silent, says the tourist, as he sees the noiseless procession of devout souls entering the church from early morn until evening Angelus, bending before the Blessed Sacrament and communing with their God. Obedient to the mandate of Habacuc they leave without their worldly cares and in the silence of their hearts call upon the Lord in His holy temple. How many hearts in Los Angeles beat in silent adoration of their Lord in His holy temple at the Plaza! Within its sacred walls they were cleansed with the regenerating waters of Baptism, strengthened with the Blood of the Lamb, encouraged by Penance and soothed by the divine Word. On either side of the above appears—"Dios te salve Maria llena de gracia. Santa Maria madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros peccadores." Hail, full of grace, Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners. These words of Gabriel to the Virgin give renewed strength to the weary traveler—he sees in them a hope of his salvation: the promised Redeemer, and the gates of heaven once more to be opened. Yes, Mary, pray for us sinners to Him Who called you Mother—pray for us at all times, and especially at the hour of death when about to meet face to face Him Whom you proudly call Son. An iron cross, the emblem of Christianity, surmounts the Old Church, and from afar it can be seen proclaiming in its silent way redemption for all mankind. The windows, like those of other missions, are few and were very small until enlarged by Bishop Mora when stationed at the Plaza. The interior is very striking. A complete surprise awaits the tourist who expects to see the proverbial canvas ceiling, cemented floor and the statues so common in the ordinary mission. Five years ago the antiquarian would have been thoroughly satisfied, as the interior at that time was truly of the mission type. Now, however, all is changed: the old has given way to a pretty new ceiling, the walls are artistically painted and adorned by stations of the cross the most beautiful in Southern California and the work of the late lamented artist, Father Tanqueray.

Father Liebana has done a great work in renovating the grand old building so dear to every Californian and every true lover of the early Fathers. He has succeeded and nobly too in preserving and handing down to future generations the most beautiful relic of the past: the church of our forefathers, the church of the 49er, the church of Mary—La Reina de Los Angeles.

◆

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Et jam movetur. The 54th Congress is still in session. The Navy Department is in a two-horned dilemma. The new war-ships have to be painted and green is the color chosen. The authorities think that, in case of future naval battles, the enemy could not easily locate battleships having green broadsides. Thus their (the enemy's) murderous bombs would miss their mark and fall into the oblivion of the ocean. Petitions have been sent to our alleged color-blind navy officers to open their eyes and have the big ships painted a color that *can* be seen. Next these would-be reformers will want grass to grow in a more patriotic color.

The coming Presidential election is growing more interesting. McKinley appears to have the majority of the Republicans on his side. He is by them compared to Napoleon I. Napoleon rose from an humble position to the greatest honors, and was then exiled and died on the rocky island of St. Helena. Comparisons are odious.

A candidate for the Presidency, whoever he may be, should be honest enough to inform the voters what platform he is going on before the nation, so as to leave no room for doubt. Gov. Budd, of California, managed by playing a dual role to be elected through A. P. A. and Catholic votes. Does Mr. McKinley purpose doing likewise? Let us wait and drink tea.

Mr. McKinley has declared that he is not a Catholic, but a Methodist. That such a declaration was publicly made is not a credit to our republic. Religion ought not be made a test for public office. Where is liberty?

The conventions held in the East everywhere show decided victories for the "gold bugs," and silver will be side-tracked for a while.

Cuba and its revolutionary war still continue to be much muddled. The wise man who can prophesy the outcome is not yet born.

The Shah of Persia, Naza-et-Din, was assassinated by Mollah Reza, and the new Shah's name is now Muzaffer-ed-Din.

◆

For only 50 cents a year The Mission Indian will be sent to your reading table every month. Subscribe for it.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Porterville is soon to have a resident priest.

Pomona is one of the best organized parishes within this diocese.

The Rev. Fathers Barron, Bannon and Griffith came and saw Riverside, visiting Father McCarthy and his whole-souled generous people.

Gratifying success attends the missionary endeavors of Rev. Juan Cabaleria. At Azusa over 120 communicants kneeled at the altar rail to receive the Sacrament.

Forty hours devotion at San Bernardino on May 17, and on May 24th at Riverside. Rev. J. P. Fisher will preach Sunday evening, May 17, at San Bernardino.

The new choir of the Pomona church surprised even themselves by their fine singing on Sunday, April 26. Due credit was accorded the members thereof by the pastor.

Judging from the activity displayed by Santa Barbara's shepherd, Rev. P. J. Stockman, he is much enthused in his new field of labor. The church is to be enlarged and ornamental steeples added thereto.

The new sacerdotal residence at Bakersfield is a comfortable and inviting looking home. Father O'Reilly has evidently made friends in Kern county. Honesty is the best policy.

The pastor at San Pedro and his neighbor at Santa Monica will never be friends. The harbor question is at fault. San Pedro is for San Pedro and Santa Monica is for Santa Monica. Too bad.

While in Riverside recently we had occasion to observe the love and esteem in which Rev. J. M. McCarthy is held by his faithful congregation. *Noli timere pusillus grex*—do not fear, ye little flock!

There are five churches in Los Angeles. A new church on Boyle Heights and another one on Pico Heights would give the City of Angels seven. Some of our reverend confreres are making plans to move.

Rev. Bannon is a whole brass band in himself in advancing the interests of his town. He is the right man in the right place, and doesn't believe in doing things by halves. Lancaster is pushing to the front rapidly.

With coming spring matters religious are aroused anew, and lethargy and indifference make place for bustling activity alike among clergy and laiety. It is a pleasing sign of the times, largely due to the agitation of the A. P. A's.

Words cannot express the gratitude which beats in our heart at the generous aid extended by Riverside and Pomona friends for The Mission Indian. Nearly 100 new subscribers within two days surpassed our most sanguine expectations.

When it comes to something really tasty and artistic in the line of parochial residences, Pomona goes to the head of the procession. The lovely flowers and superb walks vie with the reverend landscape artist in making the scene one of charming beauty.

The genial pastor of Santa Monica is working hard to have a harbor built there. By the way, Rev. confrere, we have numerous granite bowlders to spare in Banning that could be used to advantage in constructing a breakwater. A word to the wise, etc., &c.

It is doubtful if in all Riverside county another such private library can be found as that of which Mrs. Hattie Traver is the happy owner. Mrs. Traver is a well-read and scholarly lady, and combines with a lofty intellect those qualities of the heart which belong to the righteous and generous. To her generosity Riverside owes its fine church site.

We wish to acknowledge, on behalf of the children of St. Boniface school, the receipt of a kind and encouraging letter from Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery in answer to letters addressed him by them. The Bishop's condescension in so kindly remembering the little Indian children's missives fills their hearts with blissful joy, and we join in their prayers that he may long continue to cheer the hearts of the lowly and humble.

The witty pastor of Pomona, Rev. P. Fisher, is ever ready to narrate some choice experiences of his travels abroad. He inspected Mt. Vesuvius and its awful crater two years ago. According to his statement, the ashes or lava around the volcano has a depth of 4 feet 10 inches. The Rev. gentleman himself took the measurements, for one day, upon alighting from a car that runs up the mountain, he sunk down into the ashes almost out of sight. Mt. Vesuvius and Spring street in Los Angeles are two different localities.

This brings to mind how an Irishman once boarded the wrong steamer in London. Instead of taking the steamer for Dublin he took one bound for Naples in Italy. The journey seemed to him to last an unusually long time, but one morning, seeing Mt. Vesuvius belching forth smoke and fire, his mind was unbalanced because he thought the Hill of Howth was on fire.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Our efficient station agent, R. C. Telfer, has set out a few palms and plants that are expected to prove the nucleus of a future park about the station building. Tall oaks from little acorns grow, and a botanical garden surrounding the depot would much enhance the beauty of Banning's port of entry.

The bee and butterfly are on the wing, while lark and linnet prettily sing; the lily's wind-blown cup is ravish, the breezelets warm and sunshine lavish. 'Tis so now, but 'twas not always so. Our fair climate, in common with the rest of California, experienced some biting blasts of the storm king that caused some people to think Banning was not the loveliest spot on earth.

Our ranchers are busy harvesting the hay crop. Prospects are not as good as they might be. The cold wave nipped in the bud many apricot trees that blossomed early owing to the warm weather prevailing then, and cherries will yield very little. Almonds have also suffered in places, and the honey crop will fall short this season, as the untoward weather has checked the usually profuse growth of flowering wildwood. Pears were liberally and generally sprayed, the blossoms are many, and the outlook promising that the codlin moth will be arrested in its destructive work. Figs, plums and grapes are expected to produce heavily, but barley and cereals are not up to the average.

School matters are claiming considerable attention just now. An election notice for school trustees has been posted, to take place on the 5th of June. Dr. J. C. King, C. A. Reid and Mrs. J. F. Bird are the present trustees, and will likely be their own successors. A movement is on foot to establish a high school branch in connection with the public school, and a petition has been circulated and signed by a majority of the heads of families in this district asking the county superintendent to order an election submitting the question to a vote of the people. The present school tax of San Gorgonio district is 2 mills on the dollar, with a taxable valuation of $368,000. Of the 67 school districts in the county some pay a tax rate of $2 per $100. Education and advancement, either mental or material, go hand in hand, and the height of culture and refinement can always be found where school and church facilities are most ample. Banning desires to keep abreast with the march of progress, and therefore wants additional educational opportunities.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 27, 1895.

We most heartily recommend and approve of the publishing of The Mission Indian and bestow upon those interested in the work our blessing.

† FRANCIS MORA,
BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES.

We call the attention of our kind readers to the letters written to Uncle Tom by our pupils, as published to-day. They exhibit the children's own thoughts, and are given as originally produced, unaided save by their fertile little minds. We consider them superior to those published in the past, a proof that the children are improving, and that The Mission Indian is doing a good work. Read them all.

◆

Pentecost or Whit-Sunday will be May the 24th, and Trinity Sunday will fall on the last day of May.

The month of May is also called the month of Mary, because of the daily devotions in our churches. Prayers are said and hymns sung in honor of Mary.

The May devotions are of recent origin and were especially encouraged by Pope Pius VII. This great ruler of the Church passed a long time as an exile and prisoner of Napoleon I. in France, and it was during his captivity that he invoked the intercession of the Mother of God, and when triumphantly re-entering the eternal city he considered it to be a duty of gratitude for him to augment and spread the devotion of the Blessed Virgin.

Thus it came to pass that May devotions were held everywhere.

In reference to the devotion of the Blessed Virgin, we refer our kind readers to the remarks made as a preface to "Our Lady of Quadalupe" in our last issue.

The following lines on the Blessed Virgin are from Longfellow:

Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

. . . .

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the blood-stained hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant;
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent Father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
'Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
And, if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

◆

Drunkenness is a crime and hard to cure. It is not incurable, however. A firm, resolute will, the grace of God, and friendly encouragement, may ensure a reform.

Drunkenness, although to be deplored, is nevertheless not the only sin in this world.

Slander and uncharitableness are crimes too. Slander means to injure or deprecate the character of our fellow-men by spreading false stories. Uncharitableness means to wound the feelings of others by word or act, though perhaps not telling a falsehood. These two vices afflict the heart of the abused with sorrow and woe, and cause it to bleed and suffer for years. Alas! murders and suicides may lend a tragic ending to the poisonous stings of a slanderous tongue.

Humility, broadmindedness and works of charity are the remedies needed to cure these great evils.

Impurity is also a crime, disgracing man and lowering his self-respect. Nothing else will cure this sin than sincere piety, prayer and penance. These three p's are purifying sisters, and create a chaste body and a clean heart.

Cheating and injuring others, moreover, are vices that should be forever abjured. If a man has taken an unfair advantage of or robbed his neighbor, restitution of the unjustly acquired goods must be made; if injury was done to others, reparation must follow. How many mortals are honest enough to return to the owner that by which they came wrongfully?

Kind Reader: shun the evil, in whatever form it may tempt you.

To become better men and better women is the object of our present lives. Avoiding the above mentioned vices will make of us a happier people, no matter what religion we profess or to what political party we may belong.

◆

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus! Horace says so. Application could be made very appropriately. Organize and do not be indifferent. *Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur, etc.* Resist in the beginning. Too late will the medicine be prepared, if the evil has grown strong by long delay.

◆

April 12: Major McKinley, one of the candidates of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination, is not a desirable candidate of the A. P. A.

April 15: McKinley's goose is cooked; the A. P. A.'s are opposed to him.

May 1: Many Catholics are going to vote for McKinley because he is against the A. P. A.

May 15: The majority of the A. P. A.'s will go for McKinley, and opposition against him will prove fruitless.

The lesson: Keep cool. The whole business is political wire-pulling. Let us not be humbugged.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

The Egg is a Wonderful Reminder.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 20, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is the first Easter the thought arose in my mind why we eat eggs on Easter more than on other days. I asked Sister about it, and she told me because the egg encloses, as in a tomb, the germ of life, and as the living chick bursts the shell of its tomb and comes forth full of life, the egg is considered a good emblem of Christ's resurrection. I thought of the general resurrection day when all mankind shall break the bonds of death, and prayed that you and I may rise so as to be worthy to celebrate an eternal Easter in heaven. Affectionately your niece, MARY ROMUALDA LUGO.

—

Good Singers Are Always in Demand.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 20, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

We had a lovely Easter. I wish you could have seen our chapel The altars were laden with the choicest flowers culled from our own garden. The choir is composed of the boys and girls of our school. The chapel was crowded and all praised our choir. On Easter Monday all the children of the school went to a picnic at Portrero. We had a lovely time. My aunt Navarro was one of our party. She came to see me on my birthday. Dear Uncle, I forgot to tell you in my last letter that our school choir, of which I am happy to be a member, was called upon to sing in the church at Riverside and another time at Redlands. Don't you think that is doing well for school girls. Good-bye. Your devoted niece,

NANCY A. MORALES.

—

Tall, Dark Eyes and Black Hair.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 22, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am well and hope this will find you enjoying good health. I am working in the kitchen and learning how to cook. I send you kindest salutations. I love my companions and the good Sisters with my whole heart. When do you intend to visit us? I am anxious to see you. Are you my mamma's or papa's brother? I would like to know. Are you tall? What kind of eyes have you? What is the color of your hair? Please send me your photograph. Your loving niece, LOUISA MODESTO.

—

I Will Pray for You, Miguela.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 15, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

How strange that my mamma never told me about you, and about Uncle Sam! I thought of you many times during Lent, and hope you did not fast too much. I know that fasting is good for the soul, but then you, dear uncle, are so good that I do not think you need to do penance as much as some people I know. While some of us girls were out walking yesterday we saw a very large brown snake. We tried to kill it, but it slipped away from us. We intend to be on the look-out for snakes, and may meet this one again. This snake taught me a lesson, which is, that I ought to fly from the occasion of sin as swiftly as that snake fled from us. his enemies. Please pray that I may do so. With fondest love, believe me as always your

MIGUELA M. BRITTAIN.

Uncle Returns Your Love.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 21, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am wondering where you live and when you will come to see us. Some say that Uncle Tom lives in a place far away from here, and say the printer sends "The Mission Indian" to him. I do not know, but I love my good old uncle just the same. Your little niece,

DORA CALDERON.

—

There Is No Time Like the Present.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
Banning, Cal., May 5, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

With much pleasure I write you this letter. I recollect some things to tell you this morning so nice and pleasant. Dear Uncle Tom, have you made your Easter duty yet? We have not made ours yet, but will sure sometime during this or next month. We are all happy, and love to be happy always, and to do what is right, and to please the Father and kind Sisters that are laboring for us all. I shall pray to the good God, our Father in heaven, to preserve you in your holy faith. Now, I hope you will remember us all. I remain, with highest esteem, your loving nephew,

LOUIS FLORES.

—

It Is a Lovely Feast.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 15, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I cannot give you a good reason for remaining so long without writing to you. I am attending school and enjoying it very well. The altar in our chapel looked lovely Easter Sunday. What a beautiful feast-day Easter is! It brings joy to every Christian heart. It reminds us of the loved and lost ones at home, whom we hope to meet glorified on the day when the angels shall say, "Arise ye dead and come to Judgment." And from our hearts arises the prayer that we may be of the happy number. May God grant you a long and happy life. Dear Uncle, please visit us in our class room. Most affectionately, your niece,

MARY BANKS.

—

Learn and You Will Not be Cheated.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 19, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This morning Father Hahn preached a beautiful sermon about the Good Shepherd. Indeed it is very nice for us boys to hear the word of God, and everybody should listen to the voice of the good spirit. I am trying to learn all I can, so that when I go home I can work anywhere and not be cheated. This is all for this time. I would like to see my letter printed in the paper. Your obedient nephew,

JOHN C. CLEMENTE.

—

Try Hard and God Will Help You.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 19, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I remember yet about the sermon this morning, to listen to the good voice. I will always listen to the good voice, and try to learn more about our holy religion, so that when I return home I can tell my parents there is but one God and all the things we see in this world come from God. I used to be a good boy, but this year I was not as good as I used to be, but I am going to listen to the good voice and try to be a good boy. Your loving boy,

MIGUEL MARONGO.

Handsome Is That Handsome Does.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, May 2, 1896.

How have you been since you last heard from me? As for myself, I am said to be growing both fat and handsome, but this does not make me vain. I take at least the latter comment for a joke. We had a picnic on Easter-Monday and enjoyed it greatly. We fixed the burro up with ribbons and flowers, and drove to the picnic. The burro sometimes gets mad and throws the rider, and one girl got her face scratched by being thus lifted off. Still we think he is the best little donkey in California. Dear uncle, come to our sewing room and we will show you our fancy work. With fondest love I am ever, your devoted niece,

ANNA R. CALDERON.

—

Practice Makes Perfect.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., May 2, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I had cause to blush when I saw my letter with all its defects in "The Mission Indian" last month. It is a very interesting paper, and I will try to write a letter this time worthy to appear in print.

Easter-Monday we had a fine picnic in Portrero. Wagons came from Portrero, besides those belonging to the school, to take the children to the picnic grounds. We had a two-seated rig drawn by our burro, whom we call Bonita and like very much. I was pleased at being allowed to drive. The donkey went all right as long as it could see the other wagons ahead, but came to a standstill when they were lost to view. However, we managed to reach our destination in good time. Just before we started from the school, a Sister, in order to tease me, said: "Well, good-bye Sally and company; we will meet you making your way to the picnic grounds on our return homeward." But she was mistaken indeed, for we got there almost as soon as the rest.

May the Easter joys of God's faithful followers be yours. As ever, your devoted niece,

SALLIE VELASQUEZ.

—

The Good Shepherd.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 18, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

The weather this morning is a little bad. It looks as if we are going to have a shower. If it rains it will do much good, because the trees require some water so they can give plenty of fruit this year. The gospel read in the mass of to-day was very nice. It was about the "Good Shepherd." The sermon on The Good Shepherd by Father Hahn was very interesting. This parable, which was given by our Lord to His disciples, was intended not only for them, but also for us. He said: "I am the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep; but the hireling seeth the wolf coming and fleeth, because they are not his own. The wolf then scattereth the sheep. But I am the Good Shepherd. I know mine, and mine know me." Father said there were two spirits: the good one, and the bad one. The good one is our Lord, and the bad one is the evil spirit, or the devil. I will try to follow the good spirit. I would like very much to tell you, Uncle, all that Father said to us in the sermon, but as you don't like long letters I will not lengthen it any more, because I think it hurts your eyes to read long letters. I remain your loving nephew, WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

PORTRERO.

Felipe Alfonso died and was buried under the direction of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who very kindly accepted the invitation from the friends of the deceased, the Reverend Father of the reservation having been called to a dying Indian miles away in the mountains. It is needless to say that the services in the chapel were very impressive—a scene to be remembered—the Sisters in their sombre robes kneeling before the altar and their sweet pathetic voices mingling with the plaintive chant of the good pious Indians gathered around them. The funeral procession was also impressive, and as it wended its way to the quaint little cemetery a short distance from the chapel, one was forced to picture himself in the company of the early Christians who in their fervor and simplicity were wont to show so much respect to the memory of their departed friends and chant their prayers for them with all the fervor of those good-hearted Indians of Portrero. The coffin had been lowered and scarcely had the last refrain of the "De Profundis" died away when cries from the home of the departed Felipe attracted the attention of all in the graveyard. Everybody hurried to the house, to find that the poor old mother of Felipe, 80 years of age and feeble in mind, had swallowed handsful of dust and gravel with the hope of forgetting her grief. The excitement was indescribable — the suspense terrible. There was great need of help, and as the poor people were running to and fro trying to do something, a cry of joy and gladness burst forth from every lip as two black-robed messengers of peace and mercy were seen hurrying towards the scene. The Sisters' timely arrival was all the Indians wanted.

SAN IGNACIO.

The parents of Alcaria Norte at San Assidro were pleased beyond description when we returned to them their daughter, who had been at school. Alcaria is a good, bright girl, and the affectionate manner in which she was received at home was touching indeed. Her mother shed tears of joy on meeting her, and was rendered mute by the flood of tender emotions welling up from her heart for her beloved child. Behind the stolid features of the swarthy Indian abides a love for his family that is unsurpassed by the attachment of his white brother for his kindred. The Indian loves his own more than himself, and truly pathetic is the devotion and feeling he exhibits especially when a member of the household is thrown upon a sick-bed, or returns to the family bosom after a protracted absence.

The forest scenery at San Assidro is grand. The tall points of cedar trees look their best now, and the wide-branching live-oak, often more than 30 feet in circumference at its base, with a luxurient foliage of brightest green, among which untamed songbirds warble their sweetest notes and dapper squirrels gambol gaily about, are early indicators of returning spring in the mountains. But the chase after the almighty dollar is laying low these giants of the forest, never to be replaced, perhaps.

On arriving at the eastern extremity of Cahuilla valley, where the traveler usually halts to refresh himself and animals with a draught from the cool mountain stream, he is met by the cheering salutation of the darkey who resides there: "Water your horses here and don't forget yourself." And his hearty "Come again!" has the true ring of gladsome hospitality about it.

At Warner's Ranch we observed "Chino John" strutting around with an air of bravado and brigandish carriage. He was a veritable walking arsenal. Encircling his waist was a belt filled with cartridges, and from either side dangled a murderous looking revolver. The hilt of a bowie knife belligerently protruded from his hip-boots. He was armed to the teeth, and seemed to want to challenge the quiet and peaceful mountain solitude to mortal combat, but would no doubt have taken to his heels and hid in the nearest rabbit-hole at the first sign of real danger.

Sunday, April 12, services were held at Soboba for the Indians. All the Indians were present, men, women and children. The teacher, Mr. Burton, and his family, were also there. The accommodations were not of the best, but we prayed and sang the praises of God nevertheless. The Indians of Soboba are now under the kind care of Rev. Juan Cabaleria, of San Bernardino.

Many of the Indians of Soboba are away from home and at work shearing sheep. Bonifacio Cabse is the policeman at Soboba reservation, and he endeavors to keep good order.

SAN DIEGO.

Here the crumbling walls of the Old Mission Church remind the beholder of the unenduring character of man's creations. This massive structure, with its solid foundation of stone and adobe brick, and ponderous timbers, hewn from the forests by the Indians and carried on their backs over treacherous mountain trails, was once the architectural pride of the pioneer settlers of Southern California. The front wall and extreme northeast corner are still standing. Hard usage and neglect have done their work of destruction. Soldiers during the war with Mexico established regimental headquarters at this church, and made of God's temple a military rendezvous, with all that term implies. The capacious nave was transversely divided, the upper space being used as a loft for sleeping quarters, and the sanctuary below turned into a feedbox and the ground floor devoted to stabling horses. The vandalism of the soldiers knew no bounds, and under their sacrilegious ax were felled most splendid olive trees for kindling wood. Some of the magnificent old trees, planted 125 years ago, still remain. Date-palms of prodigious growth can also be seen here.

At Old Town, four miles north of San Diego, are the graves of 20 American soldiers who fell in the battle of San Pascual between General Fremont and the Mexicans in 1849.

During the war between the United States and Mexico some of the Indians fought under the American flag, while others joined the Mexicans. The San Luis Rey Indians befriended the Mexicans, whereas the Cahuillas and Drogenas sided with the Americans. The Indians relate many stories about this war. Massacres of a most atrocious nature occurred near San Jacinto and at Temecula, the unfortunate Indians thus being made destroyers of their own race by the designful Caucasians.

Fort Stockton was erected to protect the harbor of San Diego and the old mission from any invasion by pirates or other hostile forces. The cemetery close by, on the left bank of the San Diego river, contains the mortal remains of the Rev. Chrysostom Holbein. This missionary buried the slain Father Jaune, of the Old Mission, and although all efforts to locate his remains proved unsuccessful, it seems probable that the cemetery near Fort Stockton is Father Jaune's resting place.

INDIO.

Anacleto Lastro died March 27 at the house of Chief Cabezon, near Indio. Anacleto was an industrious man, spoke English pretty well, and made his living by working at Redlands, Riverside and neighboring places. Consumption was the cause of his death.

The Indians at Indio are busy unloading coal, and doing other work.

REV. SEB. KNEIPP AND HIS CURE.

(Continued from last number.)

A stroll barefoot for fifteen minutes before going to bed and after rising insure good health, Mgr. Kneipp believes. If the stroll can be taken out of doors, so much the better. He considers the exposure of the soles of the feet to the free and fresh air important, as well as the contact with wet substances. "Walking barefoot," he says, "regulates the circulation of the blood and so fortifies the whole system against disease. A thousand and one times I have given this advice to persons who have complained of headache and extreme sensitiveness to variations of temperature." Some Germans have taken his advice so earnestly that even in cities they discard shoes in favor of sandals. Mgr. Kneipp wars upon excessive coverings of all kinds. Two Russians came to him with Paderewski heads of hair and Pefferian beards. He sent post haste for the village barber. From out of the frozen North came a priest wearing five pair of drawers. He began the treatment by suppressing two pairs and at intervals of three days reduced the number by two more. Then he began the cure in earnest.

Running water in houses being an unknown blessing in German villages, Mgr. Kneipp uses watering cans without the head for his douches. Had he lived in America he would have made his patients even happier by telling them to attach to the faucet of their bathtub a rubber tube with a shower attachment, such as is sold at rubber stores and house furnishing stores. This arrangement enables everybody to have a needle bath at his own home, and confers upon grateful humanity the double blessing of cold water and massage. The manner in which the watering pots are used is prescribed with careful exactness for each complaint. Mgr. Kneipp practises his ideas upon himself before testing them upon his patients, and has been doing so for thirty or forty years. The douches are very brief, lasting as a rule only a minute, and are discontinued as soon as the skin reddens. Before taking douches or baths patients are advised to stimulate the natural heat of the body, even to the degree of starting prespiration. Each part of the body has its own manner of application.

Mgr. Kneipp has so much to say about his methods and theories that in the limits of an almanac he can discuss only one or two points. In the almanac for 1896 he tells about influenza. Casting aside all theories of microbes and meteoric dust, he calls it simply a malignant catarrh, and says he has cured in six or eight days people who had suffered from influenza for two or three years and had tried all other remdies in vain. This is his remedy: Go to bed and have a basin of cold water within reach. When you feel the fever, get up and wash first the chest, then the back; don't dry yourself and jump back into bed. The colder the water and the quicker you wash yourself, the better. After three-quarters of an hour or an hour, when the influenza begins to get in its work again, renew the application of water; but don't be more than a minute about it. When the skin is dry and rough, it is a sign that the normal evaporation is not taking place. After the first application of water, the skin should begin to be humid, and twenty minutes, at the most, after the second, perspiration should reappear. That is proof that the influenza has been reached and is leaving the body by the pores. After the second application of water a third should be made to excite more active perspiration. Mgr. Kneipp combats the notion that there is danger in getting out of bed for a patient in a state of perspiration. The more active the perspiration, the further apart the applications of water should be; if it continues you are delivered from your enemy. Mgr. Kneipp tells of cures effected by this method in six or eight hours. The patient may take every quarter of an hour a spoonful of fresh water, or some such aid to provoke perspiration. When the perspiration ceases the influenza has disappeared. This treatment produces weakness. When the appetite reappears a panade of soup, made as follows, is recommended: Put some small slices of black bread upon a tin platter in an oven or on the hearth and keep them there until the bread begins to be toasted. Then strew it with a little salt and some butter, added to sufficient water in a pot, which must be closed tight. It is not to be eaten too warm. He thinks bread so prepared an ideal food for all invalids and preferable to beef tea, and a good thing to take from time to time, even when one is well. But Mgr. Kneipp thinks it would be unnecessary for people to cure themselves of influenza if they would only walk about occasionally in their bare feet. That practice, he says, would preserve them from colds and sore throat as well as influenza by making the blood circulate properly.

Mgr. Kneipp has ideas on this subject of food. Like a growing number of other people, he thinks that the modern processes of milling, which make fine flour common, destroy healthgiving qualities of the bread. He believes in a coarse bread, made after a system of his own. He is an advocate of what he calls cereal coffees. Wheat, barley, and other grains are roasted and ground, and an infusion is made like coffee. He thinks that the cereal coffees are particularly valuable in certain nervous affections and disorders of the stomach. The idea is by no means original with the pastor of Woerishofen, but is an old country remedy.

Catholic Belief.

THE MOST BLESSED TRINITY.

29. The first and fundamental truth, which all Christians believe and profess, is that there is but *one* God.

The visible world and our own reason teach us that there must be one Supreme Being, one God, the Creator and Father of all things.

30. The second, and at the same time also fundamental, truth is that there are three persons in one God, namely, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This doctrine, however, cannot be proved by reasoning, but solely by revelation, manifested to us by God Himself, especially by our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ. We call this article of faith "The Mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity."

31. Although reason does not tell us that there are three persons in God, we nevertheless may notice many features in nature indicative of a tri-une God. Moreover the Old Testament contains passages expressing a plurality of persons in God, whereas the New Testament definitely speaks of and mentions the three persons in God. We will be brief.

32. We find the following traces of the Blessed Trinity in nature:

a) There are three kingdoms in the material world, the animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, and the mineral kingdom—three in one creation.

b) In logic, which is nothing else than a summary of rules for correct reasoning, we have the syllogism, consisting of three parts: the major term, the minor term, and the consequence or conclusion.

c) Time represents three periods: the past, the present, and the future tense.

d) There are three kinds of bodies: Solids, liquids and gases.

e) Harmony in music is built upon the triad, consisting of tonic, third and fifth; the other chords cannot be used except with the fundamental triad.

There are many more instances of this kind in the world.

33. From the Old Testament we quote:

"Let us make man to our image and likeness."—Gen. I, 26.

"Come ye therefore, let us go down." The same XI, 7.

"And they cried one to another and said: Holy, holy, holy the Lord, God of hosts."—Isa. VI., 3. [Note the plural number and the three "holy."]

34. In the New Testament our Lord speaks distinctly, telling us of His Father, Who hath sent Him into this world, and promising His disciples the descension of the Holy Spirit or Paraclete, Whom He would send down upon His followers.

At the baptism of our Redeemer, when He came out from the waters of the river Jordan, "the heavens were opened to Him and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon Him, and behold a voice from heaven saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Matth. III, 16, 17.

Commissioning the apostles our Lord said: "Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The same XXVIII, 19.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." St. Paul, II. Cor. XIII, 13. There are many more paragraphs that could be quoted.

35. The doctrine of the Blessed Trinity though is and always will be a mystery, to be revealed one day to those who are the children of God, and we have to say with St. Bernard: "To scrutinize the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is presumption; to believe it is piety; to adore and profess it, is life and eternal happiness."

36. St. Augustine was a deep thinker and a philosopher. To understand the mystery of the Blessed Trinity was his great object. One day, while walking along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea and pondering as usually on this theme, he of a sudden spied a youth sitting near the water. St. Augustine stopped in surprise as he beheld the young man holding in his hand a large shell, which he filled with the water of the sea and then emptied it into a hole he had made in the sand. The water thus poured into the hole quickly run back again into the ocean.

St. Augustine asked the youth: "What are you doing here?"

"I am going to empty the whole ocean into this hole," replied the youth.

"You cannot do that," said our saint.

"Neither will you ever fully understand the mystery of the Blessed Trinity!" said the strange young man and disappeared.

Another instance is appropriate in this place. Who does not know how St. Patrick explained this mystery to the forefathers of the Irish nation? Who does not know the emblem of Ireland, the shamrock or clover-leaf, representing one plant having three leaves, wherever it grows? A fit though imperfect representation of one God in three persons.

Kind reader, there are three persons in God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Father is God, the Son is God, the Holy Ghost is God, but there are not three Gods, not three distinct divine Beings—only *one*, *eternal*, *all-mighty*, *all-holy*, and *all-just* GOD. Nevertheless there are THREE distinct divine PERSONS.

Our knowledge of God is limited. What we know of Him we know from the revelations, made by God Himself. He has spoken to us and we know of Him the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, and, knowing it, we find in it some explanation of the magnitude and richness of life God, the One and Tri-une, the Creator of heaven and earth, possesses.

Say with all good Christians: "*Blessed be the holy and undivided Trinity*, now and forever. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, glory be to the Holy Ghost."

But in this one and only God
There yet are persons three;
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One Blessed Trinity

Historical Sketches.

The first Spanish explorers of the New World did not possess the virtues and unselfish ambition which characterized the movements of Columbus. They brought along with them the missionaries in order to convert the Indians, but they themselves did not want to be guided by the advice and instructions of those devoted men.

The thirst for gold was the main incentive for their adventures. Thousands of lives were lost in looking for the precious metal, and the poor aborigines were subjected to so many outrages and crimes that the unhappy people became enemies of the white race. Bartholomew de Las Casas, the first priest ordained in America, devoted himself with great zeal to the relief of the poor Indians. He made several voyages to Spain, and owing to his efforts Queen Isabella suppressed many of the cruel abuses.

Florida was discovered by Ponce de Leon in 1512, on Easter-Sunday (called Pascua de Flores in Spanish, hence the name Florida). He thought there was plenty of gold in the country north of the West Indies, and a rumor prevailed at that time that here was a spring bubbling forth which would give perpetual youth to all who tasted of its waters. Ponce de Leon invaded Florida in 1821 with a large number of men, but in this invasion he was wounded, driven from the country, and finally died without having found the gold he searched for, or having drunk from the miraculous font.

Vasquez de Ayllon and Gomez renewed the attempt four years later. They had six hundred men, and explored the coast as far as Maryland. Three-fourths of the party perished in this expedition, including Vasquez, and Gomez returned without having accomplished much.

In 1528 another expedition was led into Florida by Narvaez. Several missionaries, Jesuits and a Franciscan, accompanied him, and Juan Juarez, the first bishop of Florida, was also one of their number. This expedition likewise resulted disastrously and all perished, having failed in the establishment of a single colony or mission.

In 1539 Hernando de Soto started out with 1,000 men to search for gold. He discovered the lower Mississippi river. After meeting with many misfortunes, he died and found his burial in the waters of the Mississippi. Of the 1,000 men only 300 reached the settlement at Panuco, Mexico. A number of missionaries who had joined in the expedition were never heard from. They probably were killed by the soldiers, who committed many outrages.

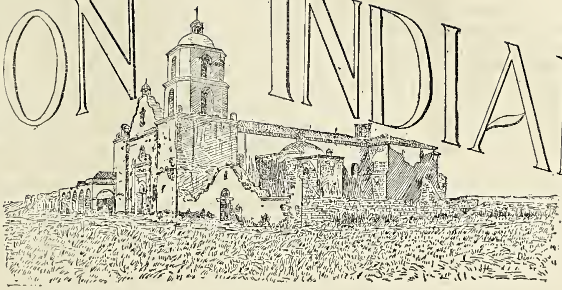
In 1549 the Dominican Father Caucer endeavored to preach the Christian faith without the help of arms. He went ashore at Appalachee Bay, and was immediately put to death by the Indians.

Don Tristan then attempted to colonize Florida. He landed at Pensacola with a strong force, including several missionaries. This attempt also failed and the enterprise was abandoned after two years' labor in vain.

Expeditions were undertaken in 1539 to explore New Mexico. Of the missionaries that came along with these expeditions, five died for their faith, viz.: Father John de Padilla, Brother John of the Cross, Fathers Rodriquez, Lopez and John de Santa Maria.

The first permanent settlement in what is now the United States, was made by the Spaniards at St. Augustine, Florida, in September, 1565. The massacres connected with the foundation of St. Augustine are a sad chapter in the history of the first settlement on this continent, all parties concerned having committed many acts of savage cruelty.

THE MISSION INDIAN



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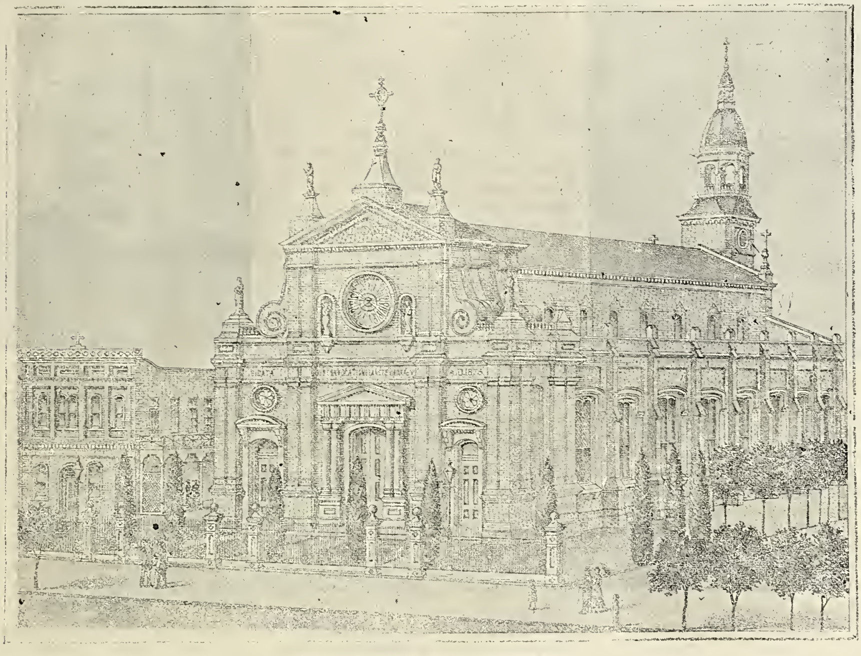
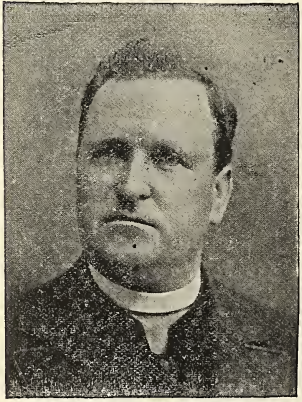


THE CATHEDRAL IN LOS ANGELES.

Glancing back to twenty years ago, Los Angeles looms up before us as a small, insignificant village. Centered around the famous old Plaza it boasted of some few thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom were the descendants of the *caballeros* of Mexico. Times moved along quietly in those days. The rush and the push of American activity had not as yet disturbed its serenity. The dulcet language of Don Quixote was the prevailing tongue, and the aspirate tones of the "pure old Saxon" fell seldom on the ear. But a day of transition, unexpected to the ciudadaños de Los Angeles, was fast approaching. The eagle eye of the Yankee beheld its possibilities, and rapidly did they congregate to the place dedicated to the Queen of Angels. Few in those days predicted for it such a magnificent growth as it later on attained. Imposing edifices were few or none at all, and the streets—counted on the fingers of one hand—were uncemented and untidy. The erection of a three-story building would have been more than a "nine days' wonder" to the early inhabitants, many of whom had beheld naught else save a grim-looking adobe structure.

May 1, 1871, marked a great event in the history of the city. It was the laying of the corner-stone by Bishop Francis Mora, of the imposing Cathedral of St. Vibiana. Peering into the future, and foreseeing the rapid strides Los Angeles would make, the Bishop of the diocese desired to have a cathedral that would be an honor to the coming metropolis of Southern California. Wise did he prove himself, though many, at the time, deemed the erection of a church at such a distance from the center of the town to be the acme of folly.



RIGHT REV. GEORGE MONTGOMERY, D. D.

To build the cathedral on Main street, between Fifth and Sixth, was the original plan, but, reconsidering this, it was concluded to have it erected on the same street, but between Second and Third. Work was at once commenced, and continued until happily brought to a successful finish in 1876. On the 30th of April of the same year, in the presence of a large concourse of the faithful and non-Catholics, the spacious cathedral was solemnly consecrated by Archbishop J. S. Alemany, of San Francisco. In the evening of the same day the relics of St. Vibiana—the patroness of the diocese—were processionally borne from the Church of Our Lady of Angels, or the Old Church, as it is familiarly called, and deposited by Bishop Mora above the high altar, in an exquisite urn prepared for them. Many an old-timer recalls with pleasure that memorable day.

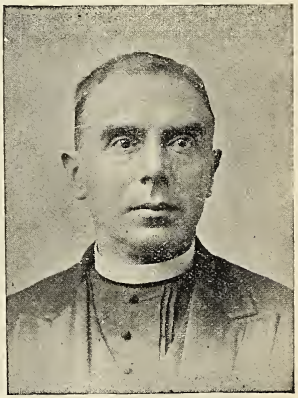
The cathedral is of the plain yet solemnly-grand Romanesque style. Its exterior presents an aspect somewhat severe, yet, at first glance, attractive. The plan is quadrilateral and measures 80 feet from north to south and 160 feet from east to west. The facade, fronting on Main street, is 80 feet in latitude. Above the entrances are the words D. O. M. (*Deo optimo maximo*) and *Dicata A. D. 1876. Sub invocatione Santœ Vibianæ.* At a height of 80 feet stands the beautiful gilded cross—the symbol of salvation—on either side of which are life-sized statues of the Evangelists. High above the sacristy rises the tower, whence issue the pleasing voices of the bells, whose echoes reverberate for miles and miles around. Over the tower is the cupola crowned by a cross. From the cross to the pavement there is a vertical distance of 132 feet.

A visitor cannot but admire its imposing exterior, but let him pass its threshold and contemplate its splendid interior, and his admiration vastly increases. The exterior, imposing, simple and severe; the interior, grand, rich and gorgeous: here is a complete description in a few words. The first object that attracts attention is the magnificent altar. It is a perfect gem of art—"a poem wrought in stone"—and is constructed of marble and onyx. We venture to say it is one of the finest in the United States. The altar is in strict harmony with the style of the cathedral—simple and majestic. On either side of the main altar are the altars of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, the Mother of Sorrows and the Queen of the Angels. The interior is divided into three naves; that of the center, embracing the entire length of the edifice, is 40 feet wide; those of the sides are not so broad. The central nave is separated from the others by twelve grooved columns. Its seating capacity is about 1500.

At the rear of the cathedral is the parochial school. It is a handsome brick edifice, well planned and furnished with all the modern requirements of a school. It is conducted by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, who communicate to their numerous pupils a solid education both secular and religious.

Writing of the cathedral, one must necessarily say a few words concerning the venerable prelate, the Right Rev. Francis Mora, D. D., who presides over the diocese. Since assuming the episcopal burdens, Los Angeles has steadily increased. He has been alive to every opportunity to promote the welfare of the diocese. Not possessing the multifold advantages of other sees, yet, under his administration, its progress can favorably compare with any. Bishop Mora may well congratulate himself. A struggling diocese at his advent, he has placed Los Angeles on a solid foundation, and it is the earnest wish of his Catholic flock that he may live to behold the full fruits of his labors.

In Right Rev. George Montgomery, Coadjutor-Bishop, the diocese possesses a man in every way equipped to fulfil the onerous duties of his exalted office. His effective influence for good, his strength of character and his forceful eloquence are recognized and felt in the community.



VERY REV. J. ADAM, V. G.

The present rector of the cathedral is the genial Father J. Adam, V. G. A pioneer in the diocese, a priest of acknowledged learning and ability, a frequent contributor to magazine literature, and a faithful and earnest co-laborer of the Rt. Rev. Bishops, he is universally beloved by priests and people.

The Month of the Sacred Heart.

The month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The devotion to the Sacred Heart originated in France during the last century, and it has spread all over the world. To remember gratefully the love of Jesus towards mankind, and to imitate His humility and meekness, are the principal objects of this beautiful devotion. "Learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart." Matth. 11, 28.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

The magic lantern exhibition at Yuma was a perfect success. Many Indians were present.

The necessity of a hall in the City of the Angels is evident. Sticktoitiveness is what we would recommend.

Dr. Heffern at the Yuma Indian school takes good care of the sick Indian children and adults and he is liked by everybody.

The church at Santa Monica, since its renovation and general overhauling, is an inviting place of worship for visitors to that seaport.

Father Barron came and saw Beaumont, Banning and Riverside. He was delighted, as is everybody who visits this part of California.

The Colorado River is high and the trees and brushes, which border the red waters, are forming two long curved lines of verdant green.

Mr. H. X. Goetz, the energetic contractor at Santa Monica, is one of those men of whom we must say: "Fully competent, reliable, honest."

Rimlon in the desert, a station on the S. P. R. R., is perhaps the dreariest place on God's earth: stones, sand, heat, and wind—*libera nos Domine.*

Father Schneider of Yuma is improved in health; yet the summer heat will be too much for him; he is going to Ohio to see his friends and relatives. *Bon voyage.*

Father Hawe loves the beauty of the house of God. The new organ, new baptismal font, the nice sacristy, and the two giant-chandeliers, bespeak a progressive spirit.

There are 320 boys at the orphan asylum near Watsonville. Father Clementine is in charge of it. He does not say much, but takes good care of his clients and is a zealous worker.

The few sermons of Father Barron at the Forty Hours at Riverside were indeed appreciated by the Riversiders. Instructive and interesting sermons is what the people like to hear.

The League of the Sacred Heart lately established in the Pasadena congregation awakens the zeal of the good people there. Approaching the Sacraments is always a means of nourishing the inner life of man, and the League of the Sacred Heart necessarily implies a participation in the spiritual joys given to man by the worthy reception of the Sacraments.

Works of charity manifest a big and generous heart. Mr. A. Keating, of Santa Monica, remembered our little Indians. May God bless him with happiness for his charity and goodness.

Rev. Father Corcoran was disappointed when he left Beaumont and went to Los Angeles. His health was not improved. Therefore he returned to the place that is blessed with a salubrious climate.

In Mrs. A. Keating, of Santa Monica, we met a devoted wife and mother of a happy family. A broadminded and kind husband and father, a true mother and good children, constitute a model family.

Yuma is illuminated by electricity, the penitentiary there is a veritable tomb and the culprits are doing real penance. Yuma is improving, but it will take yet many a day's work to make it a beautiful city.

Rev. Father Cassadin, of Santa Cruz, went to Flagstaff and reveled in the natural wonders appertaining thereunto, especially the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. He preached May 17 at the Cathedral of St. Vibiana.

The Yuma Indian school was formerly a fort, where troops of Uncle Sam were garrisoned. To build this fort about 40 or more years ago cost the treasury of our commonwealth the bagatelle of four and a half million dollars.

A little ass is braying day and night in the neighborhood of the Indian school at Yuma. He must be a she. There are lots of these fellows around there and they say that they eat the clothes off the wash-lines if the people do not look out.

There may be many who do not fully realize the extent of the work done at the Indian schools. Visit the Yuma school built on the old fort and you will see the evidences of the industry and concsientious labor of the good Sisters of St. Joseph.

Dr. Scannel loves his flock and his home at Pasadena. The plan of moving the church nearer to the center of the city, although a necessity, failed—the city fathers objected. Well, doctor, keep on your Kitone and stay where you are—*ad interim.*

A drunken white man discharged his revolver at an Indian squaw at the Yuma reservation, but missed his mark. The Indian police was promptly on hand and in less than no time the fellow was arrested and placed in a nice cooler. The Yuma police are in it if you talk about order.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Apricots are fast ripening under the favorable weather, and some early varieties are ready for picking. The fruit picking season will soon open, affording profitable employment for old and young.

◆

An election of trustees for the Banning school was held on the 5th inst., which resulted in the members of the old board being re-elected, namely Dr. J. C. King, C. F. Reid and Mrs. J. F. Bird. The proposition to establish a high school in the Banning district also came up for decision at this election. It was defeated.

◆

A hot wave struck this section of country on June 11, 12 and 13, which caused the thermometer to jump up to the 100 mark and even climbed to 110 one day. Such excessively hot weather is unusual in this mountain altitude, and was felt all the more coming so soon after the chilly spring season. However, sudden atmospheric changes seem to be the rule of '96, and we may congratulate ourselves upon the absence of the destructive cyclones that devastated other parts of the country during the month.

◆

The closing exercises of the Banning public school drew a large crowd to the town hall last Friday evening. It was a gay looking assemblage, most of the ladies present, together with the children, being dressed in airy, white costumes. The orations by the ninth grade class, Duane Hauverman, Susie Bird, Bruce Ball, Jessie Chase, Marian Bird and Hannah Reid, were efforts that deserve the highest praise, as regards both the pupils and their efficient instructor, Prof. Paul Ward. The quartet singing of Emma Graf, Louise Graf, Susie Bird and Marian Bird, showed them to be cultured vocalists, and they were heartily encored. The recitations by the diminutive Reid children were remarkable in more than one way, but chiefly on account of the distinct enunciation of the little tots. The Bellamy drill was the amusing feature of the program, and was gracefully executed. The kindergarten exhibitions showed to good advantage the training the children have received in this department of the school. The entertainment was enjoyable and instructive throughout and came to a close by the singing of "America," in which the audience joined.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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We read in *Am Stillen Meere*: A young man in France lived a life of dissipation. The parish-priest one day told him that if he would just promise never to read in Holy Writ, he (the priest) would then absolve him from all his sins, etc.

Let us mildly call this story an error. Errors may be made by the best of men.

But the article mentioned may remind many of our readers of how much is said about us by those who do not know nor understand us. If any man wants to be posted on what are the true principles of the Democratic party, he will certainly not ask a Republican; and if a man would like to know the political belief of the Republicans, he would not go to the Democratic headquarters. Everybody knows why. Thus if you desire to find out what Catholics believe, you can not and will not learn it from non-Catholics; because as a rule they do not know it. In fact, they are not expected to know it.

Catholic doctrine is not a private opinion, but the teaching of the Church. It is the same everywhere. All over the world Catholics have the same faith and the same Sacraments, hence there is perfect unity in matters of faith amongst them, and herein lies their strength.

It is not forbidden to read the Bible, but it is forbidden to interpret the Bible in contradiction to that faith of which St. Paul says: "Timothy, keep the deposit."

The principal object of reading the Bible is to conform our lives to the teachings contained therein. To interpret the Bible in order to create new religious denominations is not interpreting, but twisting the Word of God.

Let us much rather inculcate into the hearts of men the great Christian truths, on which we all agree, viz.: the good will be rewarded by God, and the wicked, the slanderous, the immoral, the unjust, etc., will be damned,—and don't you forget it.

Many of our kind readers doubtless say: We do not blame the Catholic Church for taking such a view of the Bible and its interpretation. Things look entirely different sometimes when considered in another light. Hence there is truth in the Latin proverb: *Audiatur et altera pars*; which means, hear both sides.

Galileo Galilei and his *et jam movetur* are quoted against us; the massacre, in the night, of St. Bartholomew is painted crimson-red in words of detestation; the chains of the victims of the Inquisition are heard clanking in the Spanish prisons; but after all, there are two sides to every question. The just man will say: *Audiatur et altera pars* (hear both sides).

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery undoubtedly had these thoughts in mind when he published a letter, in which he urges the Catholics of Los Angeles to become members of the Catholic Truth Society, an organization for the spreading of Catholic literature.

There are two objects in view at present in the City of the Angels, viz.: the erection of a Catholic hall and the formation of the Catholic Truth Society.

We have yet to add: May these undertakings be blessed with success. They will be means of removing many a prejudice from the minds of broadminded people in California. Stick-to-it-ive-ness is all that is needed.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The 54th Congress went "home to mother" June 11, 1896.

The following subjects were relegated to the shelves *ad interim*: Venezuela, Cuba, silver, gold, bonds, etc., but the Indian bill was fixed and the river and harbor bill passed over the veto of the President. That means Cleveland said "no" and two-thirds of Congress said "yes." Moreover, things look as if Mr. Huntington would get his millions. The Catholic Indian schools, though, will be curtailed. That is the spirit of the times: the rich get richer and the poor poorer.

The month will be remembered in the United States from the cyclones that have devastated many parts of the country. On May 15 a section of Northern Texas, near Sherman, Grayson county, was swept by a tornado 150 yards wide, clearing out everything in its path, killing 100 persons and wounding 150 more. The loss of property in Texas and Indian Territory was estimated at $250,000. The cyclone split into smaller storms and injured many people in Kansas near Sebetha, Frankfort, Seneca and Reserve, in Kentucky 14 miles south of Paducah, and in Illinois near Peru. On May 18 a cyclone beginning in Central Iowa took in some 10 counties of that State, killing 50 persons and wounding twice as many more. It crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, and caused havoc in Northern Illinois, reaching even to the limits of Chicago. On May 26 another cyclone devastated parts of Oakland, Macomb, and Lapeer counties in southern Michigan, killing 50, injuring as many more, and doing damage estimated at $750,000. On May 27 still another cyclone struck St. Louis, doing greater damage than anything else of the kind since the tropical hurricane of August, 1893, that swept the waters of the Atlantic over the sea islands to our southern coast. The present estimate is of 400 dead and 1,300 injured, with property loss reaching into the millions—Bradstreet's puts the loss here at $20,000,000, and from the series of cyclones at $50,000,000. Congress at once voted the loan of tents and such other aid as the Secretary of War could furnish.

Another accident worth mentioning is that Emperor Nicholas of Russia was solemnly crowned at Moscow. To make his subjects happy he gave to every man, woman and child a free dinner of soup, steak, bread and tea. In order to partake of the repast, souvenirs or tickets were distributed at the different booths erected for the occasion. The poor Russian patriots got so excited about this imperial beneficence that the rush for the souvenirs caused a stampede, in which thousands were trampled to death.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

June is the month of the Sacred Heart. This month is set apart for devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. Devotion to the Sacred Heart is great in itself, and in its effects. As it is practised to-day it is only about 300 years old, but the devotion is as old as Christianity. It began the night Jesus was born. When Mary took the Infant Jesus into her arms in the stable at Bethlehem she adored the Sacred Heart; so did Joseph. He too adored the Sacred Heart, when that Heart beat near to his heart as the little Jesus rested on Joseph's bosom.

Very many good Catholics have not that burning love and deep devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus which they ought to have. Why? Because they do not know the devotion, they do not understand its nature. They do not know what they do when practising devotion to the Sacred Heart, and they are entirely ignorant of its effects.

You cannot understand devotion to the Sacred Heart if you do not know of the divinity of Christ. Jesus Christ is true God, and true man; there are two natures in Jesus Christ, the nature of God, and the nature of man, but remember that there are not two persons; there is but one Person: the Person of God—the Second Person of the adorable Trinity.

You all, my little dears, remember what is written in the word of God about the Archangel Gabriel coming to tell Mary that she was to be the Mother of the Messiah. The Angel came, told her, and she consented. Then, by the mysterious power of the Holy Spirit the little body of Jesus began to be formed in the womb of the Blessed Virgin. A human soul was created by God to be united to the body. Then the Second Person of the adorable Trinity came, and took body and soul to Himself. Body and soul were united when assumed by the Second Person, and He assumed them at their union. If body and soul were united before the Second Person took both to Himself there would be a human person as well as a divine Person. But there is no human person, there is but one divine Person. The divinity is united with the humanity and united inseparably with the whole, and with its parts. The divinity is united with the body, and with each part of the body. The divinity is united with the soul. So that we can speak and speak correctly of the hands of God, the feet of God, the head of God, the eyes of God, the face of God, the heart of God; and for the same reason we can give to each of these that supreme worship which belongs to God alone, and which can be given to God alone; but, do not forget that you cannot separate the part, even in your mind, and give to that part, thus separated, supreme worship. No; Supreme worship can be given to the living part only when existing in the whole, and united with the Person.

Now, then, you will ask me why do we select the HEART, and not the head, or some other part? Well, my little friends, I shall tell you: because the heart is said to be *the seat of love*. They say it is the seat of all affections; for we are told that all affections are only modifications of love. Anger, hatred, envy, jealousy, and so on, what are all these? They are love changed. The generation of the Son, the procession of the Holy Ghost are the effect of love. Love is the ruling principle of life and energy; it is the motive power of the world, for God made everything for man, and He made man to love Him. Do you remember when *you* were very small? I do. At that time when father or mother asked you where you loved them, you said, pointing to your breast, "there in my heart." That is one reason why we select the heart of Jesus, because the heart is the seat of love.

Another reason is because when Jesus wants something of us which He holds very precious, what does He ask? Does He ask for our money, or for something very nice that money can buy? Does He ask for gold and silver? Not at all. What does He ask? Our hearts. "My child, give me your heart." The heart is to Jesus the most precious part of our being. For the same reason the heart of Jesus is very dear to us, and the *object of our devotion.*

A third reason, and the one on account of which we have devotion to the Sacred Heart, as it is in the Church to-day, is this: because Jesus Himself by a special visitation expressed His wish that this devotion should be practised. On June 16, 1675, Jesus showed Himself to a holy little nun named Margaret Mary. She saw Him in the Blessed Sacrament as He was on earth when a full-grown man, but with His Sacred Heart a furnace of fire. Pointing to His Heart He said: "Behold this Heart that has loved men so much, and receives nothing in return from the greater portion but ingratitude." And then Jesus went on to tell her that He wished a Feast established in honor of His Sacred Heart. He even fixed the day, the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi, and as that generally occurs in June the whole month is set apart for devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The object of our devotion is the heart of flesh of Jesus. The heart that beat in the breast of the tiny Infant, the heart that bled and broke and was pierced with a lance on Calvary Hill. *To that heart of flesh we give supreme worship because it is the heart of God*, and what we do to the heart we do to the Person. Just for instance as when by accident you step on a person's foot, you beg pardon of the person, you do not beg pardon of the foot.

"Hello, Uncle, you are talking too much," states the printer.

"Must I stop?"

"Yes, you must."

"If I stop will you print on the cover the promises that Jesus made to Margaret Mary?"

"I will."

"Alright. I will finish, then, by asking you all to say every day and often during the day:

Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore,
The grace to love Thee daily more and more."

It Is Nice to Be a Good Violinist.

ST. ANTHONY'S SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 5, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am glad to have a chance to write to you, for I have been thinking of you a long time. I wonder if you know that you have a great many nephews at St. Anthony's school in Mission Valley? Your nieces from here have been writing to you for the past few months, but they never say anything about us boys, so we will have to speak for ourselves. This is my second year in school. We have a fine time. I play the violin, and the boys dance. Some times I play hymns, and we all sing. I wish you would come and see us before vacation. We will do all we can to make you happy.

With love, your nephew, JOHN MAJEL.

You Are a Ladies' Man, Surely.

ST. ANTHONY'S SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 5, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you. I would have written before, but I thought I would give the first chance to your little nieces. Well, dear Uncle Tom, I would like to tell you about our school. Our school is situated south of the ruins of the first mission that was built in California. Here we have a harness shop and a shoe shop, and in front of our school a lovely flower garden. I am a shoemaker. I go to work every day, and like it very much. I also like to go to school and stay with the Sisters. They are very good and kind to us. This is my third year in school. I am in the fourth grade. I hope you will be glad to get my letter. I hope I will see my letter printed in THE MISSION INDIAN. I get a copy of the paper every month and like to read it. Good-bye. I am your loving nephew, CYPRIANO PACHITO.

The Little Angels' Choir.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 6, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I will write you a few lines to tell you how pleased I was to see my last letter printed. We had forty hours' devotion. It was very nice. We went to holy communion and sang high mass, and the boys helped us to sing. They take their turns. Once the little girls sang. I must tell you that we have three choirs. The large girls' choir is called St. Cecilia's, and another one is named St. Joseph's. The choir of the little girls we call Angels' Choir. We are preparing for Corpus Christi, and the closing days of school. I hope the Sisters will not leave here. They teach us in so many ways how to be good and happy All the children are writing to Uncle Tom, and forgot all about Aunt Mary. But we will not forget her next month. To-day is bake day, and we must hurry up and put the bread in the pans, so good-bye.

VICTORIA REVERIS.

—

Make Up for It After Vacation.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 6, 1996.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am very glad to write you and will tell you all the news I can. I will begin by telling you that yesterday we had high mass, and after that we went around in procession singing "Pauge Lingua," the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament. I am sorry vacation is so near, as I will not have the opportunity of writing you letters during those two months. I hear that the Bishop will be in San Diego on the 24th inst., and I do hope he will come to the Old Mission, as there are about twenty girls to be confirmed. They are studying hard to be ready. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your niece,

ROSALIA OLEVARES.

—

Kindness Will Smoothe the Roughest Path and Bring You Peace of Mind.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., April 20, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I have been trying very hard to be a good girl, because I know that you wish me to grow better and improve every day. Will I be like the Infant Jesus then, Uncle? I like to think of Jesus as a little boy. The Sisters are so good to me that I feel like a little bird. I love to do some acts of kindness and civility for the dear Sisters. You no doubt will be glad to know that I am in the Third Reader. Before bidding you good-bye I ask God to bless you. I am, with deep affection, your little niece,

ESPERANZA BRITTAIN.

—

Learn the English Language Above All.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., May 4, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I am anxious to see my letter in THE MISSION INDIAN. I will tell you what I did Monday morning. I played base ball, but not a regular game, because all the boys did not play. I like to play base ball very much, but I like to study better, for I want to learn. Since I came here to this school I have learned how to read and write and speak English. In the evening when the boys are saying night prayers in the chapel, Oh, I feel so happy. Dear Uncle, then I try to remember all the blessings God has bestowed on me, in giving me good parents and allowing me to go to school I study all the time to learn everything right. Your devoted nephew,

JOSEPH CAPISTRANO

Memorial Day.

Saturday, May 30, was observed at St. Boniface Industrial School in the usual manner. The small cemetery at the foothills beyond the school building is the resting-place of the late Joseph Puzey, who fought under the red-white-and-blue banner in the sixties. The friends and comrades-in-arms of the deceased in this locality unfailingly gather every year on Decoration Day to strew flowery emblems of commemoration and to decorate the monument of the departed in evergreen. The Indian school children and bearded veterans marched in procession to the graveyard, with "Old Glory" fluttering in the breeze and muffled drum-beats echoing among the hills. Arrived at the picturesque little graveyard, the Indian pupils formed in a circle within the enclosure, and sang the national anthem "America" and "Nearer my God to Thee." Rev. A. Reidhaar addressed the assembled veterans and children, directing his remarks to the latter especially, pointing out to them the objects of the holiday and why the graves of the heroes are decorated so profusely and beautifully each recurring close of May.

Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, if properly celebrated, undoubtedly is the most beautiful national feast of the United States. The surviving veterans especially take great pride and pleasure in the observance of the festival, and the people in general join with them in commemorating the nation's dead. The day is a general holiday, and as personal recollections fade and the actors of the tragedy disappear from view, it will become more and more an occasion for reviving flagging patriotism and renewing the loyalty of the people.

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Historical Sketches.

After the Spaniards had established themselves in Florida, the missions in America attracted the attention of St. Francis Borgia, the general of the Society of Jesus. This distinguished saint sent Peter Martinez with two associates to attempt the conversion of the natives, but Father Martinez was immediately put to death by the savages near St. Augustine, Florida (1566).

The companions of Peter Martinez went to Havana to prepare themselves for further attempts by learning the languages of the Florida tribes from the slaves held in that settlement. Other missionaries were sent; Father John Baptist Segura appointed vice-provincial, and earnest efforts were made to establish missions and schools for the conversion of the aborigines.

In 1569 Pope Pius V. addressed a brief to the Viceroy Melendez, commending the mission in America to his care and urging him especially to check the vices of the colonists, which rendered the labors of the missionaries in many places fruitless.

In the year 1270 Father Segura and four other Jesuits undertook to found a mission of the Chesapeake Bay. Several other attempts had failed and this also proved a failure. The five apostolic men had built a chapel near the present site of Fredericksburg and had passed a hard winter, when in February, 1571, the Indians massacred the whole party. The Jesuits then transferred their mission in Florida to Mexico.

The Franciscans next attempted to convert the Indians. Missions and stations were erected in many places. In 1597 most of these missions were destroyed and the friars killed by the uprising of the Indians. Nevertheless the work went on; other Franciscan friars took the places of their massacred brethren and at the time of the foundation and fortification of a permanent Spanish settlement at Pensacola (1695) the Franciscans had more than twenty houses or missions in Florida that had existed for a century (1595 to 1695).

These missions however were partly destroyed and the Catholic missionaries with their faithful converts put to death by the English, who undoubtedly were not better than the savage Indians, with whose help the outrages were committed.

Some of these missions lasted until Florida was ceded to England (A. D. 1763), and this ended the missionary labors of the Franciscans in Florida. The Christian Indians in Florida were expelled from their churches and mission buildings and driven into the forests, where they lost all trace of faith and civilization and became the fierce tribe known as Seminoles or "Wanderers."

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A negro was sick and a friendly colored brother came in to see him and asked what was the cause of his illness. The darkey replied: "I's feelin' poorly, My mule done gone and got sick and I went to de hoss doctor and he told me what to do. He tole me to get er tin tube and put de tube in de mule's mouf and blow der medersin down his froat. I got everything ready to blow, but de mule blowed fuss, and I tell yer, brudder, dat ar mule medersin was too much for dis here nigger."

On Flags.

A little essay on flags in general, with special reference to "Our Own," can hardly fail to be interesting to the readers of THE MISSION INDIAN. I know too, that it will be read with pleasure, and perhaps profit, by the Indians in their homes as well as by their children in the schools—hence I write this little paper. And following a wise advice I shall begin at the beginning by saying that the word "flag" comes from a "root" which signifies "to fly or flutter," hence the original idea is that a flag is something to be proud of, something to be shown in public, something made for the light of the day—and not for darkness or secrecy. A flag in general is defined by Webster to be "a cloth usually having certain devices and attached to a staff"—in fact one of the signals by which nationality is distinguished, and by which the sway or jurisdiction of a political power is asserted. Another definition of a flag is "a piece of cloth or stuff intended to be displayed, so as to indicate by shape, color, or symbols, nationality, rank, party, or opinion," and a third is "a cloth of light material, capable of being extended to the wind, and designed to make known some fact or want to spectators."

Having said so much on the definition, I may add that flags—substantially in their present form—have been used from the very earliest times. This we know from universally accepted tradition and from history. In fact we may presume that the use of flags is coeval with nationality. The Chinese and Japanese unfurled their flag with the Dragon long before the siege of Troy. So too did the Egyptians display theirs, bearing as a device some sacred animal or bird, or a tablet with the king's name. The Assyrians had theirs—one for war, the device of which was "a man standing on a running bull, in the act of drawing a bow," and another for peace, which bore as a symbol "two bulls running in opposite directions." The Persians in the time of Cyrus used a white flag with a golden eagle. The Grecians had divers symbols; according to Homer, Agamemnon had a purple veil to rally his men. The Romans also had many standards, the most ancient being "a bundle of hay tied to a pole"—afterwards "a wolf,. a bear and a horse"—then the "silver eagle with Jove's thunderbolts in his talons," and here I may remark that all the eagles, white, black or red—with single or double head—now in use in Europe, are imitations of the Roman standard. Augustus used a globe as his motto. It is worthy of note too that we find frequent mention of standards in the Holy Bible. The Hebrews went up out of Egypt under different standards, and, according to tradition, the four leading tribes—of Rueben, Ephraim, Judah and Dan—bore on their standards respectively a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle. And in Christian times, after the ten persecutions which took place during the first three centuries, history tells us that Constantine the Great, in the year 312 A. D., on his way with his army to do battle with Maxentius, his rival, saw the image of a cross in the sky, with the words "In this sign you shall conquer" written under it, and having adopted this as the sacred device of his banner, marched fearlessly on, and met, fought, and defeated the enemy. Afterwards he embraced the Catholic faith, and handed down for use in the Christian Church his "Labarum," as his banner was called—and to this day the Cross is the distinctive emblem of the Catholic Church. Every independent nation has its own flag-standard and motto. There are however some flags which have the same signification for all civilized nations. For instance, the White Flag—the symbol of peace—is used as a Flag of Truce or in Token of Surrender. The Red Flag means defiance and is a symbol of revolution. The Yellow Flag denotes sickness and quarantine. There are also some expressions regarding flags which have the same meaning in all countries—for example, "to strike a flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission. "Dipping a flag" is lowering it a little as a salute to a fort or passing vessel. And a "flag half mast" is one hauled down half-way as a symbol of mourning.

And now, as my little essay is already somewhat longer than was intended, I shall conclude by drawing attention to the evolution of our own "star spangled banner"—the glorious flag which floats over the most favored country on the globe. Before the Revolution the colonists used flags with devices more or less defiant. After the battle of Lexington the Volunteers from Connecticut bore on their flags the arms of the colony, with the legend "Qui transtulit sustinet"—"He who brought us over will sustain us"—but on the day after the battle of Bunker Hill, Putnam displayed a flag with the Connecticut motto on one side and on the other the words "An Appeal to Heaven." At Cambridge, Mass., Washington displayed the original of our present flag—13 stripes with a St. Andrew's cross in place of the stars. At this time too the Rattlesnake was used as a device with the words "Don't tread on me;" also the snake cut up in 13 pieces with the words "Join or die;" and sometimes the symbol was a snake with 13 rattles. But on June 14, 1777, the first legally established emblem was adopted by Congress and consisted of 13 stripes alternately red and white, representing the 13 states, and 13 stars white in a blue field—a new constellation representing the Union. This was altered in 1794, June 15, when it was enacted that after May 1st the flag should consist of 15 stripes and 15 stars—but in 1818, on the 4th day of April, the flag was re-established, with 13 horizontal stripes alternately red and white, and 20 stars representing the Union, white in a blue field—one star to be added to the Union on the admission of each new state, the addition to be made on the 4th of July after admission. This flag was used on the 4th of July, 1818, and is the present prescribed flag of the United States.

And this is the Glorious Flag recognized all the world over as the symbol of the Dignity and Liberty of mankind—which we American citizens, whether native or adopted, are bound to love and reverence, and in defence of which we should be prepared to lay down our lives. After our God and our Conscience it must have our undivided allegiance. It is our History—our Poem—it is the condensed record of our country's struggles for Liberty and Union—and the story of her heroes and her victories—it is our protection as well as our glory, at home and abroad. But above all let us love it and obey it conscientiously, because for us it represents the "Higher power to which every soul should be subject," and the Providence which watches over and protects us. If we love our flag we love our country—if we love our country we will obey her laws—if we obey her laws we obey the Supreme Lawgiver, our God—and in this and this alone consists true patriotism—loving God and Country.

"BANNERMAN."

Catholic Belief.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

What is this world? The world means everything existing outside of God. There is but one God who exists through Himself and is therefore eternal and infinite. Everything then, that is not God, does not exist through itself, or else it would be like to God. Now everything that does not exist through itself, owes its existence to another cause, to God, as to the first cause of all beings which constitute this world.

Whence is this world? The Church clearly and definitely teaches that the world is created by God out of nothing. In the Vatican Council she declares "The only true God in His goodness and all-mighty power, not in order to increase His happiness nor to attain His own perfection, but in order to manifest the same in His creatures, in the beginning of time created according to his own free will out of nothing the three orders of all created beings, the spiritual and the material, or the angelical and material, and at last the human, resulting from the union of the spirit and matter or of soul and body.

The world is therefore not eternal; for there was a time when it did not exist—and if it exists now, it only exists because it was created. Our Lord declares this truth most emphatically in the prayer recorded by St. John (17, 5) "And now glorify Thou me, O Father, with Thyself, with the glory which I had before the world was." At present we cannot form an idea of the condition previous to the creation of the world. "Before the mountains were made, or the earth and the world was formed: from eternity and to eternity Thou art God."

The world came into existence solely by the will of God. "He spoke and they (the creatures) were made, and he commanded and they were created," sings the Psalmist, and St. John in the Book of Revelations says "Thou art worthy, O Lord, our God, to receive honor, glory and power because Thou hast created all things and for Thy will they were and have been created." Through the will of God alone the world and everything in it exists. If we read in the Holy Scriptures "God spoke," it does not mean that God spoke after the manner of man; as with us men, the spoken word is the expression of our interior will, so with God the creation was the expression of His eternal will. God spoke means as much as God willed.

Whereof did God make this world? Out of nothing. There existed no matter out of which to make the world—God alone existed—He willed and the world came into existence. The mother of the Machabees says to her son, "I beseech thee, my son, look upon heaven and earth and all that is in them: and consider that God made them out of nothing, and mankind also."

And when did the will of God call into existence all things? In the beginning of time. The Bible in sublime simplicity begins the history of the creation with these words: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth. Until then there had been no time, no beginning. God alone was—and He was from eternity, and eternity knows not time. But with the creation began the succession of changes of matter and motion, consequently the measure of time, which shall go on as long as this world shall exist according to the will of its creator. This truth is beautifully contained in the words of St. John the Evangelist, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. This was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him and without Him was made nothing that was made." The Evangelist here expressly asserts of the Son of God (the Word) that He was already before the beginning, that He was with the Father from eternity. The beginning therefore is not with God, but with the created world, which once was not but was called into existence by the all-powerful will of God.

Again, if the world has been created out of nothing, it cannot be, as some infidels fabled, an emanation from the divine essence. In that case we could not say that the world was made out of nothing. But to speak of an emanation from the divine essence would be too absurd, for God being purely spiritual He cannot be divided, nor be diminished nor increased—being infinitely immutable. The world is entirely different from God—as St. Irenæus teaches—"Different are the creatures from their creator, as a work of art is different from the artist."

God is uncreated, without beginning or end—and has given existence to all the other beings. What has been created by Him had a beginning—and what had a beginning may also have an end, because it does not exist through itself but through a higher cause, and as it depends on that cause for its existence so also the duration thereof. All matter is mutable, and therefore perishable; the spiritual nature, however, having been created by God as a simple principle unchangeable in its essence, will, after having once been created by God, exist for ever.

God as the Creator is called the first and last cause. He is the first cause considered in Himself, and we call Him the last cause—because in the method of human reasoning, when searching for the last cause of anything existing, we come at last to God—the last sufficient cause of all creation.

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Subscribe for The Mission Indian.

The Queen of Spain.

Queen Marie Christine, Regent of Spain, recently manifested in the streets of Madrid an edifying piece of public piety that recalls the most picturesque incident in the career of the founder of the house of Hapsburg, to which she belongs. There is not a history of Germany that does not describe in glowing colors how Emperor Rudolph on one occasion, when out riding in the mountains, met an aged priest conveying the sacrament to a dying person, and how he alighted from his horse, lifted the priest into the saddle, and then trudged alongside on foot, cap in hand and leading the horse.

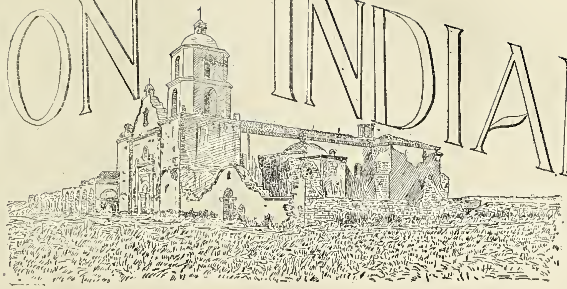
The other day the Queen Regent, while out driving with her brother, the gigantic Archduke Eugene of Austria, met a priest accompanied by his acolyte, who was carrying the viaticum to a dying woman. As soon as the Queen heard the tinkle of the acolyte's bell, she at once stopped the carriage, alighted with her brother, and then, after having forced the priest to take his place therein, ordered the coachman to proceed at a walking pace to the residence of the dying woman, her Majesty following behind the carriage on foot with her brother, who doffed his hat.

The spectacle of the royal carriage proceeding through the city at a walking pace, with the coachman and footman bareheaded, naturally attracted public attention, which gave way to interest first and then to good will and sympathy when the people caught sight of the priest in the carriage and the Queen following on foot behind. By the time that the house of the dying woman had been reached there were thousands of people following in her Majesty's wake, the men removing their hats and the women bending the knee as the procession passed.

The Queen entered the house with the priest, and finding that the dying girl was the daughter of a broken-down actor and that the family was in want, not only expressed to the parents her very kindliest sympathy, but likewise promised to provide for their material welfare, as well as for the suitable obsequies of the poor sufferer in case she did not recover.

The Queen insisted on the priest making use of the carriage to return to his church, and herself walked back to the palace with her brother, followed by a cheering crowd. An hour later one of her gentlemen-in-waiting brought to the bereaved couple a purse containing 1,000 francs, and when the next day the girl died she was buried at the expense of the Queen Regent. Go and do thou likewise.

THE MISSION INDIAN



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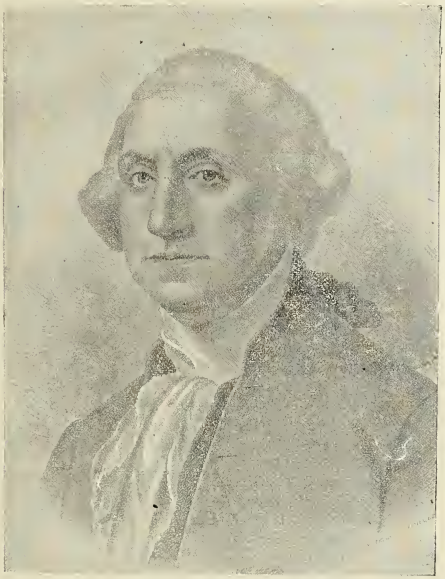

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

"The Delaration of Independence."

> ...."Oh Liberty;
> "Parent of happiness—Celestial born—"
> When the first man became a living soul,
> His Sacred genius Thou! —*Dyer.*

Prompted by an instinct of the human heart to cherish the memory of the noble deeds and great achievements of our race—an instinct ever found in nations too, which are but individuals on a larger scale—we find at all times a "national holiday" an Institution of every country.

Our great "national festival" is kept on the Fourth of July—the anniversary of that glorious day in 1776, sacred to liberty and the dignity of man—on which was signed by fifty-six representatives of an oppressed people, and proclaimed defiantly, a political document which for heroic courage and profound wisdom is without a parallel in history—"*The Declaration of Independence.*" Hence on that day "Old Glory," with its "stars and stripes,"—the symbol of *our* emancipation and independent nationhood—aye and the handwriting of the genius of universal emancipation too, could we but peer into the future—floats in this broad land from "the center to the seas" over a people overflowing with joyfulness and gratitude. From platform and from pulpit, in patriotic speech and song, in processions grand and mirthful games, and around the festive board in every nook and corner, the "*Declaration of Independence*" and the "*United States of America*" are the themes on every tongue and in every heart. And it is wise and well that it should be so, for if there be any nation on the earth that should feel it a duty to celebrate and keep alive the memory of its emancipation and birth into independent nationhood, it is the United States of America. And here it would be useful and interesting to trace the course of events which led up to the conception and proclamation of this inspired revolt against oppression and in favor of the rights and liberty of mankind, but want of space forbids—remarks must therefore be both brief and cursory. The Colonists up to the year 1606 were little interfered with by England, but in that year, on the memorable 10th of April, James I. began to issue patents to companies of his own countrymen—these however were unsuccessful except one, the London Company. After this, although constant intercourse was kept up with England, she did not until 1652, during the Commonwealth and afterwards under Charles II., assume the government of the colonies. However, during the whole time the various colonists had been gathering themselves into distinct communities and living within prescribed limits—the Puritans in the East, the Dutch in New York, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Catholics in Maryland, and the Anglicans in Virginia. And, notwithstanding their subjection, there was a general feeling of loyalty. The wealthy young men were educated in England, English literature prevailed, and the British throne was considered the fountain of honor. And the colonists, although differing in origin, character and religion, lived harmoniously, united by a common language, common ties, fears and hopes. In fact, George Washington, afterwards commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary Army, and twice President of the United States, when but a young surveyor was entrusted with a diplomatic message to the French in 1753, and afterwards in 1759 as Major led the Virginia provincial army against Fort Du Quesne, at present the city of Pittsburg, where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers unite to form the Ohio.

And now as to the causes which led on to the Revolution. We would say that the one which underlay and determined all the immediate occasional causes, was the innate love of Liberty in man, and his corresponding hatred of unjust arbitrary government. The colonists were all Republicans in politics, the English were monarchists, the Americans had never seen a king—and the only means they had of knowing what he was like was their experience of his officers whose domineering conduct humiliated and disgusted them. They had enjoyed Home Rule for a long time, and individually and collectively, through public opinion and conventions, they arrived at and grasped the great fundamental truths upon which all lawful governments depend, namely: that the power to govern is—under God—inherent in the "people collectively;" "that all men are created equal," and that man has certain inalienable rights, such as his right to life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, and above all, his right to worship his Creator according to the dictates of his conscience—rights which no power on earth can confer or abrogate. These great fundamental truths were busy in the individual and collective minds of the people generally, hence all was wanting was sufficient irritation to bring forth the declaration of them, which sooner or later was sure to come. It came—no doubt providentially—and that was all was needed to convert the loyalists—and they were many—who, although Republicans at heart, were not prepared or inclined to renounce their allegiance to England and fight for independence. The occasional causes generally set down by historians are: "the right of arbitrary government" insisted upon by England; "the influence of France;" "the growth of public opinion;" the "personal and absolute character of the king;" then "taxation without representation;" the "importation act;" the "stamp act," and, finally, the importation of a British army to crush by force all opposition. The stamps were returned or left unused; the Bostonians had a "tea party" to which the English officers were not invited, and so on, until the war of Revolution commenced at Boston, and from the battle of Bunker Hill and of Lexington, which took place on April 17, 1775, where the Americans were victorious, lasted until October 19, 1781, when at Yorktown Cornwallis surrendered and the British army of 7,247 English and Hessian soldiers laid down their arms, became prisoners of war, and ceased, very likely, for a while to meditate upon the glory of old England.

No doubt this victorious termination could not have been secured without the aid of France, and to her we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude—but this does not detract from the halo of glory that must ever crown the immortal Washington and his heroic little army, two-thirds Catholic. When the Americans declared their independence they proclaimed war against a nation that was then the most powerful on the globe—they had neither army nor munitions of war nor wealth—their cause might well seem not only rash and hopeless, but even criminal in the circumstances. Yet there was one hope under Divine Providence (in which all firmly believed) and that was in the sublime unselfish patriotism, dauntless courage, and endless perseverence of the heroic Washington—"First in war; first in peace, as we know; and first, then and now and for ever, in the hearts of his countrymen." Well, victory—glorious victory, thank God—came and the immortal Declaration of Independence was no longer mere words on parchment—Lee, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, Livingston, Carroll, and the rest of the 56 original signers of the document—were gloriously vindicated. The Declaration was a reality, and nothing was wanting but an organized government and a constitution.

We must now close our remarks, and may as well do so by a few words intended to correct a false impression which is very general, namely that the truths and principles contained in the Declaration of Independence were for the first time promulgated and acted on in July, 1776. And for this purpose we shall quote the words of the illustrious Brownson: "The doctrine of individual freedom before the State is due to the Christian religion, which asserts the dignity and worth of every human soul, and the accountability to God of each man for himself, and lays it down as law for every one that God is to be obeyed rather than men. The Church practically denied the absolutism of the State and asserted for every man rights not held from the State, in converting the empire to Christianity in defiance of State authority, and imperial edicts punishing with death the profession of the Christian faith. In this she practically as well as theoretically overthrew State absolutism, and taught the doctrine that every individual, even the lowest and meanest, has rights which the State can neither confer nor abrogate." And where do we find a warrant for the words in the sixth article of the Constitution, viz., "that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States," if not in the Christian doctrine: "We must obey God rather than men?" Or, in other words, no power on earth has a right to deprive any man of Freedom of Conscience. Let us beware of those traitors to God and to the Constitution of our country who preach the contrary doctrine. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We have now enjoyed it, civil and religious, for 107 years (save and except during the disgraceful reign of Knownothingism) and under the rule and protection of 23 Presidents—eight of whom served a second term, viz.: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant and Cleveland. We are now about to elect our 24th—and may God grant that, whoever he may be, he may not be the first traitor that has ever sat in the chair of George Washington, as he will be if he be not one who, when he takes the oath of office, will not honestly swear to uphold the Constitution of this country in its entirety, and above all, that fundamental article (the sixth) which guarantees freedom of conscience to every American citizen, and lays it down as law "that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust in the United States."

UNCLE SAM.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Some of San Diego's streets are notably fine and others are the exact opposite. Between them the bootblacks do a thriving business.

Rare acoustic properties are a feature of the Catholic church at San Diego, and beautiful stained glass windows grace both exterior and interior.

The German Catholics of Los Angeles have laid the foundation and erected the first story of a hall 120x40 feet. The way to proceed is to proceed.

The population of San Diego numbers many Catholics. An additional parish there could be aught but beneficial, viewed from any standpoint.

Rev. Father Rubio is one of the pioneer priests of the diocese, and it must have pleased his heart to behold how his flock loves the Sacred Heart.

The League of the Sacred Heart was introduced in San Buenaventura by Rev. P. J. Stockman of Santa Barbara. Forty members are a splendid beginning.

Rev. Scannel's congregation at Pasadena has representatives of Anglo-Saxon, Gallic, Teutonic and Hiberian extraction. And the outspoken doctor is beloved by them all.

Colton, Riverside and Redlands have not a numerically strong Catholic clientele, but A. P. A.'s are numerous there. The old fable of the fox and the lamb is here strikingly repeated.

The ladies of Pasadena are indefatigable in their efforts to beautify their churches and the altars contained therein. Why is it the members of the male persuasion are so lax in this respect?

Five families constitute the congregation of the Catholic church at Oceanside. Father Byrne is in charge, and although an invalid of many years' duration, still labors on with undiminished zeal and a hope undisquieted by bodily ills.

The Catholic church in Santa Ana was destroyed by fire Sunday, June 28. Father Reidhaar, who is sojourning in Banning at present, was much distressed at the unwelcome tidings and hopes that, Phœnix like, it may rise again from its ashes.

We had the pleasure recently of meeting Father Bærts, of Canada, whose travels, especially in China and East India, are extensive. He is not in the best of health at present, but an improvement is noticeable. He is a man of varied experience and broad knowledge.

St. Joseph's Sanitarium in San Diego, in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, is eligibly located and the attendance given patients the best possible, circumstances which make it much sought after by victims of disease or accident.

Riverside High School exercises were not free from the stain of sectarianism. Father McCarthy very properly protested against, in a communication to the *Enterprise*, and resented the abusive utterances made by some of the pupils on this occasion.

There are five German Protestant churches in Los Angeles and two in San Diego. Walter Lecky is right when he says the German Lutheran Church in the United States has lost but few members who speak their mother-tongue. A lesson for us Catholics.

The contributions of Miss Georgine Bates to *The Child* evidence literary ability much above the ordinary. The serial "Seven Little Thieves" is a subject of fascinating context. By the way, there is always space in The Mission Indian for "Seven Little Somebodies."

Rev. Father Ubach, of San Diego, kindly lent us every assistance in our mission for the German Catholics there. The discourses were marked by a numerous attendance, and the good work was propitiously received. The territory under Father Ubach's supervision is of vast extent, embracing as it does nearly all of San Diego county and Lower California, and containing besides an Indian school, hospital, academy, etc.

Those who are loudest in their exclamations against money being appropriated for sectarian schools (viz. Catholic Indian schools) are the very identical ones that receive Government aid for sectarian purposes, but they obtain it under another title. If less letters were written and fewer falsehoods reported, and if those who pose as reformers would mind their own business, there would be less trouble among the Indians. Says the wolf to the lamb: "How dare you muddy the water I am about to drink?"

The Sacred Heart Church at East Los Angeles combines capacity with beauty, although it is not as yet frescoed. Father Harnett ranks among the foremost of the successful pastors of this diocese, having a school, a large hall beneath the church, and a cozy, home-like residence. His kindness is proverbial, and whether sick or well, he knows how to help you. And the big bell continues its resonant bum, bum, bum! calling the living; mourning the dead.

Father Lennon, of San Diego, was swinging around the circle of Baja California lately for three weeks. Many happy couples were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by him on this trip, and he recorded 145 baptisms. He returned home tanned brown as a berry, and suffering with a cold, but by this time is no doubt ready to again resume work with a will.

It has been our privilege to be present and listen to the singing of many different church choirs in Southern California and elsewhere, and it pains us to have to admit that rarely have we heard performed the grand stirring compositions written by the masters of church music. And wherever such singing is attempted, observance of the true time and dynamical variations are often lacking. It is true, finished dynamic execution and the keeping of proper time are matters difficult of acquisition, but this point once accomplished, such rendition appears to clothe the composition in an entirely different character. The singing of the girls and young ladies at the entertainment of St. Mary's Academy in Los Angeles was very good indeed, the degree of comprehension, shading, and expression, of the body of singers being excellent. Attention to notation, so essential in bringing out the character of the respective composition, is astonishing in effect, and pre-eminently shows the beauty of vocal music.

Nothing compares in richness and sweetness of tone with the human voice, given by God to gladden the hearts of men. Neglecting the cultivation of your voice means to lose a large portion of the joys of life. Years ago we met with Mr. Schuetke, an actor having a bass voice of wonderful depth and range, who was then a favorite at all the opera houses of Europe. He assured his admirers that the human voice is not cultivated generally as it should be, and that there was hardly a person who could not by careful training perfect the voice far beyond conception. There ought be a difference between opera-music and church-music. It is a mystery why so little attention is paid to the many soul-elevating church compositions. Palestrina wrote nearly 100 masses, yet we have listened to but one being sung. Nevertheless, when the "Missa Papæ Marcelli" was sung in St. Peter's church before a committee of experts, they exclaimed: "St. John has given a description of the music in heaven (in the Apocalypse), and another John (Palestrina) brought it down from heaven."

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CALIF., JULY 15, 1896.

August the 2d, called the feast of Portiuncula, will be duly and solemnly celebrated at the Old Church and at St. Joseph's Church in Los Angeles.

The so-called Portiuncula indulgence may be gained at both the Old Plaza Church, and at St. Joseph's Church, Los Angeles, the latter being in charge of Franciscan Fathers.

An indulgence is a remission of the temporal punishment due to sin.

An indulgence is not a remission of sin nor a license to commit sin, and he who is in the state of mortal sin, cannot gain an indulgence.

To receive forgiveness of our sins it is necessary to be truly sorry for them (contrition) and to receive the Sacrament of Penance. ("Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."—John xx, 23.) But to gain an indulgence some GOOD WORKS besides are necessary.

Furthermore, in order to gain an indulgence it is necessary to be in the state of grace, *i. e.*, free from the stain of mortal sin.

To gain the indulgence of Portiuncula the following good works have to be performed: 1) To receive the Sacrament of Penance; 2) to go to Holy Communion; 3) to visit one of the above named churches, and to say fervent prayers according to the intention of the Visible Head of the Church, the Holy Father.

Works of penance, fasting, and giving of alms, are excellent means of purifying the soul, and they assure the receiving of the expected graces.

From the above it is clear that Portiuncula is a time of grace; a mission in itself. To become better men and better women is the aim of our lives. The 2d of August tells you: "Convert to the Lord, thy God. Try again to be good." Come all, ye faithful! Peace of heart, which no man can give; abundant graces, God's help for your salvation, are the fruits of a worthy, sincere participation in the spiritual exercises on the day of Portiuncula.

Requiescat in Pace.

"You Can't Play in my Yard." Was it not dramatical, beautiful? The two bright girls did so well that we could not anticipate that one of the little actresses would be a corpse on the second last day of the school term 1895-96. Felicitad Leo, aged 8 years, is no more. Her tender body is buried in mother earth. Thursday, June 25, all the children enjoyed a day of recreation and fun in the woods. Felicitad was among the number. She was a sweet, good little girl, innocent as a dove and smart beyond her years, always contented and in a happy frame of mind. Children are fond of fruit. But they may eat too much of it. Felicitad unfortunately did that, and probably swallowed the kernel of the fruit also. Intestinal obstruction resulted and after an illness of only three days, during which she suffered intensely, death relieved her of all pain and her soul was borne aloft, to play in another yard in heaven.

Felicitad received tho Sacraments of the Church. She understood it all, as if possessed of the mind of a person more mature. How is it that Death claims so many an Indian child whose future seems full of promise and hope? God called it away. His name be praised. He is all-wise. He wants the pure and innocent to dwell with Him in heaven.

"You can't play in my yard," said Felicitad. But at present she is playing in God's yard, on that beatific playground where no danger lurks to ensnare youthful innocence, and where angels and saints play in everlasting happiness and peace.

"Yes, dear child, play on forever in God's yard and be one of the happy. Pray for your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and all your big and little friends."

May she rest in peace.

The coming Presidential election does not create the excitement this year that usually accompanies the national suffrage exercise. The times are not as most people wish them to be, and public opinion does not favor any further tampering with the tariff question. The metal-and-money issue is the much-talked-of but little understood question around which interest mainly centers, and will likely remain uppermost until decided by a vote of the people in November. To again change the present tariff will do more injury to our commerce than a more protective measure would benefit us. It is a queer feature of our politics that an economical question, such as our tariff policy, is made a party measure. There is no doubt a general feeling that protection ought to be such, that a change in the administration should not expose us to being swindled by the money men for a time and then again have the mortification of reaction: a bankrupt treasury and panic all over.

The Republicans brought about the McKinley tariff. The people answered by placing the Democratic party in power. The Democrats did not succeed in making a change of the tariff laws. Free silver divided their forces from the start, and even on the tariff they were hopelessly split. The people were displeased; the Democrats had to go and the Republicans again assumed control. We have still a Democratic President and administration though.

One thing, however, seems reasonably certain: if McKinley is elected it will be because the public generally is desirous of better times, and expect to obtain them through his election. The weakest point in a McKinley administration undoubtedly is the fear that it will be a government by the rich people of this and other countries. Still, better times are wanted, no matter how they come.

The Democrats come into the campaign with a so-called silver plank. Silver, they say, is the money of the poor. Silver will bring better times; Uncle Sam will stamp his Goddess of Liberty thereon, everybody will have a sufficiency, and full value too.

We do not pretend to be expert on the tariff or money question, but a careful consideration of the two would suggest that a change was necessary. If we have high protection, we shut out other nations from our market; if we have free silver, that is, if we raise the value of 50 cents worth of silver to one dollar, we shall be alone again, as other nations will not accept coin for more than it is actually worth.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

I had it in mind to send you a little letter this month telling you about the devotion of the Most Precious Blood, but I changed that idea, and instead I must try and remind you of some of those things that Father Fitzgerald told the little boys and girls in Banning before they went on vacation.

My! wasn't it quick—the death of my little niece Felicitad. We ought to take a good lesson from that child's death, and be always good, and ready to die.

The things Father told the children are:

1. To be nice and charitable to everybody. Some, otherwise good people, seem to have and indulge an inclination to hurt. That is wrong. Jesus Christ, our model and master, would never do or say what would give hurt to any person. Imitate Jesus in charity.

2. Do not on any account omit your morning and evening prayer. And above all, pray often during the day, those nice short little prayers that you can make yourself.

3. Go to Mass every Sunday if you can. You will lose a great deal if you stay away from Mass, even one Sunday. You know that in the Mass the self-same Jesus, who died on the cross, is offered up. That is what our catechism tells us. It says there is no difference between the sacrifice of the cross and the sacrifice of the màss. They are both the same though the manner of offering is different. Now if Calvary was near, and Jesus again to be raised on the cross, you would surely try to be present, to see the sacrifice. Come to Mass, then, every Sunday without fail.

4. Those big boys and girls who are to get married soon must remember this: that marriage is a Sacrament, and that a man can have only one wife, and a woman can have only one husband—one and one only until death parts. No one can separate the two whilst living so that either may marry again. "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." Marriage being a Sacrament, the selection of one to be a life partner, to help you on the road to Heaven, you must prepare for it as for any other Sacrament by prayer, and by asking the advice of your parents, and of the priest. Your old Uncle is very sorry to hear that some people who know better, do not in their official capacity tell the Indians, who mean to do right, when they know the right, what is the will of Jesus Christ in this great Sacrament of Matrimony. The will of Jesus Christ is expressed distinctly in the teaching of His Church—the holy Catholic Church.

I will finish by hoping that you will all enjoy your vacation, and sometimes say a prayer for me.

UNCLE TOM.

The Blessed Mary Will Ever Be a Mother to You and Watch Over You.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., June 27, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

These few lines I write to you because I love you. I much enjoyed your letter in THE MISSION INDIAN last month. I was very glad to hear that the Blessed Virgin is my mother, because I have no mother. She died many years ago. I suppose you remember the time, dear Uncle, for I do not. I was too small. How do you pass your time? Are you too old to work? Nearly all the Indians are working on the new ditch in the Portrero. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your loving nephew,

FRANCISCO CHAVIZ.

Uncle Likes to See You All United in the League of the Sacred Heart.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., July 6, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

We all belong to the League of the Sacred Heart. Are you glad? I like to go to school very much. I am trying hard to learn, for I want to know everything and be like you, dear Uncle. You think that I have forgotten you, but I remember you very well. But I do not remember my mother. Was she your sister? All the boys are trying to be good and obedient to Father Hahn and the teachers. We never fight or quarrel. I should like to see my letter printed in THE MISSION INDIAN, and will write you more the next time. Respectfully, your nephew,

FRANCISCO PEDRO.

"Turn It Over."

"I went to see a lady once," said a priest, "who was in deep trouble and distress on account of her great afflictions. When I went in she was working on a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped it by her feet, the wrong side out, and there it lay a mass of crude work tangled—everything out of order seemingly. Well, said I, what is this you are employed at? 'Oh,' she replied, 'it is a pillow I am making for a lounge. I'm making it for a gift.' I should not think you would waste your time on that, I said. It looks tangled, without design or meaning, and I went on abusing the whole bit of handiwork, belittling the combination of colors, and so on.

"'Why, Father,' she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change on the subject we had before been talking of, and at the persistency with which I criticised her work, 'why you were looking at the wrong side. Turn it over.'

"Then I said: That is just what you are doing. You are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here you are looking at the tangled side of God's providence, but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle, and in the end a beautiful work. Believe Him in the darkness, believe Him in the mysteries. Let him that walketh in the darkness and seeth not the light yet trust in the Lord. When you get on the other side, and look at His ways from our place in heaven, His work will all look beautiful, and we will then understand why He sent us this trouble, and loaded us down with that cross. And we shall bless Him for the sorrows He made us endure."

Consecration of Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace.

On Tuesday, June 20, the solemn peal of church bells announced to the Catholics of the diocese of Sacramento that they were no longer without the guidance of a Bishop. Rev. Father Grace, hitherto the Vicar-General of the diocese, had been chosen by the Holy Father to be the successor of the deceased pioneer-Bishop Manogue, and on that day was consecrated with imposing ceremony by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops Montgomery, of Los Angeles, and Scanlon, of Salt Lake City.

A large number of the clergy and members of religious societies were present, and every seat was occupied by the faithful. Preparations on a grand scale had been made to heighten the solemnity of the occasion, and the Cathedral was decorated profusely and prettily. Of the altars, those of St. Joseph and St. Mary were trimmed particularly beautiful.

In the procession were members of the Children of Mary's Society, Women's Society, Maiden's Society, Young Men's Institute, Catholic Knights, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Portuguese Union.

After the Rev. clergy had been seated, the assistants of Archbishop Riordan turned and addressed him as follows: "Most Rev. Father, our Mother, the Catholic Church, desires that you raise this priest to the episcopal dignity." The Archbishop was then handed the apostolic mandate, which was read. Father Grace in his response promised that he would, by word and deed, as much as in his power lay, proclaim to his diocesans the Holy Scriptures; that he would refrain from all that is evil, and by good works set an example to be followed by all his subordinates, and that he would renounce all worldly matters and devote himself exclusively to the spiritual welfare of his flock, and be to it a true and trusty shepherd.

Then followed the consecration of Father Grace as Bishop of the diocese of Sacramento.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, of Los Angeles, preached the festival sermon, and it is said by those who listened to the discourse to have been one of the Bishop's best deliverances.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

The trial of the Indians accused of having murdered aged Mrs. Platt, the Indian school teacher of Pichango, and then setting fire to the school house and cremating her body, came to a close on June 18 by the jury acquitting Francisco Guavish of any participation in the crime, and he was released from custody on that charge, but was detained to answer a complaint of larceny pending against him in Los Angeles. Moledo, the Indian who confessed to having committed the dastardly outrage, in his confession implicated Guavish and two other Indians as accessories before the fact, but the jury thought differently and acquitted them.

Antonio Trujillo and Francisco Rodriquez, the other two Indians charged with the crime, were turned loose on Saturday, June 20.

Thus the murder of Mrs. Platt still remains unavenged. Public opinion is divided as to who the real murderers are. Some think that the four accused Indians are the guilty ones, and that Moledo told the truth in his first confession, while others hold that none of the Indians had a hand in the butchery, but that it was the well-conceived plan of a white-skinned fiend.

PORTRERO.

Most of the Portrero Indians are engaged at present in digging an irrigation ditch. The work is being done by the U. S. government, and furnishes employment to quite a number of men. Assistant Indian Agent Davenport, of San Jacinto, last month disbursed about $2,000 as wages among them, which money so earned relieved many a necessity of the poorer ones.

St. John's day was celebrated on June 23 and 24 by the Indians with a big feast. A string band from San Timoteo furnished the music. Horse races, foot races, and other field sports were indulged in, together with an old-fashioned barbecue, and the feast proved an enjoyable event to the population of the reservation. Not only the Indians, but many white people also, entered into the spirit of the various pastimes there offered.

PERRIS.

The Perris Indian Industrial School had its closing exercises on June 24. The school has 114 pupils, and the exercises by the children afforded the residents of Perris Valley a glimpse of what education can and does do for our Indians. The exhibits of the fancy work, sewing and laundry departments, and the samples of drawing, pen and ink work, together with the neatly bound examination papers, attracted considerable notice and praise, especially the work done by the primary class. Owing to the rush of work attendant upon the closing days of St. Boniface school, and other matters demanding our personal attention, we were unable to be present at the exercises, much to our regret.

YUMA.

The Indian school at Yuma has closed for a two months' vacation. No closing exercises were held, owing to the present almost unbearable heat of the desert region, but during the winter months exercises of a like character took place.

CAHUILLA VALLEY.

The captain in Cahuilla Valley is again changed. An Indian captain has no pay, but lots of trouble when in office. Numerous are his onerous duties, small the contents of his pocketbook, and yet he is expected to make many cash sacrifices, but in case of disputes nobody cares for the captain. Hence a captain of an Indian reservation is truly a *servus servorum servarumque doctarum*: a servant of the servants, learned or unlearned.

Father John Cabaleria married a few couples in Soboba last month. May they be happy!

Now look here: Marriage is the union of one man and one woman. As long as the husband lives, his wife cannot marry another. And as long as the wife lives, the husband cannot live with another woman. This is a law of Christ, and not at all a law of the Church. Christ says: "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It is true, the laws of the United States permit divorces. But the United States is an unsectarian government, and as there are millions of people who have no religion, the law simply provides a way for them to live if they cannot get along at all any more. Christians though cannot lawfully separate.

A singular fact is related by the *Roman Post* of Cardinal Galimberti's last illness. The suffering the eminent ecclesiastic endured was so intense that he was for long periods in delirium. During one of these periods he was heard to begin a discourse. It was in Latin, and to the astonishment of the bystanders he followed through to the end in the most rational and logical way. Then a moment afterwards he took up the same speech and translated it word for word into French. The effect was singularly moving. This discourse was about the re-union of the churches.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

The glorious Fourth of July was not marked by boom of cannon or flow of oratory in Banning, but the ubiquitous firecracker and scorched fingers were very much in evidence.

Cupid's darts of bliss found lodgment in the hearts of several of our fair young damsels and courtiers the past month. Miss Ada Ball and John Ainscough were married June 20, and Prof. Paul G. Ward, principal of the Banning school, led to the hymenial altar Miss Bertha Wolfe, of Elsinore.

Last season apricots sold for $20 a ton, but this year $13 is all the local dryers will pay, and they claim to be not over anxious to take them at that figure. Orchardists in consequence are doing their own cutting and drying, and trays containing fruit may be seen stretched out on patches of green in all parts of town. Indians from Portrero and elsewhere, and white boys and girls, are busily occupied these days in gathering the fruit harvest, which is abundant. Peaches are getting ripe and mellow, but the demand for and prices of that fruit are far from encouraging. Ripe grapes are being shipped from Arizona to the Los Angeles market.

A base ball nine from Banning went to Redlands recently to wrest from the champions of the diamond there laurels which the home team thought should be worn by themselves, and which they believed they could hold and defend against all comers with more propriety and success than the aggregation of "scrub" town-ball players from Redlands, who had been misled into the notion that they knew something about the great national pastime. The local players were re-enforced with a few of the crack players selected from the St. Boniface school nine, and the Indian boys claim that after they had practically won the game for their side, by timely hits and good all-round play, the Banning boys suddenly collapsed like the Italian's balloon which the little boy had punctured with a pin, and the Redlanders walked away with the game to the tune of 21 to 2. The Indian boys now say that when they are again asked to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them, they will beg to be excused, but will engage in a game with the Bannings not only to retrieve honors lost in Redlands, but also to rebuke them by administering such a dose of "goose eggs" as will make them seem like walking incubators in the process of being loaded.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST

Proved Conclusively from the Miracles Recorded in the New Testament.

This paper is addressed to those only who believe in the existence of a Personal God—who is eternal, infinitely perfect, and Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things—and who also admit the *historical* truthfulness of the Bible.

With this preliminary explanation I propose to prove conclusively, from the miracles wrought by Christ, "That He is God, and the only Son of God, equal to the Father in all things."

And to commence: It must be admitted that Christ is God, if we have God's authority for that fact—and we have. For Christ asserted that he was God, admitted that He was God, and received adoration as God, and in proof of His divinity, His Divine Mission and Veracity, wrought 43 real miracles, which are recorded in the New Testament, besides many others not specified.

Now neither God, nor any one empowered by God, can work a real miracle in favor of error or falsehood, or idolatry. If Christ be not God, there is no escape from the horrible blasphemous conclusion that He was an impostor, the greatest and most successful the world has ever seen or can see, and that God had empowered and permitted Him to work the most extraordinary miracles in favor of falsehood and idolatry, and thereby deceived the thousands of millions of Christians who have believed and will believe in His divinity until the end of time. What awful blasphemy—impossible of course. It horrifies one just to think of a supposition that would give countless millions a right to stand up on the last day and accuse Almighty God of having deceived them.

Now to make clear what I have said it is necessary that I explain what a real miracle is, and then show that no one but God or one empowered by God, can work such a one. What, then, is a miracle? Is every marvelous thing which we cannot understand a miracle? By no means. A real miracle is a fact or event, obvious to the senses, contrary to the usual and known laws of nature, and which can be effected only through the extraordinary intervention of God.

Are such miracles possible? Of course they are. God is supreme, omnipotent; hence no one may deny that He can do as He wills. Can we be absolutely certain of a real miracle? Undoubtedly. But the atheist says: "Miracles are impossible, and even if miracles could take place, we can never be certain of one since we do not know all the laws of nature or the limits of their effects." And we are told "that science in the future will explain all the miracles of Christ as results of purely natural causes." I admit we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the laws of nature, and hope and believe that science will disclose in the future many wonderful facts. But although we never can say with certainty how far the limit and extent of natural laws reach, yet we can know with absolute certainty a limit to which they do *not* extend, and effects which they *cannot* produce. Thus we cannot say for certain how far a medicine or magnetic treatment may go in curing a sick man—but we can, and do know with absolute certainty that no amount of medicine or magnetic treatment can bring a dead man back to life—or heal perfectly, and in an instant, incurable diseases of the body. And having absolute certainty, for example, of the restoration to life of Lazarus, who had been four days dead, and of the only son of the widow of Naim, and of Christ's own resurrection, no sane person would say that because our knowledge of the laws of nature is imperfect we cannot assert with absolute certainty that such obvious facts witnessed and testified to by crowds are not contrary to the law of nature—and hence miracles—and hence the work of God—as no one but God or His agent can interfere with the ordinary course of nature's laws.

But is it true that Christ wrought such miracles? No one can deny he did, who admits the historical truth of the New Testament (apart altogether from the question of the inspiration of it.) There are forty-three miracles specified in that book, besides the number which according to the four Evangelists, Jesus wrought, but were not recorded. We read of the stupendous miracle of the Incarnation, when by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost The Word or Son of God was made Flesh in the womb of the *virgin* Mary; of Zachary's dumbness and cure; of the heavenly army of angels singing the "Glory be to God on High" at His birth; of the Star in the East and *adoration* of the Magi; of the water changed into wine at Cana—and so on all through the three years of His Mission we find Him giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, healing lepers, curing the palsied, the dropsical, the paralyzed, walking on the waves and calming the storms, feeding thousands with a few loaves and fishes, raising the dead to life, *reading men's thoughts* and forgiving sins, dying on the cross, dead and buried, and *raising Himself* from the dead on Easter Sunday—and yet there are those who believe in all these miracles and still say Jesus Christ is not God, and they will quote the miracles of Moses, Elias, Eliseus, etc., foolishly or knavishly omitting the all-important fact that none of these ever claimed to be God or anything more than humble agents of the Almighty, and never thought of receiving Divine Honor, whilst Jesus Christ, who wrought all these miracles, asserted that He was God—that "He and the Father were one;" that "the Father was in Him and He in the Father"—and also used these words: "You believe in God, believe also in Me"—"All things whatsoever the Father hath are Mine." To whom Thomas used these words: "My Lord and my God." Of whom St. Paul writes "of Whom is Christ according to the Flesh who is over all things God, blessed for ever," and "Christ Jesus being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God."

Really, it is difficult to see how those *learned* Scripturians can write and preach and publish such illogical and false doctrine. They will tell the people that Christ was the most perfect man that ever lived, the most truthful, pure, charitable, meek, humble, noble, etc., and the most obedient to the commandments, but never a word about His asserting that He was God and claiming and receiving adoration as God. They will never tell "that the three wise men fell down and adored Him;" that "a leper came and adored Him, saying 'Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole;'" that "they that were in the boat adored Him;" that the Unclean Spirit seeing Jesus afar off ran and adored Him calling Him "Jesus, Son of the Most High God;" that the blind man whom He healed said "I believe, Lord," and falling down he adored Him. Let us pray for them.

Christ is God. He spoke as a God, He lived, suffered and died as a God. He told His hearers that He was God and His miracles were wrought in proof of His being God; He rose from the dead as the God of heaven and earth. "If you do not believe my words, believe my works." His miraculous works are so numerous that St. John writes: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they were written everyone, the world itself I think would not be able to contain the books that should be written."—(XXI, 25.)

No man ever foretold that after dying a most cruel death and shedding the last drop of his life-blood, he would rise again. No man having foretold this, rose again from the dead.

Christ did it. Hence do not compare Christ our Lord with some great men that lived in this world.

And now in conclusion let me say that I have proved my theses conclusively. I started by saying that "Christ is God, if we have God's own authority for that fact," and I proved that we have God's authority from the fact of the miracles wrought by Christ to prove His Divinity, His Divine Mission, and His Veracity. We have then God's authority for the fact that Christ is truthful. But Christ not only asserted and taught that He was God, but actually received adoration and divine honors. Therefore He is God. And those who deny it cannot do so knowingly without blasphemously making out Almighty God a deceiver and Jesus Christ an impostor.

Annual Recital by Pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Los Angeles, Cal.

The school term of St. Mary's Academy in Los Angeles came to a close Thursday, June 18, with appropriate exercises held at Music Hall, 231 Spring street. A small but appreciative audience of perhaps 350 people attended, and the pupils and Sister teachers were accorded the full meed of praise their efforts so richly deserved. The small attendance was disappointing. It seems strange that in a city the size of Los Angeles an entertainment of so interesting and instructive a nature should fail to draw out a numerous attendance. But the oppressive heat prevailing that week may have deterred many from leaving their homes to witness even such a treat as was offered.

What impressed our mind most favorably was the really good singing, though the strength of the altos could have been much more developed had a director or directress faced and guided them. From experience we can say that singing without direction from somebody is always difficult, and often impossible. But the program throughout was so well executed that these little flaws did not in the least detract from its general excellence. The exercises consisted of songs—choruses and solos—calisthenics, recitations, and a drama entitled "The Witch of Rosenberg," by Cardinal Wiseman. All the parts gave proof of painstaking rehearsal, and a prompter was not needed. The recitation by Miss Young showed superior elocutionary talent, while the recital by Miss Veronica Leary was full of pathos and feeling, the appearance of the Guardian Angel giving the scene a heaven-like aspect. The junior girls—minims—in their physical exercises carried off the lion's share of the honors of the day, as is usually the case.

The drama, "The Witch of Rosenberg," reminds the spectator at once of "The Hidden Gem," by the same author. In the latter, St. Alexius is the hero. Returning to his father's house, he is living the life of a beggar in his own home, and is despised by his father's servants, who conspire to do away with him. Being falsely accused, he dies the death of a saint in the presence of nearly all the members living in the palace of Euphemian, his father. After his death documents are discovered showing him to be the son of Euphemian, and the sacrifice of his life is mourned and bewailed by all; he had been searched for everywhere, but only death revealed his identity. Reconciliation and honor to whom honor belongs then follow.

The "Witch of Rosenberg" has as its heroine Lottie, a school teacher. This amiable and virtuous lady is greatly beloved by her pupils, the children of the village of Rosenberg. In the first act Lottie enters with her entire class. They decorate a statue of the Blessed Virgin. At once the Witch appears, and the little tots run away screaming "A witch, a witch!" Lottie though is not alarmed; she pities the apparently poor and feeble woman, talks kindly to her, and spends alms to the supposed witch. In the meantime the children have gone home, telling everybody that a witch was with their teacher. The news excites the village women, especially the Frau Burgermeister, Mrs. Plumper and her friends, Mrs. Semmel and Mrs. Zucker, who hasten to the school room to behold with their own eyes the dreaded sorceress. By plotting against Lottie, they succeed in having her dismissed as teacher, and she leaves the village, taking to the woods, where she is followed by her devoted pupils, to whom she speaks words of love and makes their stay pleasant, and time passes quickly. The women, now thoroughly enraged, seek to recover their children, and when they meet Lottie with them, insult her. The witch here again appears, and women and children beg of Lottie to take away the enchantress.

Suddenly the witch throws off her disguising red dress, and the Countess of Rosenberg is standing in the midst of the excited crowd, for it was none other than she, who chose the part of the witch in order to test the virtues of Lottie. Then the Countess discloses the fact that Lottie is the heir to a large fortune, and the real countess and sovereign of the village of Rosenberg. Jubilation and congratulation then end the pretty scene.

Lottie was personated by Miss Consuela Urquiza. She bore herself in a dignified and lovable manner, doing justice to her part. Miss Etta Leary, as the Countess, showed what faithful training may accomplish. Gretchen (Miss Eleanora Spellmyer) was cheerful and refreshing. Miss Minnie Weber, Miss Grace Casse, Miss Mary Ybarrondo, and particularly Miss Daisy Sutton, as the Frau Burgermeister, amused the audience. This loquacious and haughty bundle of femininity was very much excited during the whole performance, and demonstrated how a woman's wagging tongue may do much mischief. Finally, seeing the error of her way, she cools down and asks forgiveness of her mistakes. Miss Sutton did exceedingly well in the role of Frau Burgermeister; hers was not a thankless task, as the public taste craves more for humorous characterization than the tragic scenes of a drama.

The Angels' Chorus from "The Hidden Gem" would have been a fitting finale to the scene of the school mistress taking leave of her pupils.

We are sorry to say that our inability to be present at other commencement exercises prevents giving a full account of the same. We failed to notice, however, any one-sidedness in their programs. The people of the United States will find out in due time that there is more broadmindedness, patriotism, and noble spirit displayed in Catholic schools than can be found in those run by members of secret associations.

A Keen Retort.

An attorney not particularly respectable, and who was engaged in a case of rather a doubtful nature, met the counsel of the wronged party and said:

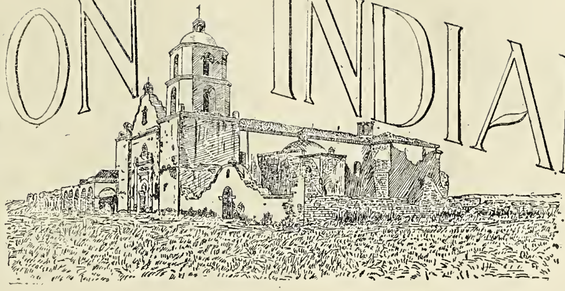
"Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir," replied the other with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel. I said that you were little else."

Mistress: "I can't say that you were always respectful, Bridget; still I will put it in the recommendation."

Bridget: "Thank you, ma'am. An' I'll say the same thing uv you."

THE MISSION INDIAN



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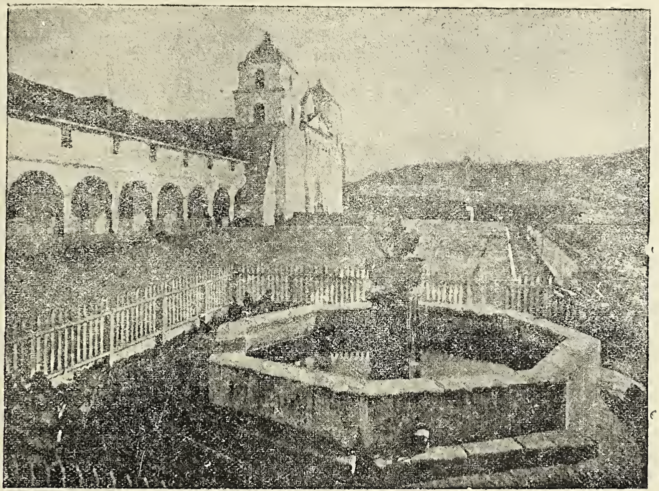

Mission Santa Barbara.

Among the most interesting attractions for the sightseeing tourist and the investigating historian on the coast of the Golden State, are the old Missions, founded by the Spanish Franciscan Fathers in the latter half of the past century; and none of them is more inviting to the leisurely visitor than the old Mission of Santa Barbara, both on account of its lovely situation and its almost perfect preservation. It is a typical representative of early Californian architecture, which, notwithstanding its somewhat clumsy outlines, seems to be so much in harmony with the landscape and climate. No scenery in Southern California, however charming, is complete without a Mission to cover the rear of nature's canvass.

The Mission of Santa Barbara was founded on the 4th of December 1786 by Father Lasuen. Father Junipero Serra, the venerable pioneer missionary of California, had come already in the year 1782, with the Governor Felipe de Neve, who founded a Presidio (a military station) and who to the great sorrow of Father Serra, would not consent to the establishment of a Mission. The zealous friar left for a field more promising and fruitful. He died in San Carlos, Monterey, in 1784. The real work of building the Mission of Santa Barbara commenced in 1787. The first structures, chapel and convent, were of a very primitive character, built of adobe and roofed in with a network of reeds covered with straw and clay. The present stone church was built during the time from 1817 to 1820, several severe earthquake shocks, which occurred in December 1812 having damaged the Mission buildings.

This Mission has been from the time of its foundation in charge of the Franciscan Fathers, first under those from Spain, then, after the emancipation of Mexico from the Spanish rule, in charge of Fathers from Mexico. For a time it was also the residence of the first Bishop of California, Rt. Rev. Garcia Diego y Moreno, who arrived there in 1842 and died in April 1846.

In 1885 the administration of the Mission was handed over to the Franciscan Fathers of the province of the "Sacred Heart" of St. Louis, Mo.

Many were the vicissitudes of this Mission of Santa Barbara. Like all the other Missions of California it suffered great loss and many oppressions at the hands of the civil officers, whom a well meaning goverment had sent out to administer the temporal affairs of the Californias, but to whose rapacity and greed it could put no limits. But if under the Spanish rule there were rainy days for the Missions and the poor sons of the soil, the Indians, under the free Mexican government a cyclone of oppression, spoliation and destruction broke lose over the heads of the poor mission Fathers and their converts. The lands were confiscated, the archives of the monasteries, containing most valuable historical records concerning California were plundered, burnt or dispersed, an irreparable loss to the student of Californian history. And had it not been for the liberal minded and enlightened government of the United States, whose heroic bands none too early delivered this glorious state from the slavery of a so called liberal government, what would have become of these Missions, what of the poor Indians, what of the valuable records still existing? Long live the memory of the 7th of July 1846, when for the first time the flag of freedom, civil and religious, floating from the heights of Monterey heralded peace and liberty to the inhabitants of this sun-kissed state. Whilst sorrowing in his heart and sympathizing with these Missions, the visitor may leave this sacred spot with the confident hope that the Mission of Santa Barbara will still see happier days; that it will become as of yore a tower of light to kindly lead the weary pilgrim to the shore of eternity.

When I, the humble visitor, departed, it was with reluctance that I left beautiful Santa Barbara, and with many a longing look from the steamer's deck I bade farewell to this heavenly spot. Truly, I thought, this is a Paradise on earth, the New Jerusalem, descended from Heaven. Here all the elements conspire to make a happy abode; the blue waters of the Ocean, the verdant shores fanned by the balmy zephyrs from the majestic Pacific, and the blossoming gardens of roses and lilies filling the air with an aroma of content and repose, the arcadic town of elegant homes, and to crown all, the Mission on the hill, the Zion or Citadel of God, guarded by the seraphic Sons of St. Francis of Assisi.

"OLD CALIFORNIAN."

CONCISE CHRONICLE OF THE MISSION SANTA BARBARA.

1782: Father Junipero Serra raised the cross and celebrated the first Mass on the site of the Presidio.

1782: Father Lasuen in charge to establish the Mission. A number of buildings and a chapel erected, the the first Mission; Christian Indians about 300. Rev. Antonio Paterna, Minister of the Mission.

1789: A second and larger church was begun and more houses added to the Mission. Christian Indians 500.

1793 to 1794: More structures of adobe were erected and a larger Church built. Christian Indians numbered 541. Rev. Fr. Paterna died 1794, succeded by Rev. Fr. Chirstobal Oramas.

1802: Indians baptized since 1782: 2251; deaths 999; existing 1093. (Undoubtedly many children about to die were baptized; otherwise civilization did not benefit the temporal welfare of the Indians.)

1812: By a severe earthquake all the Mission buildings and especially the church were badly damaged.

1815: The church was taken down and the present new stone church was begun.

1820: The new church was dedicated with the usual great solemnities and rejoicings.

1833: The liberal Mexican Goverment confiscated the Mission.

1835: The same liberal authority revoked the confiscation. (Liberal means changeable!)

1841: Ministers of Santa Barbara Mission after Rev. Ch. Oramas:
Fr. Jose de Miguel.
Fr. Estevan Tapis.
Fr. Juan Cortez.
Fr. Marcos Amestoy.
Fr. Marcos V. Forian.
Fr. Luis Gilde Taboada.
Fr. Ramon Olbis.
Fr. Antonio Ripoll.
Fr. Francisco Suner.
Fr. Antonio Jayme.
Fr. Juan Moreno.
Fr. Antonio Jimeno.

1841: Christian Indian population 5000.

1841: Monsignor Garcia Diego y Moreno, first Bishop of California, came to Santa Barbara.

1846: The Bishop died. V. Rev. J. M. G. Rubio, administrator of the diocese.

1850: Rt. Rev. J. S. Alemany consecrated as second bishop of California.

1853: Rt. Rev. Th. Amat consecrated Bishop of Southern California (Monterey); Bishop Alemany raised to the dignity of Archbishop of San Francisco.

1856: Rev. Fr. Jimeno, minister of Santa Barbara since 1841 died; succeeded by Rev. Fr. Rubio (1856 to 1872); and Fr. Romo (1872 to 1885).

1885: The Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Sacred Heart given charge of the Mission; V. Rev. F. Bergmeyer, first Guardian (murdered at the Mission 1896).

1900: A new province of the Franciscan Friars living on the Pacific Coast solemnly erected under the patronage of Santa Barbara, Virgin and Martyr.

A CORNER IN SMILES.

Pat talking through the Banning Phone.

PAT: Hillo! Is this the feed store?

H. CARPENTER: Yes, Sir.

PAT: Will, sind up at once a bale of hay, two quarts of bran and a bushel of oats.

H. C: Who is it fhore?

PAT: Ah, don't git gay. It's fhore the horse. [LIFE.]

A New Secret Society.

HOAX: My wife and some of her friends are going to organize a new secret society.

JOAX: Nonsense! The idea of women in a secret society.

HOAX: You misunderstand. They are to meet to tell secrets.

[PHIL. RECORD.]

A very funny explanation of 16 to 1 was lately given by a wag in Los Angeles. Says he, 16 to 1 means A. P. A., A being the first and P the 16th letter in the alphabeth. Nevertheless we are sure, many Catholics are going to vote for "16 to 1 A. P. A's." Why should they not?

Learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

The resignation of the Rt Rev. Bishop Fr. Mora, as announced in the papers, may not have been a surprise, all things considered; still it evoked from most of his spiritual children expressions of genuine regret, as they found themselves so abruptly confronted with the fact of their near separation from one, who had so much endeared himself to all of us. After the many and long years of Apostolic labors in this vast diocese, and after the many hardships and sufferings incident to the spiritual administration of souls dispersed over so large and difficult a territory, it must have been welcome news to the venerable prelate, when after several repeated requests, the Holy Father had at last acceded to the wish of his heart, and that after having carried the heavy burden for a long time, he was allowed to deposit the whole load of the Cross on another Cyrenean—a man in the vigor of youth and mind—his Coadjutor, the Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery. It may not be presumptious on our part to think, that the retiring Bishop feels happy in the thought, that he can leave the children of his inheritance to a tried steward in the household of Christ, who will faithfully guard the trust, confided to him.

Father Meyer preached at St. Joseph's on the Portiuncula. Very Rev. Vicar General Adam sung the Mass.

The Mission Indian extends its sincere and deep sympathy to the Rev. Jos. Nunan in the loss of his saintly sister.

Rev. Father Cote is guarding the fold in Orange County; Anaheim is the place from where he pulls the wires.

Father Antill is up in the rich valley of Ventura and Santa Barbara gathering in the young growth. Success to you, Father.

Two Sisters of the Most Precious Blood are making a recuperating visit to Banning. Thus far there is manifest improvement.

Father Gheldof of Yuma is enjoying a well earned rest at Santa Barbara. The Father is for years a devoted worker in harsh climate of Yuma.

The pretty garden back of the parochial church at Santa Barbara will soon be made prettier by the presence of a neat grotto of our Lady of Lourdes.

"The Catholic Church Redivivus" heads an article in the "San Bernardino Sun." We delight in such noble enterprises. Procede!

Father McAuliffe attended Redlands a few Sundays ago. He liked the place, and the place likes him. Yet the Pastor is not jealous. He is too large to entertain such a small thing as jealousy.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart still prospers. Recently we were the recipient of a handsome statue, a donation from a lover of the Sacred Heart. We are very thankful.

Father Aguilera intends to put another wing to the church in San Louis Obispo. That will be a great improvment, at present it is a little bit onesided.

There is to be a "Fair" this month in Santa Monica. If it is not a "howling success", it will be an exception to all its predecessors. Father Hawe is a man that knows no failure. In his own quiet way he always "gets there".

Father Conealy is very active at present in the interests of the schools. That's right, Father. A full school means a large parish. The material is in San Louis, and your schools are well equipped.

At the last Chapter of the Franciscan Fathers at St. Louis the Very Rev. Clementine Dreyman, O. S. F., was appointed Superior of all the members of the order on the Pacific Coast. A well merited distinction. Et exaltavit humiles!

On 26th of July the Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery administered Confirmation to a numerous class in the Church of Santa Monica and delivered a most instructive and forcible sermon on the occasion.

Rev. Father P. Hawe's countenance beamed with delight and satisfaction when he, the faithful shepherd, surveyed his increasing flock. Good pasturage and watchful care always produce like results.

Rev. Father O'Keefe O.S.F. is making rapid progress in the restoration of the Mission San Luis Rey; some repairs towards preserving San Juan Capistrano Mission are also under way. We understand, that there exists a society for the preservation of these ancient landmarks.

Rev. Father Fitzgerald has gone to the northern part of the diocese with the avowed intention of wiping off some of the dust and cobwebs which may accumulate in the course of time on the "eaves" and "roofs" of ancient ecclesiastical structures.

The Rev. Father Fitzgerald is giving retreats to the Sisters in San Louis Obispo, San Juan and Los Angeles. It is a nice time now indeed to be preaching in this hot weather. Why, what have you done to expiate for in these dog days? We sympathize.

Father Fitzgerald accompanied by Father Aquilera paid a visit recently to Lompoc. The Catholics there treated both gentlemen right royally. Father Fitzgerald was happy to find his old friend Mr. Sherman of the "Lompoc Journal" doing well. Mr. Sherman is loved and liked wherever his lot is cast.

Recently it was a matter of discussion among a number of the Clergy as to which of the two Northern priests was the superior in genuine hospitality. Omnibus pensatis the point was left undecided. Comparisons are odious, but not in this instance. Good for San Juan and Hollister.

Mother Ambrosia has returned to Yuma after a short vacation. Ten years ago Mother Ambrosia with her faithful companions, the Sisters of St. Joseph, came to Yuma, to day, after years of successful labor, but two of those who began the arduous task of civilizing the Yumas hold the fort, Mother Ambrosia and Sr. Mary Joseph. God bless the work and the workers.

There is a move on foot among the clergy to present the Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora with a testimonial. It is a right move, for as was nicely said, on one occasion, by the Pastor of the East Side, "Bishop Mora was always, not only a Father, but a Mother to his priests." The affection was mutual. Prove it Fathers.

The 4th of July dinner or barbecue of Riverside, we hear, was a gratifying culinary success. Who is laughing there? You ought to know that it was presided over by him, who is not afraid to take the (a. p. a) bull by the horns and serve him fresh and juicy. Behind a barricade of ice-cream and cake, oranges and watermelons, he most wisely sheltered the patriotic ardor of his army.

The Rev. Fathers McCarthy and Barron planned an excursion in the direction of the Polar star, and entered upon it at once as they are wont to do. Their destination is shrouded in mystery; a grinded ax formed part of their luggage. Whether they really went to the North pole is doubtful. Still if such was the case, it will be well for them to bring back the pole itself or at least some veritable chips of it, as an evidence of good faith.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

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BANNING, CALIF., AUGUST 15, 1896.

The business manager of the "Mission Indian" hears, that many Mission Indians go East and having a business eye, always looking out for the welfare of those, whose financial fortunes are near to his heart, he surmises that everything is not right in the management of the subscriber's list and he suspects the Editorial Department of generous wrong doing and of mailing papers to addresses which are not on his mailing list.

Now our dear readers are requested to assist us in preserving peace and harmony in our sanctum, and if any of them should be guilty of the fault of mailing their numbers of the "Mission Indian" to their Eastern friends, let them subscribe at once for their friends separately, and our Manager will mail the paper directly to their addresses. You will gain time and time is money.

On this occasion we would recommend the generous firms, that have advertisements in our columns, to the patronage of our readers; you will find them courteous business men, reliable and "up to the times."

◆

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Our Divine Lord came to perfect the law not to destroy it. Yet when we recall the respect that the Jews of old had for the name of God, we are far indeed from being more perfect in this than they were of the old dispensation. The Jews would never pronounce or write the name of God, though the name which they had for God, Jehovah, was a mere matter of conventionality among themselves. In writing coming to the place when the name of God should occur, they uncovered their heads, laid aside their pen, and made a reverential bow, then they drew a line making a vacant space, and proceeded. What a contrast to the flippant manner in which our newspapers of to-day speak, for instance of the holy name of Jesus. A name given by the Eternal Father to His own divine Son. By some mistake, which is corrected in our day, Mexicans were baptized with the holy name. They grew up in years but not in sanctity and being taken in crimes were subjected by the law to punishment. Here it was that in speaking of them the vile journals of the day indulged in light blasphemous language.

It is a christian age, a christian country, and yet the holy name, the name of the author of Christianity is not treated with common decency.

Beware—nations suffer for individual sins, the people must not allow such conduct. They cannot allow it; they cannot permit such papers to fall into the hands of their children without bringing havoc to the family.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

◆

His faith is exceedingly limited, who has no idea of any other miracles than those recorded in the Scriptures, — who has no eye for the miracles, that are continually going on within and around him.

◆

Hateful to me as the gates of hell is he, who, hiding one thing in his heart, utters another. E. R. R.

◆

Friendship.

A friend, who loveth at all times, through evil and good report, through sorrow unto joy, through sin and suffering repentance, is more beautiful than the stars in the firmament above; more to be desired than all the wealth in Golconda.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. W. B. Shaw of Los Angeles paid us a visit during the last week and he was delighted with the people and climate and the fruit of Banning.

Mr. Hamilton, Notary Public, went to Catalina Island, to recuperate from the hardships of registering the voters of Banning.

Mr. Barker having received a couple of fine hounds from Texas, intends to give the numerous mountain lions which have shown themselves frequently of late around Banning, a hot chase.

Mr. Frank Wieger accompanied Joe Shane up to the Cahuilla Valley, intending to gather in all the stray deer in that vicinity, but the fact is they were so numerous that it was impossible to get the venison to town.

We had a visit from the Bee Inspector recently and he reported that the apiary at the School is in fine condition considering the poor season. However there is not enough honey for the little workers, to last over winter and consequently they will have to be fed.

On Saturday July 25, all the inhabitants of Banning and the surrounding country turned out to witness the ball-game which took place between the married men and bachelors of the town. The game was fast and furious while it lasted and it was really marvelous to see some of the feats performed by the elderly papas, in the way of stealing bases, slides etc. The young men naturally concluded, they would have a walkover, but only proved themselves the victims of the scientific game played by the paternal team. The score was 40 to 25. It is now rumored that many of the eligible bachelors are about to make a change soon and the Benedicts are likely to become very numerous.

Mr. William Kruckewitt, the foreman on the "Mission Indian" printing staff, has returned East to join his family. He came to Banning in April 1895, in search of a climate which might restore him again to health, which was just then floating at a dangerously low tide. Hopefully however, he engaged in open air work in the orchards of the Indian School. After breathing for four months the balmy air of Banning' when his pulse of life was beating stronger, he felt a longing to return to his former vocation, that of a printer. The Editor of the "Mission Indian" had in May 1895 bought the outfit of the defunct "Banning Herald" and thus it came to pass, that the "Mission Indian" came into existence. Mr. Kruckewitt went home well and strong and we hope that the smoke and fog of Pittsburg will not rob him of what he gained in Banning.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

VACATION.

Very Rev. Geo. L. Willard.

Los Angeles, July 17, 1896.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am a little girl, twelve years old. My home is Fond du Lac, Wis. I was sick and my parents sent me here to stay a while with my Aunt. She takes the "Mission Indian" and likes it very much. I see in it letters from children, so I thought I would write and ask something, which I would like to know. I sent a copy of the "Mission Indian" to my home and when my mother saw the name of Banning on it, she said, she was sure, that was the name of the place, where Father Willard died; and she wanted me to find out for her. He was the pastor at Fond du Lac for many years. The people loved him very much. He left there and went to Dakota; then he went to California to build an Indian School. He died while there. My mother says, every one in Fond du Lac thinks, that Father Willard is a saint in Heaven. He was so good.

Now Mr. Editor: If that is the place, will you please print it in the "Mission Indian", so I can send it home and the people can read it, and also please tell, if he is buried there.

Very respectfully yours
Mary Slater.

(The Very Rev. Geo. L. Willard died July 26, 1890. He was a convert to our religion and it is said, that his father, who was a protestant minister, used to preach in a church opposite the edifice, wherein Father Willard held services after his conversion.

Very Rev. Geo. L. Willard labored in the vineyard of our Lord for a number of years within the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, but chose finally the Indian missions, especially in Dakota for his field of labor. He conducted St Joseph's Normal School in Rensselaer, Indiana, for one year. Then in the year 1889 he assisted Right Rev. Monsignor J. A. Stephan at Washington, D. C., as second Director of the Bureau of Cath. Indian Missions. In January 1890, he came to Banning, Calif., in order to open the then newly built St. Boniface's Industrial School.

But man proposes and God disposes! In July 1890, the dreaded disease of typhoid fever attacked the zealous priest and after a sickness of about two weeks, he died. His remains are interred at the cemetery of St. Boniface's Industrial School. May he rest in peace.

The St. Boniface's Industrial School was erected before Father Willard's arrival in Banning. Two Benedictines, Rev. Fathers Bernardino and Dominic, stayed at Banning for nearly two years. They both were invalids and did not feel at home here. They returned 1890 to St. Vincent's Abbey, Penn. After their departure Rev. Father Willard came to Banning.

Father Willard's last place of rest has yet no monument. All his relations being protestant, even the church-vestments, chalice etc. had to be given up to them, besides the property, he possessed in the East. A warning for everybody. Do the good whilst you live and when yet enjoying health lay up treasures and provide for your own spiritual welfare. When you are dead, your relations will pocket the few dollars you might possess and you will be forgotten forever!

Ed. "Mission Indian".

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

Gold or Silver or Both?

The two principal candidates for the office of President are:

Hon. William McKinley, Republican and Hon. W. J. Bryan, Democrat.

Mr. McKinley is the candidate of all those, who are Republicans and who desire, that coin made of gold shall be the standard of currency, used in the United States.

Mr. Bryan is the candidate of those, who are Democrats and desire that both gold and silver shall be the standards of our currency, and this in such a way that gold and silver coin should have a definite value at the ratio of 16 to 1, which means, that a coin or a piece of money made of silver is to have a weight 16times greater than a coin made of gold representing the same value.

The other candidates for President and also the Vice-presidential candidates do not play a conspicuous part in the election, except that the action of the People's Party in endorsing Mr. Bryan and placing another Vice-presidential nominee on their ticket, may be a gain for Mr. McKinley, the standard bearer of the Republicans.

The principal issue is undoubtedly the money question. The papers are filled with instructions on gold and silver; everywhere, on the streets and cars, in the hotels and public places, in houses and on the sea-beach, people talk gold and silver ad infinitum. Whether gold or silver will win, no one can tell yet, but there is no doubt, that the East is for the gold-standard, and the West and South for the free coinage of Silver or bi-metalism, having two metals as a standard at the ratio of 16 to 1.

We do not claim to be experts on the currency-question. Still we are rather inclined to think, that the gold-standard with its consequences of bond-issues and money-speculations has very much to do with the present business-stagnation.

The McKinley Tariff has benefitted the manufacturer and his employees, the gold-standard has been beneficial to the money-men, the bankers and capitalists. But we have neglected to improve the condition of the farmer. Farming prospered before the high tariff was made by Congress, farming also prospered before silver was demotenized.

Hence the question now before the people of the United States is of momentous proportion and our economical condition will be effected, may the election go either way.

The educational campaign brings many statements to light which are ambiguous.

For instance, the New York Sun states, that a legal silver-dollar at a value of 53 cents (its present real worth) is robbery; but the Sun forgets, that a gold-dollar, for which we have to pay a premium, is robbery too.

Some say, that bi-metalism will bring all the silver of the world to the United States, they call it the silver-deluge; but if we have once all the silver in our country, we will be the masters of the world as to the price of silver.

Many entertain the fear, that we will have silver-dollars (we have them now), that are worth a little more than one half of their face-value and thus we will be the losers. But we ought not overlook, that our credit does not depend on the 100 million dollar gold-reserve, but on all the possessions and riches of our great country.

Then again, if we have depression in business and no dollar at all, it is worse than to have a 53 cts. dollar or dollars!

* * *

Subscribe for The Mission Indian.

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

BLOOMERS AT AGUA CALIENTE.

July the 8th brought quite an amusement to the Indians at the Warner's Ranch. In the evening of that memorable day, a party of excursionists, including ten ladies in bloomers made its appearance to the great consternation of the aborigines. The Indians, beholding the fair sex dressed like men, opened mouths and eyes and it took them a long time to recover from the shock, which the "New Woman" gave them. Then they commenced to comment upon this new way of dressing, as practiced by ladies of the 19th century. Some of the Indians would say: "Why does the Government of the United States permit these women and girls, to wear pantaloons?" Or: "Are these women not ashamed to wear men's clothing?" Or again: "Are they crazy?" An old man, Leonardo Aulino, who yet remembers the time, when as a boy he was at San Juan Capistrano, when the severe earthquake took place, that destroyed the mission-church there (1812) smiled and exclaimed: "Our forefathers were pagans and wore no clothing at all, but when the missionaries taught them the Christian religion, they had to dress and those, who did not obey and committed sins were punished! But now we see women in men's dresses; it looks so unchaste and yet they are free and not punished; our young people do not possess regard for authority; they have too much freedom; anyhow the old times were better!" We relate here nothing, but what we have heard ourselves.

Thunderstorms have been very frequent in the mountains of Southern California in the month of July.

Ambrosio Ortega at Agua Caliente is a most faithful guardian of the church there. Lately he fell from a load of hay but was not seriously hurt. God protected him for his truly christian spirit!

When at Agua Caliente, a kind lady asked, what we thought about "divine healing", her brother being a scientist.

Divine healing, as we understand it, attributes to our faith and prayers the certain cure, brought about by God Himself. The Catholic doctrine is, that God will always hear our prayers; He will infallibly grant our petitions for spiritual gifts; but if we beg for temporal benefits, viz. health, riches, honors, He may give them to us or He may not. He knows better than we, what is really good for us. (Read the article in this number, The Providence of God.)

The magic lantern exhibition, given July the 10th to the Indians at the Hot Springs in Warner's Ranch was greatly enjoyed by all present.

A phonograph in Warner's Ranch! A gentleman of New York, an employee of the Edison Phonograph Co., stays at the Hot Springs for his health. He carries a phonograph with him and for five cents you may hear in Warner's Ranch brass-bands, prima-donna-solos, nigger-quartetts, and music and songs of every kind and description.

There are some Mexicans traveling about within the limits of the Indian reservations and selling fire-water to the Indians. The sale of oranges, lemons and fruit furnishes an excellent opportunity to smuggle in the harder stuff. To arrest and punish these evil-doers is though a hard task and sometimes impossible.

SAN ISIDRO.

The chapel at San Isidro was blessed July the 8th and an immense crowd of Indians was present. Some white people living near by came also in order to see the rites of the dedication. Amongst them was also an elderly lady, who asked one of the Indian girls, why the priest did not give the body and blood of Christ to all those present. The girl gave no answer, although very well instructed in our holy religion. But let no one infer, that the girl does not know the essential parts of the catholic creed. But if questions are asked in order to puzzle, do not expect a child to answer your query. The girl might have justly responded: "Why do you not receive the body and blood of Christ in your Church?"

Now here is the answer: "To receive holy communion worthily, it is necessary to be in the state of grace and to be fasting from midnight. We need not teach anybody to apply this rule to the case in question.

Whenever a Catholic priest is in a reservation, preaching or holding services, some of those, who think themselves wise, ask the Indians afterwards, "What did the priest say?" The answer is invariably: "Quien sabe!" which means amongst the Indians: "I do not like to tell you." These questions are not always asked bona fide, that is, with sincerity, but in order to find fault.

The Church in Cahuilla is finished. It is a neat and commodious structure. Father Reidhaar said Mass there on the 9th inst.

Pass It On.

When Mark Guy Pearse was about fourteen years old, having been in school in Germany, he came to London on his way to the 'beautiful wilds of Cornwall', his home.

He stayed in London long enough to spend all his money except sufficient to to pay his fare home. He travelled by train to Bristol. He went aboard a vessel to carry him home and thought when he had paid the money for his passage, that included all.

At the end of the journey the steward came to him and presented a bill for his meals. The boy told him he had no money. "Then you should not have ordered the things you did. What is your name?" Mark told him. The steward grasped his hand, and then took away the bill exclaiming: "I never thought I should live to see you!" Then he related how, when he lost his father, his mother was in great distress, and the lad's father had been so kind to her that he made a solemn promise, that if he ever had the opportunity, he would show kindness to one of his; so he took charge of the boy, paid his bill, gave him five shillings, and put him into a boat with some sailors, who rowed him in fine style to the shore.

His father met him and after affectionate greetings said: "Father, it is a good thing to have a kind father;" and he told what had taken place. "My boy," was the reply "I passed the kindness on to him, in doing what I did and now he has passed it on to you. Take care to pass it on to others."

Well, one day, Mr. Mark Pearse was setting out on a journey, and intended to purchase a first-class ticket, as he had some writing to do on the train, when he saw a little boy at the third-class ticket office rubbing his eyes to keep back the tears. He asked the little lad what his trouble was and the little boy told him, that he had not enough money for his fare by four pence.

Mr. Pearse gave him a shilling and the lad procured his ticket, and brought back the change. He bade him keep it, and told him the story of how he had been treated in the boat.

"Now," he said, "if ever you have the opportunity, pass it on to others." The boy got out at the junction, and as the train moved on he waved his handkerchief to Mr. Pearse, who had left his seat to look after him, and exclaimed: "I'll pass it on!"

The Old Fashioned Mother versus The New Woman.

Rev. J. Q. Henry, Pastor of the La Salle Ave. Baptist Church in Chicago, is a queer sort of a parson, but here and there he preaches a sermon which has the true ring. Here is an extract from one of them:

"I like the old-fashioned mother. The one in all the world, the law of whose life is love. The one who was the divinity of our infancy and the sacred presence in the shrines of our earliest idolatry. The one to whom we never grow old, the one who welcomed us coming, blest us going, and forgot us never. The influence of the old-fashioned mother is supreme. The Roman General said, 'the empire is at the fireside.' Napoleon said, the greatest need of France is mothers, while Mohammed declares, 'paradise is at the feet of mothers.' There is a Scotch proverb that asserts, 'an ounce of mother is worth a pound of parson.' Such mothers rock the cradle and rule the world. The old-fashioned mother's heart is the child's schoolroom. Next to God himself, none can love like the mother. It is her love that brings down so much of God's heart to soothe the children of earth. Out of her heart are the issues of family and national life. In her world of feeling is enshrined the hope of human kind. On earth's calender, the holiest name to be found is 'mother'. The old-fashioned mother is intelligent and faithful in training her child. Her pets are not poodles, but children, in whose devotion she shares the blessings of Almighty God. To them she devotes industry and sacrifice. She stands nearest to the fountain of life. She is the world's first teacher, and she has the greatest power of influence. Miss Sigourny says:

"And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs. With what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new born mind,
Warn them to wake at earliest dawn and sow
Good seeds before the world has sown its tares."

"The old-fashioned mother makes her home happy, she is courteous and sympathetic and self-sacrificing.

"The old-fashioned mother is a Christian mother. The nation has no better friend than the mother who teaches her children to pray. Even before its birth she dedicates her offspring to God. The most dreadful heritage to the children is the influence of a mother who cannot and does not pray. It is the old-fashioned mother's privilege, through prayer and counsel, to impress the law of love ineffaceably upon the growing soul.

"The old-fashioned mother finds her reward in the christian consecration of her child. Ninety nine out of a 100, that were in a theological seminary at Columbia, S. C., testified that their earliest religious convictions came through the influence of godly mothers. In a recent convention 250 more witnessed to the same truth. Who can estimate the lasting power of religious instruction, when imparted by a Christian mother? John Harper, associated with the great publishing house, says: 'The hand of my mother abides to-day, and her training has attended every step of my business career.'

"Oh! happy home, where, with hands of prayer,
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end.

"God can reward the faithful mother for her unswerving devotion. Her highest glory is found in the reproduction of her Christian faith in the life of her children, so that on that great day she may be able to present them before God, saying: 'Here I am and the children Thou hast given me.' Her hymns, her prayers, her tears, her sacrifices, her vigils and her love are imperishable.

"The new woman will be the true woman to the degree in which she will cultivate these characteristics of the old-fashioned mother.

"Gladstone says: 'The ideal woman has not altered in the past three score years and ten.'

"The Iron Chancellor of Germany, Bismark, declares: 'God has given me a blessed and happy family life, and I should probably never have reached so great an age had it not been for my dear wife.'

"The old-fashioned mother is associated inseparably with the endearing names of home and heaven.

"Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds go singing by,
Hundreds of flowers in sunny weather,
Hundreds of dew drops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the whole world over."

[REVIEW.]

Catholic Belief.

The Providence of God.

37. How unreasonable are those, who say, that God after having created the world, does no more care about the work of his hands. Can God be likened to a human architect, who constructs his works from created materials? No. He gave existance to all things through his will, and they can only exist, because He wills it and as long as he wills.

The catechism of the Council of Trent declares, that we must not think that God is the Creator of all things only in the sense that after the conclusion of His work they could subsist without His infinite power sustaining them. As all things have been created from nothing by His wisdom, power and love, so also can they exist only as long as He sustains them by His power.

All things, therefore, and also we, depend for the duration of their existence on the will of the Creator.

How long shall all created things exist? God only knows and he has not as yet revealed it to men. We only know this, that our souls and the angelic spirits shall live forever, either in the glory of heaven or in the abyss of hell.

38. If God preserves the world and all the creatures in it, it follows that He is present to everything, that nothing happens without His will, much less against His will. Nothing has been created without a certain purpose; it is there, to accomplish a certain end in the plan of creation.

Whenever an architect makes a plan of a building, he considers everything, the character and purpose of the building, whether it be a church or a private palace, a capitol or a toll-house; then the outlines of the building as well as the details thereof, the quantity as well as the quality of the material, the means at his disposal etc.; if he then is satisfied that everything required for the carrying out of his plan is ready, he commences the building. So also God, the Creator, had a certain well determined plan of the world, in which every element or creature has its place and its part assigned for a certain determined time according to the all-wise design of the Creator. Nothing therefore is done without the will or against the will of God, for He constantly rules the movements of the elements as well as the actions of the individual in accordance with His eternal purpose.

Divine Providence, then, consists in the preservation of the world and its government by the all-powerful and all-wise Creator, especially with regard to the rational world. He governs the destinies of the single individual with no less care than the most important events in the history of the great and powerful nations, and deals out His rewards to those who do His will, and punishment to those, who try, although in vain, to oppose His will.

39. There is no so-called "chance" or "accident" in this world. Whatever happens has been foreseen by God, and He either willed it or permitted it.

To us, who know nothing of the unscrutable designs of God's providence, many things seem to happen as if by casual or blind chance.

When a master, says St. Thomas A., sends out two servants by two different routes on a certain mission, neither of the two knowing anything of the other's mission, it may appear to them to be a mere chance if they meet at a certain place; but it does not appear so to the master, who sent them out with certain orders; he knew exactly when and where his servants were to meet. Such is also God's way in His dealing with us.

There is no fortuitous chance or accident in the life of man, everything has been fore-ordered or permitted by God's Providence for a certain purpose.

Why then, is there so much misery in this world, if God created us out of pure love of us; and if he still rules the destinies of the world, how can God's glory be manifested and our happiness be promoted, as long as the world complains of so much suffering and misery?

There is one answer to this. God proclaims: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways My ways."

God's ways are sometimes plain, sometimes unsearchable, but always true and just. On the other hand, man has his own ways, and rarely indeed does the road he has marked out for himself run evenly with the one his Creator has ordered for him.

Man has his schemes laid out for each day as it comes; nay he dreams of the far off future, and has made a pleasant prospect for himself. His will is in his own hand; but his way is in the hand of God — and since man knows so little of the plans of God and of his own real good, it would be wonderful indeed, if he always met the views of his all-seeing Creator.

And so it comes about, that he must forego his own way and God's way.

The blow comes, thus he speaks of it, and it is hard to bear; it has dissolved many a sunny dream; spoilt his own purpose of life.

Such thoughts are human. Such may have been those of the youthful Egyptian Joseph, when he lay at the bottom of the empty pit, where his wicked brothers had cast him; and again when his cruel brothers sold him to the merchants, and again when he became the inmate of an Egyptian dungeon. Such must have been the thoughts of the bereaved Jacob, seeing Joseph's coat dabbled in blood, and mourning, because "an evil beast had eaten him." Man's way was made void, that God's better way might be fulfilled with Joseph.

It was an awful crime, yet God did not prevent it. He knew though how to turn it to greater advantage. And so it will prove in our case. We do not see it now, but we will see it hereafter; man wishes his own way, but it is a way which seems right to man, but the ends thereof "lead to death." We know not always, sin which is ever bad excepted, what is good and what is evil.

Things are not what they seem now; we walk in a land of illusions. But the day will come, when we shall see what we ought now to believe: that God's providence was just and true, a providence of love.

A. L. S.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

In the year 1582 the second permanent settlement in what is now the United States was founded by Don Antonio Espejo, a Franciscan in New Mexico. The Franciscan Fathers, as we have related in No 8 of this paper, preached the Gospel to the aborigines in New Mexico. Some of them died the death of martyrs. (Martyr means a person, who professes the true religion, the belief in One God and in Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, no matter what the consequences of this profession may be.) Some of the Franciscan Fathers though continued to labor zealously in the missionary field. The result was the foundation of Santa Fe, N. Mex. (1582). It is a historical fact, that Catholic missionaries had prosperous communities of industrious and educated Indians, long before the Puritans established themselves in New England. They had penetrated into Texas as early as 1544 and their missions have lasted with some interruptions down to our day.

This chapter now concludes the history of the Indians and the exploration and missionary enterprises up to the time, when adventures sailing under the French flag came to the shores of America. As we have seen, it was the discoveries made by Columbus and by the Spanish, that opened the New World to the white man. Missionary enterprises naturally originated also with the Spanish, the blood of Spanish missionaries, who did not come to make temporal conquests, but to conquer souls for heaven, first sanctified the soil of our blessed country.

At the present time, the Anglo-Saxon appear to drive the Latin races into the background. But let no one forget, that the Indians, converted and civilized by Spanish missionaries show to-day yet the gentle influence of religion. Would to God, the liberal Government of Mexico would never have tried to annihilate the work of the missionaries and that no one ever had deceived the Indians and that they had remained unmolested in their possessions, then they would be a happier and more prosperous race to-day, then they really are.

Cathedral School's Commencement Exercises, June 30, 1896.

(The following communication reached the "Mission Indian" too late for publication in the July number, but its interesting features entitle it to a place in this issue.)

The Cathedral School held its closing exercises Tuesday morning. The auditorium had been tastefully decorated with potted plants, palms, and the national colors, while above the entrance hung a large picture of Washington.

By ten o'clock the hall was filled to overflowing with the friends and relations of the pupils. Right Rev. Bishop Mora and the clergy of the city and of near by parishes were also present, occupying the place of honor.

The program opened with a song by the pupils entitled "Welcome", accompanied by M. Conway. A recitation entitled "Roberto of Seville" was finely rendered by Jos. Hurley. Little Eddie Booth gave a short recitation relating to "Washington chopping down the cherry tree", then a company of small boys, dressed as Washingtons and equipped with hatchets, marched on the stage, going at the command of their Captain, Walter Held, through a drill very cleverly, which was heartily applauded.

Then followed a recitation entitled "How Congress fought for Sheridan", which was given with much earnestness and in a clear voice by the Elocution Class, consisting of sixteen girls dressed in white.

In the cantata "The Ivy Queen" Henrietta Dougherty did full justice to the title role of the queen, assisted by her fair subjects.

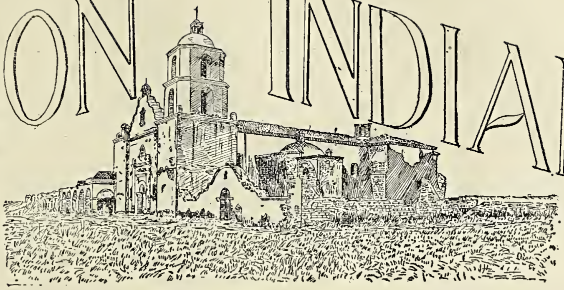
"The Banner We Love" was then recited by N. Bell, "La Reina etc." was next excellently rendered on the piano by Ellen Read, Henrietta Dougherty, Mary Conway and Viva Marsh.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Mora then conferred the graduating honors on Miss Mary Conway, who received her diploma and medal with much grace, after which she read her valedictory in a clear, pleasant voice.

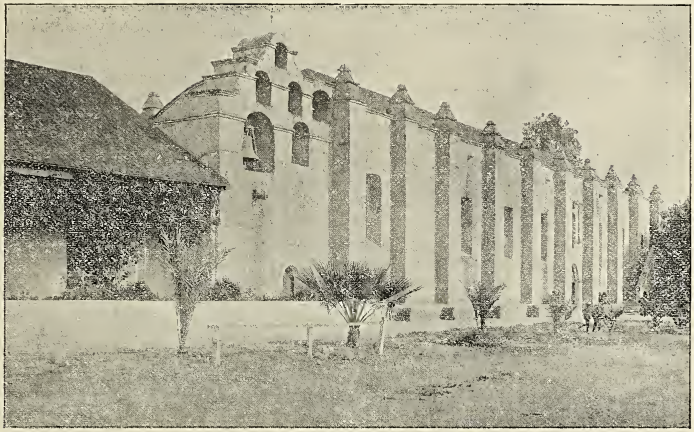
The closing remarks were made by Very Rev. Father J. Adam, who complimented the pupils on their good showing. Miss Mary Conway, the graduate, was the recipient of many beautiful flowers and congratulations from her friends.

C. B.

THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1896. NO. 12.



MISSION SAN GABRIEL.

There is a certain fascination that clusters around the old Missions of California. Tourists from far and near desire to behold them. And why not? Scattered along the coast they are the pioneers of civilization, the vanguard of progress, in this Western land of ours. Though partly in ruins, they still stand as noble monuments to the untiring labor and heroic zeal of the good Franciscan freiles. Solid, substantial buildings they had been, and were it not for the sordid greed of land-grabbers and the vandalism of the American soldiery they would yet be "upright and intact." They are our historic landmarks and they should be preserved, and glad are we to here praise the efforts of the California Landmark Club to restore as far as possible, these precious relics of the past.

Something of sadness and wonder steals over us as we stand within one of these old Mission ruins—sadness, in beholding its delapidated condition, and wonder in contemplating its mighty proportions, remembering the disadvantages under which the missionaries labored. Without the necessary tools, hewing and hauling timber from a long distance, with the unskilled Indians as workmen, it seems strange that they were able to build such splendid structures. But the day of the Mission is gone, that of the Yankee has succeeded. The painstaking old monk has passed away but the glory of the Mission is still undimmed. Grand old monuments! We should ever gaze upon you with reverence and respect. You were built not for show, not to attract the eager eye of curiosty, but for the higher and holier purpose of elevating fallen humanity. In this brief paper we will confine our few remarks to the old Mission of San Gabriel.

Situated in the great valley of the same name, with the mountains towering in the background, San Gabriel is admirably located. Distanced but ten miles from Los Angeles—the Mecca of tourists—it is perhaps, the best known Mission in

Southern California. San Diego and Carmelos established, Padre Junipero Serra began the erection of San Gabriel. Arriving there, the Indians at first refused to receive the missionaries. They would have nothing to do with them. Words proved useless and persuasion failed. Happening on one occasion to show them a picture of the Madonna and the Child, they were so carried away with it that they relented and permitted them to continue their work. Ere long the Indians laid aside their simple superstitions and embraced the saving tenets of Christianity. To honor the saint, the Padres gave it the name it still possesses. The first Mass was celebrated under a tree on the 8th September, 1771.

Though exteriorly not so magnificent as other missions, yet San Gabriel possesses charms peculiarly its own. We remember the first time we visited it. A few minutes walk from the railroad depot brings you to the door. A feeling of something akin to awe pervades you as you stand before this monument of the "days of old". In your mind's eye, you picture the brown-robed friars, sandalled and bareheaded walking to and fro. You seem to behold the thousands of Indians industriously working, ploughing and sowing the fields. In fancy you can almost hear the echo of their simple songs, or the ringing tones of the old bells calling them to evening prayer. What thoughts must have surged through the minds of those self-sacrificing monks, self-exiled and laboring solely to bring the untutored Indian to the knowledge of the love of God—the knowledge that saveth souls! But we are digressing.

The church is of a distinctive style of architecture, with extremely thick walls and a strange and curious group of arches forming the belfry. A stone staircase at the end of the Church leads to the choir. We may simply say that its style is one of majestic simplicity. Pass the thick-wooded door, and stand upon the stone floor, look around you and you behold a temple in every way worthy of the divine worship. About you and smiling down upon you is the face of many a saint—pictures that are marvels of the painter's brush. The sunlight streams through the window and glorifies these paintings of the past. A delightful silence broods over the place and you imagine yourself in another world.

Adjoining the Church is the parochial residence, an adobe structure, we believe, plainly yet substantially erected. Its palace is its dining room, the walls of which, from floor to ceiling are littered with paintings and mosaics. Through the kindness of the rector, Rev. Joaquin Bot, we were permitted to gaze upon this symposium of art. Somewhat of a curiosity it is, but a most valuable one.

What, you ask, has become of the thousands of Indians that once inhabited the valley? They are scattered and gone. Driven from their homes they found refuge in other places. The majority, we understand, sought a resting place at Banning, where some of the old-timers with their posterity still dwell, cared for and looked after by their present beloved padres—whose labors, we pray, may receive the full meed of success.

"YOUNG CALIFORNIAN."

Katherine Tekakwitha.

Our kind readers have undoubtedly viewed with great pleasure the picture of the Indian girl on the cover of the last issue of the "Mission Indian." Catherine Tekakwitha belonged to the Mohawk Indians and is called the "Lily of the Mohawks." She was a chief's daughter of the fierce Mohawk Indians. French missionaries preached the Gospel to these Indians and Kateri Tekakwitha was one of the first to embrace christianity, and did so in spite of great oppposition and persecution on the part of her family and kinsfolks. Hence living a spotless life in the midst of her fierce pagan people and spreading the light of religion among them, she was ever considered by the American Church a model of sanctity for the red race. She was born in 1656 and died 1680 at the age of twenty four years. Another proof that civilization does not lengthen the lives of the Indians. Still Catharina Tekakwitha (or Kateri Tekakwitha) exchanged the few short years of the life in this world for a happier one in eternity. "*Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God!*"

Wisdom.

Self is a poor centre for a man's actions to turn about.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.

When a rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life he answered: "Civility, Friend, civility."

The man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Study is the support of youth, the ornament of prosperity, the solace and refuge of adversity, and the comfort of domestic life.

REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The presidential campaign grows more exciting than expected. Gold or Silver is the topic in all the papers of the country. Our readers are undoubtedly well posted on the money-question and and we here simply refer them to our editorial columns.

The panic caused by the gold-people is something unheard of and worse than any other feature in this election.

Dr. Nansen, a Norwegian North-Pole-excursionist, succeeded to go father north on our globe than any one before did. Still he is not at home yet. It must be terribly cold up there, where mountains of ice threaten the bold navigators!

Massacres in Armenia and the island of Crete are still going on. The newest news is revolution in Constantinople. Are we living in the 19th century?

Li Hung Chang is the greatest Chinese diplomat. So they say. He is traveling around the world. He had a talk with the Czar of Russia, with the German Emperor, with old Queen Victoria of England, with Bismarck, Gladstone, and with President Cleveland. He is going to vote for silver, and Cleveland will do the same after a while.

The fighting in Cuba is still going on and it is hard to foretell the result of the revolution. Gen. Weyler was not so successful as expected.

France and Madagascar were and are still at war. The trouble in Africa is, that all the civilized nations of the Old World wish to shake hands with the Africans, and these instead of doing so, "shoulder guns" and the peaceful Europeans do the same in order to protect themselves. O glorious protectors!

A CORNER IN SMILES.

A Case of Christian Science.

This gem was received by the publishers of the Northwestern Lancet:

"Your copy of the —— Journal come, and the letter to —— asking me to send 50 cents and git it fur a yeer. I dont need no journal. When I git a tuff case, I go off inter some secrit plase and tell the lord all about and wate for him to put inter my minde what ter do. That's bettern journals and syklopedes and such. If we had more lord trustin docters and less colleges weed fare better. The lord knows moren all the docters, and if we go to him fur noledge it ill be bettern journals. Fraternally in the lord. A Christian Docter. P. S.—— I've practist medisen morn 50 yeers. Yore ken publish this letter if you want ter."

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

The three most important events since the last issue of the "Mission Indian": The installation of the Right Rev. Geo. Montgomery; the soul stirring revival lectures by Rev. Father Yorke; and the dedication of St. Joseph's hall.

The installation of the Right Rev. Bishop was witnessed by about 5000 people, and it was a manifestation of the sincere love and reverence with which his diocesans greet and welcome their Chief Pastor on his ascension to the episcopal throne.

The lecture of Father Yorke in the Church at Santa Monica carried away the vast assembly to an enthusiasm, reminding us of the times of St. John Chrysostom.

* * *

Frs. Liebana and McCarthy paid Beaumont and Banning a visit recently. The visit was so short that their friends almost regretted they came.

Father Farrelly of Visalia is in Los Angeles again. He is a typical member of the church-militant. But he should heed the advice of Polonius: "Beware of entrance into a quarrel &c".

Mr. John Kenealy made a most happy little after dinner speech. The Mission Indian was glad, and proud of one of its first subscribers. Old times again, John!

The Venerable Bishop Mora is making a farewell trip to the northern part of the diocese. It goes without saying that he is welcome everywhere. San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino were visited before the trip north.

Mrs. Puzey, the dear friend of our Indian School, has finished her trip on the Continent, and is now seeing Scotland and Ireland. The lady will return in a couple of months; and she will be welcome.

Father Corcoran visited the Coast and various fashionable places in the State during the summer. He is back again to Beaumont, bright and stout. He is not wasting his time. By a little ambitious attention to able instructors his proficiency in the manly arts is something marvellous.

Father Hahn got a rattling reception in Redlands the other Sunday. There was a thunderstorm. He says: "the Redland's people are a noble people and most attentive listeners". They are trained to know a good thing.

International complications are imminent between the spiritual Chiefs of Santa Monica and San Pedro. It is all about the monopoly right to a certain supply of rock, promised by the Mission Indian for their respective harbor fortifications. We offer our Sanctum as a court of arbitration, bearing good will to all and malice to none.

Father Yorke has, if possible, added to his great name in the City of the Angels. The masterful way he interwove the duty of the martyr with the celebration of installation of the Bishop showed his head. And his touching words on behalf of San Francisco parting with Bishop Montgomery showed his heart.

The "chained Bible" was a rare treat. The observant listener was struck with the vast learning. Whatever dullness might naturally be in such a subject was brightened by occasional flashes of that wit so visible between the eyes of Father Yorke. Blessed be God, Who gives such gifts to man.

The members of the St. Joseph's German Catholic Society seem to have been wise in their day and have constructed a beautiful and large hall on the corner of Pico and Santee streets, as a meeting-place for themselves as well as for the purpose of renting it out for entertainments. They must have learned a lesson from the experience of others, viz: that if a Mutual Benevolent Society wishes to establish itself on a solid financial basis, it ought not to rely solely on the monthly assessments, but to invest the accruing savings in profitable property, thereby giving its members ample security and confidence in its stability. On Tuesday evening, 25th of August, the building was formally opened. A good program had been prepared which attracted a full house. Mr. Gardener's orchestra and several other solists rendered the musical part of the program. Mr. I. B. Dockweiler, the chairman of the evening, in in a few well chosen remarks introduced the Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, who made an eloquent plea for the right of the parent to educate his children according to his religious convictions, and for the necessity of the religious element in education on the ground, that a complete education must be moral as well as physical and intellectual.

BANNING.

Salubrious Climate—Magnificent Scenery
Purest Water——Finest Fruits.

INTELLIGENT investigation will verify the statement that Banning is the best all-round natural sanitarium in California. But the climate is especially beneficial in diseases of the throat and lungs. Many people are living in good health who can live nowhere else. Others have been entirely cured of long-standing ailments by a short residence here. And all who have ever tried this climate have been benefitted. Accommodations for housekeeping or boarding are ample, comfortable and inexpensive. The best medical attendance is at hand. Driving, mountain-climbing and hunting are health-giving pleasures that may be enjoyed to the uttermost.

But its healthfulness is but one of Banning's many advantages. For here are produced the finest fruits under the most favorable conditions. Here is the very finest country for general farming. Here is a thriving business town. Adjacent are the richest mines in Southern California.

A local physician after enumerating scientifically and specifically the climatic advantages of Banning, adds:

"Many of these conditions exist elsewhere—the total combination does not. It is not alone to cure consumption that our climate is adapted, but also to the relief of neurasthenic diseases, to the restoration of broken down nervous systems. Having been forced to investigate Southern California thoroughly in search of a location suited to my own broken health, I feel qualified to assert the great superiority of Banning over the lower country from a climatic standpoint."

Banning enjoys entire immunity from fog. Her markets are far superior to those of other villages. Meat is delivered from house to house daily. Vegetable wagons deliver three times per week. Milk is delivered twice per day. The stores are well stocked. Los Angeles markets are accessible and furnish all the delicacies of the season.

Let us sum up: "Banning is 2317 feet above sea level. It has attained a world-wide celebrity as a healthresort, especially for those affected with pulmonary disease. Banning is reached by the healing breath of the Colorado desert on the east and the soft breezes from the Pacific ocean on the west. There is an ample supply of mountain water, for both domestic and irrigating purposes, and a fine system for its distribution. More than 1200 acres of orchard beautify the plains about the village. In quantity, quality and size, the prunes, plums, apricots, peaches, pears, nectarines, figs, grapes, almonds — in fact, everything known to the deciduous family—are unexcelled; and egg and green gage plums are said to excel any and every other product of the kind, commanding half a cent more than the fruit of other California places.

Come and see yourself.

THE MISSION INDIAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.P.P.S.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE:
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Payable in Advance.

Entered at the Banning Postoffice as second-class matter.

BANNING, CAL., SEPTEMBER 15, 1896.

The present number is the last of the first volume, one year of the "Mission Indian." Whilst we do not consider ourselves justified in filling up this little journal with matter referring to ourselves, still we wish to render thanks to all our generous subscribers and benefactors. We ask all and every one to continue to be friends of this humble publication and we assure once more, that we shall continue in the new year 1896 to 1897 to combine the useful with the entertaining and to remain true to the axiom: In essentials: Unity. In doubtful matters: Liberty. In all things: Charity. Let the "Mission Indian" be welcome to many, even to those, who do not fully coincide with the views expressed therein. We subjoin a criticism on the "Mission Indian" from the pen of Mr. Arthur Preuss, publisher and editor of "The Review" and co-editor of the "America", both published in St. Louis. We select this critic, because the sincerity and far-reaching knowledge of Mr. Preuss give weight to his words.

"The Mission Indian."

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, C. PP. S., director of the Catholic Indian School at Banning, Cal., is publishing, since last October, a monthly periodical under the above title in the interest of the Catholic Indians of California.

The *Mission Indian* is a bright little journal and deserves the support of charitable Catholics everywhere. It publishes news from all the missions and general articles of interest. Father Hahn is a professional printer and has taught some of his red-skinned charges to set type and to help him in the general make up. ...... Father B. Florian Hahn is heart and soul in his noble work. We hope his journalistic venture will meet with the success it merits.

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The "Mission Indian" has received an anonymous communication regarding "Gold or Silver or Both." It was sent to us presumably by one of our kind readers. But why was no name given? There is a general rule for all newspapers, the little "Mission Indian" included, that anonymous contributions hasten to the waste-basket. But this time we shall make an exception. We would right here express our surprise, that the few statements made in the last issue of the "Mission Indian" regarding the money-question produced such an effect upon one of our gold-standard readers, as to favor us with a superabundant amount of clippings etc., which gave us reading matter for all our spare time within three or four days.

This is an excellent object-lesson as to the power of the press. If our co-religionists in the United States would fully understand, what a weapon we Catholics would have, if we supported our own press, then the subscription lists of our organs would be such as to insure permanency to all and to every one of our journals.

Now to the point. The letter from Nebraska was sent to us by request. A friend of ours went there on a visit and we desired to find out the "vox populi," i. e. the voice of the people there and we assure our readers, that the letter was nothing else than that, and as such authentic and reliable.

In our own remarks on page 5 in No. 11 of the "Mission Indian" we said: "But we ought not to overlook, that our credit does not depend on the hundred million dollar gold-reserve, but on all the possessions and riches of our great country."

Now comes the correction from our critic. Says he: "Our credit depends upon our honesty;" inferring that free coinage of silver, or 16 to 1 would make us dishonest in our relations to other countries. Our attentive readers will at once notice, that this is perhaps the strongest accusation of "16 to 1". Still we do not believe, that free coinage of silver would affect the world's market in such a way as to make us dishonest traders. We might just as well say, that our paper money would be dishonest, because paper alone is worth almost nothing. Someone may say, that behind every paper or silver dollar is a dollar of gold. There is no such a thing as long as we are hardly able to keep up our gold reserve. Upon one of the clippings we read: "By 16 to 1 you will demonetize gold." That is what they are going to do. We want to have gold lower and silver higher, 16 to 1; then the relative value of everything will be more satisfactory and investments will not be made by storing up gold, but by encouraging other pursuits in life, especially farming and mining.

Now wait; we do not claim infallibility in politics. Our sincere opinion is, that it makes no particle of difference, what kind of money we have, if we are otherwise honest.

If our gold-standard friends are in real earnest about honesty, there is lots of other things in this country of the stars and stripes, which may attract their utmost attention; for instance, monopolies, trusts and the A. P. A's. Mr. McLachlan of Pasadena is a "gold-bug". His maiden-speech in Congress was not about the dishonesties in Uncle Sam's domain, but a harangue against the poor, unfortunate Catholic Indian schools, which he has never seen. Hence we would kindly call the attention of the kind reader, that sent us the clippings against silver, to the fact, that we are rather inclined to doubt the sincerity of the friends of gold regarding the "honesty-phrase", as there are so many more and a thousand times more important matters in our commonwealth, where honest and sincere politicans may manifest their talent and integrity.

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UNCLE TOM talks on the PRECIOUS BLOOD.

My dear little friends:

I am glad to see you all back again. I am sure you enjoyed your vacation. I enjoyed my vacation very much.

Come around now; be very attentive whilst I tell you something about the devotion to the Most Precious Blood of Jesus.

How old is this devotion? Indeed my little Friends, it is older than Christianity; for when Jesus was only eight days old, He was circumcised. He shed His blood for us, and God's angels joined His blessed Mother in adoring that Sacred blood flowing from the divine child's body. It is stated by a very learned man that devotion to the Most Precious Blood, with a Feast, was instituted in 1753, but I find it said by another learned person that since the 15th century the Feast was celebrated on the Monday after Trinity Sunday. However, this we do know for certain, that the Feast, as celebrated today throughout the Church of God, was instituted by Pope Pius IX. in Aug. 1849, whilst the pope, owing to the Revolution in Italy, was like a prisoner at Gaeta in the kingdom of Naples. Besides the holy Pontiff enriched the devotion with many indulgences—plenary and partial.

What is the nature of this devotion? I would like you to take up your "Mission Indian" for June. Read there the nature of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The direct object to which devotion is given is the fleshy Heart of Jesus, and the reason why it is given is because it is the Heart of God. In the same way the object of our devotion is the Precious Blood, the same warm red blood shed for us, and for our sins, not once but many times, and the reason of the devotion is, because it is the blood of God—Jesus Christ being God as well as man, with two natures and only one Person, the Person of God.

Every devotion, my little Friends, has its age, and its nature, and it has too its characteristics, or its own peculiar qualities. The devotion to the Most Precious Blood has this most striking characteristic, that it necessarily leads to those other great devotions practiced so fervently and so universally in the Church.

It brings most strikingly before us the fullness and intensity of the love of the Sacred Heart. From the Heart of Jesus as from a fountain came His Sacred Blood and it came because of the great love of that Heart. If I shed my blood for you when you see the red blood flow you must say, 'his heart loves me very much.'

Devotion to the Precious Blood stirs up within us devotion to the Passion of our Lord. And there is no devotion that pleases Jesus more than devotion to his Passion. We cannot think of the Precious Blood without thinking of Jesus Who shed that Blood, and thinking too of when and where He shed it; that is thinking on the Passion.

The Immaculate Conception as the first fruit of the Precious Blood comes to mind. The flesh and blood of Jesus came from the flesh and blood of Mary. The flesh and blood of both were stainless.

Why did Jesus shed this Blood? The answer gives us some idea of the malice of Sin. Jesus was God and Man. It needed a Man-God to make satisfaction for sin. Sin must therefore be a terrible crime. When St. Bridget was a little girl of ten years she saw in a vision Jesus just in the act of being scourged. The good child was moved with compassion At the same time she ran up to Jesus, and said to Him: "My Jesus, who disfigured you this way?" Jesus answered: "Not the Jews alone have shed my blood, but all those who despise my love and commit sin." So you see, my little Friends, devotion to the Precious Blood reminds us of sin, and tells us that we ought to keep away from sin and its occasions.

"You were not redeemed with corruptable gold or silver, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." Jesus shed His blood to redeem me, to pay the price of my sins. How am I to apply the merits of His blood to my soul, how am I to get rid of sin? By the Sacraments. Devotion to the Precious Blood recalls the Sacraments wherein the fruits of the blood of Jesus are dispensed. Most important of all it keeps in our memory a lively recollection of the great independent Sacrifice of the Cross, and the dependant Sacrifice of the Mass. Where did Jesus shed His blood? On the cross on Calvary hill. There was the great Sacrifice. He died for us on the Cross, He offered Himself up for us. Daily in the Mass the self-same Jesus is offered for us though in a different manner. By the separate consecration of the bread and of the wine there is an apparent death; body and blood appear to be separated. We see the red blood of Jesus in the chalice and we adore it. Those devout to the Precious Blood will be always devout at Mass.

Another characteristic of devotion to the Precious Blood is that those who practice faithfully this devotion are filled with a spirit of zeal and sacrifice for souls. To illustrate this let me point out to you our good Father Hahn (do not be displeased with Uncle Tom, Father). See how he loves to work hard and constantly for us poor Indians. Out on the reservation he sleeps and eats with us. His bed is the hard ground, his food coarse and badly cooked. He lives in this manner days and days. Why? Because he loves the souls of the poor Indians. He has a spirit of zeal and sacrifice. He is a Father of the Most Precious Blood.

Six years ago, my children, your old Uncle was very sick. The Doctors said I could not get well. A friend of mine wrote to the Sisters of the Precious Blood asking them to pray for me. What he said in writing to the Sisters I do not know but he got an answer, that I would have the Sisters prayers, that they enrolled me in the confraternity of the Precious Blood, and more—be attentive—one of those good holy self-sacrificing souls offered her life to God, asking Him to take her, and spare me. I had never seen her, she had never seen me; (may we meet in Heaven), yet thinking that I could do more for our Blessed Lord than she could, she willingly and voluntarily made the offering. There is the spirit of zeal and sacrifice that distinguishes those devout to the Precious Blood.

Before I finish I must ask you all to be devout to the Precious Blood. Those who wish to join the Confraternity of the Precious Blood must speak or write to Father Hahn. But whether in the Confraternity or not let us always by this devotion bring two things to ourselves: a love of Jesus, and a horror of sin.

Blessed be the Precious Blood of Jesus which redeems our souls, purifies them from their iniquities, renders bearable the thorns of earth and prepares then an eternal Crown.

Blood of Jesus sustain my life. Blood of Jesus bless my death.

PRAISES TO THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Glory be to Jesus!
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life Blood,
From his sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find:
Bleesed be his compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Blessed through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There, as in a fountain
Laves herself at will.

O the Blood of Christ!
It soothes the Father's ire,
Opes the the gates of heaven,
Quells the eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion,
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.

LIFT YE THEN YOUR VOICES,—SWELL THE MIGHTY FLOOD;—LOUDER STILL AND LOUDER,—PRAISE THE PRECIOUS BLOOD!

NEWS FROM THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

Cahuilla Valley.

The topic of the day is the new church. It was built in less than no time and everybody is delighted. Why should they not? August the 25th, the feast of San Luis Rey, witnessed an immense gathering of Indians there. Five hundred Indians, men and women, lined up in procession—it was grand—and were present during divine service, devoutly praying and many standing and kneeling outside in the hot sun. The church is 40 x 20 feet, neatly and strongly built by Mr. Jos. Shane, one of our employees at the school. We almost said one of our boys, because fourteen years ago we were at Reed in Ohio, where Joseph was yet a boy in the congregation. He is the son of a respectable family there and he has a good father and a good mother. And their boy is good too. Now, Joe, don't get proud; be humble and remain true to your God, and there might be a great place for you in this world.

Seraphina Lugo is still very sick. Consumption cannot be cured. Prepare for Heaven!

Rosa Costa is dead. She was a bright, well instructed girl from the Perris Indian School, about sixteen years of age. On the 10th of July, when passing through Cahuilla Valley, Mr. Costa told us, that his sister was very sick. Arriving at the adobe house, the home of the girl, we found her very low, apparently approaching death. As Rosa understood and spoke English well, it was easy to instruct her and after due preparations, she received the Sacraments of the dying. Taking leave of the suffering girl, she said: "Oh, Father, I am so glad and happy, that you came. Thank you a thousand times—Good Bye!" When we are going to die, all dissimulations and our true sentiments are manifested involuntarily. Rosa Costa suffered very much, but she died well. May she rest in peace!

Basilio Torte, a young man of about nineteen, was very ill too, when visited by us. He lived in a house near the home of Rosa Costa in Cahuilla Valley and he also died about the same time. Basilio was working in Riverside for a number of years and went home to his relations when hopelessly sick in order to die. He as well as Rosa were victims of the dreadful consumption.

Agua Caliente.

A number of children, babies, died at Agua Caliente. August the 31st 1896 was the last day, when Alec Barker of Agua Caliente saw the light of day in this world. Alec Barker was a half Indian, spoke well Indian, Spanish and English and his family is quite numerous. We never had any of his children in our school, although he was a Catholic and died after receiving all the Sacraments. When about to die, he called for the priest and we would have liked, if those, who try to change the Indians' religion, could have heard his words of gratitude, when he, relying on God's mercy for his sins, felt the interior peace and happiness which no man, but God can give to those, who are sincere children of his Church. Alec Barker was buried Sept. 2d at 10 A. M.

We saw Mr. Barker the day before his death, Aug. 30, preparing him to appear before his Creator and Judge. At his burial no priest was present, but Francisco Alberas said the prayers for the dead and Ambrosio Ortega, the faithful watch man of the church in Agua Caliente directed the funeral exercises. Alec Barker was about fifty years of age. May he rest in peace.

The following letter was written to us by Ambrosio Ortega.

Warner's Ranch, San Diego Co,,
Sept. 1, 1896.

Rev. B. Florian Hahn, C. PP. S.:

I write to tell you that Mr. Alec Barker died here on Aug. 31st in the afternoon at about half past five. Will you please tell the boys from here at the school of his death. The burial will be in the morning at 10 o'clock. Francisco Alberas was here and said the prayers. We all send our love to you and to the Sisters. Yours respectfully

Ambrosio Ortega.

Laguna.

The Indians living here are again threatened to lose their homes. We sincerely hope that they will be protected in their indisputable rights.

San Felipe or Cienaga.

The Indians here are also molested in their homes and threatened with eviction. We are told and hope it is true, that the Government of these United States will protect them. Their rights are beyond any question. Shall the foreigner, a native of France, drive away the children of the soil on the plea of having been there before? If men will testify to falsehood, the very stones upon the graves of the Indian's ancestors will cry out for justice to the Almighty God!

Soboba.

The Soboba Indians have not much property and they are in possession of land, because they have the right of homestead in a similar way, as the wife of a husband has after his death. They may live there forever, but cannot dispose of their homes. They have a large church, built for them by the Right Rev. Bishop Mora, D D. In Mr. Burton, the teacher of the Goverment's Indian School, we met a kind, intelligent gentleman, who desires nothing but to promote the Indian's welfare. Many Indians are absent from home, working or better "outing" according to the system of Capt. Pratt.

Perris.

The Indian School will have a larger attendance than before. The money not allowed by Mr. Bowers and McLachlan to the Contract Schools in Southern California will go to Perris. Nevertheless we desire to express right here our kind feelings towards the Perris School, and our esteem for Mr. Allen, Supt. and his associates and wish them God's speed. Let the children remain true to the religion of their forefathers! God will abundantly bless the works of charity, done for the poor Indians.

Pauma.

A small choir, consisting of four girls and two young men sang at the Fiesta in Cahuilla Valley. They did well indeed and deserve great credit. There was also a music-band from the same place present furnishing delightful airs with their violins and drums to the audience. This impressed upon us the idea, that Pauma is the place where song and music are at home and as the poet says: 'you feel at home, where music swells the breeze!' we would like to meet the good people at Pauma.

Pichango.

The Feast arranged for the whites and the Indians at Temecula was a failure. The Catholic Indians at Pichango heard that the "Padre" was coming to Cahuilla Valley and some smart fellows at Temecula were running the Fiesta there according to the principles of politicians. Thus the Temecula Fiesta was "no go." The lands of these Indians are very poor. We cannot help expressing here our honest opinion, that the Indians at Pichango are also some of those unfortunate aborigines, that were robbed and swindled out of their homes in a legal way, no one caring for or helping them.

Portrero.

The big cement water ditch had been finished, but was again badly damaged by storm water last month to such an extent, as to necessitate a general repairing and an outlay of nearly five hundred dollars. It ought to carry water and barrels of it!

Dr. Wainright, the physican for the Indians stayed nearly a week at Portero, to wait on the sick Indians. Everyone got either some pills, or a liniment or a powder, to cure their respective disease. When the Indians at the Reservation were thus "fixed up", the doctor came examine the new pupils at the school.

Every man needs some recreation. So we all enjoyed "a good time" in the evening at the "Bagatelle". The game was tame, sometimes we hit nothing, sometimes "barrels of it". Eh, doctor, come around again.

◆

An Interesting Letter.

The following letter, although not perfect, is nevertheless full of interest and expresses the Indian's thoughts without a hitch in it, that we give it to our readers in its originality.

SANTA ANITA RESERVATION,
SAN DIEGO CO., CAL.

Dear Florian Hahn C. PP. S.
Banning, California.

To-day I will write to you just a few lines in order to tell you about the Mission Indians. They are trying to be good Christians and they are following our prayers. Every Sunday they come to Church. And one time Mr. Anselmo Leo had done wrong against the law of the United States. He was fencing on this land and he put the fence just 25 feet inside the land of Mr. Ignacio Segundo who went to the Captain Bill Ballatt. He told the Captain for to inform Mr. Anselmo Leo, that he had done wrong on this work Mr. Ignacio Segundo said, I don't want to have anything to do with Anselmo Leo. And the Captain Bill told Mr. Anselmo Leo, "you must not do that again." And Mr. Anselmo Leo said: "Nobody will stop me on my work." For these words Mr. Anselmo Leo was arrested. And Mr. Ignacio Segundo told Mr. Judge Sirvanto Semoatt for to do (correct) the injustice of Mr. A. Leo and the Judge did not know, how to do with that man. And the Judge told Mr. Ignacio Segundo, that he did not know, how to do the injustice of Mr. Anselmo Leo. And Mr. Ignacio Segundo reported to Judge Jose Segundo from San Ignacio Reservation, for to arrest Mr. A. Leo. And the Judge Jose Segundo went to Agua Caliente, to get a policeman. And the other day the policeman came and arrested A. Leo. and brought him to Judge Jose Segundo. When the Judge was asking question, Anselmo Leo he did not say one word and he said: "I can never obey you, Judge and Captain." And for these words Anselmo Leo was sent away from this reservation and he is now in his home in the Vulcano Mountains.

Dear Father Florian Hahn, C. PP. S., I am trying to be a good boy and I am well and happy. There is nothing wrong with me. I never try to be bad boy. We planted some corn; it is now 6 feet long. Everything is nice. And we have a new Church. All the boys are going to confession and will receive holy communion, when you come. We are going to Cahuilla Valley on the feast of St. Louis, to see our friends. And we will have a good talk with our friends. And Captain Bill Ballatt has the key for the church and he opens the door at 10 or 11 o'clock. And we have to wait, sometimes he don't come quick. In my next letter I will make it just a little bit longer. Dear Father Florian B. Cpps. Excuse my writing; I wrote on both sides, of the paper.

Yours respectfully, Dear Sir,
FRANCISCO ALBERAS.

◆

A Protest from the Agua Caliente "9".

The Indians of Agua Caliente accepted an invitation from the Temecula baseball nine. They were promised fair play. On their arrival in Temecula they found out too late that there would be no game. Hence much disappointment and no prize. The Indians wish to express their indignation in the columns of this paper.

St. Boniface's Industrial School.

There are at present one hundred and six pupils at the school, all happy and good children, ready to learn during the following year whatever is good and useful for future years. *Suffer little children come to me!*

The Superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph, MOTHER M. CELETSIA, left her charge September the 2. She is now at Prescott, Ariz., in charge of St. Joseph's Academy. Mother Celestia was a great friend to the Indians and they did not like to see her go. To teach the Indians is a work, for which but few are qualified. Sister Celestia was, and it is with regret, that those connected with the school had to say: "Good Bye" and "Au revoir!"

The new Superiorness, MOTHER FLORENCE, is no novice in the Indian service, having labored for the Yuma Indians a number of years. May God bless her work!

The Printing Office of the School is this year in charge of Mr. Michael Fox. Two Indian boys are under his arch-angelic care.

Mr. Jos. Shane teaches the boys how to saw, to plane and chisel, besides other useful athletic exercises pertaining to the honorable carpenter gild.

Mr. P. Dunn is teaching his clients how to fix shoes etc.

Mr. G. Daniel is instructing his band, how to be kind lo the horses, how to plow, how to irrigate and how to take care of trees.

Mr. Geo. Restovich watches the boys, prays and plays with them. He and his boys see to the fire-wood, besides caring for our flowers and ornamental trees.

Friday.

An enterprising merchant who began business on a Friday, and who has the courage of his opinions, has prepared the following circular giving a list of events that have occurred Friday.

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
"Mayflower" landed on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastile destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Caesar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.

(Cum grano salis. Waterloo was a lucky day for the English and Germans, unlucky though for Napoleon; lucky for the warriors, who escaped unhurt, unlucky for the crippled and dead! Nevertheless to believe, that Friday is an unlucky day, is superstition; and to believe, that a horse-shoe will bring luck, is likewise superstition. There are many superstitious people at the end of the 19th century. Faith in the Revelation is growing weaker, but superstition more general. Alas! Ed.)

Uncle Sam.

An inspector of army supplies during the War of 1812 was known as Uncle Sam Wilson. The contractor was Elbert Anderson and the inspector in accepting the beef, pork and other provisions, stamped them E. A.—U. S. A facetious clerk on being asked what the initials stood for (the letters U. S. for the United States being then new to most people) replied that he did not know unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam Wilson. The idea became familiar to the soldiers, who readily made the Government identical with Uncle Sam.

◆

Catholic Belief.

THE ANGELS.

By saying: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth," we implicitly profess our faith in the creation of the angels, and all that faith teaches us concerning these exalted spirits.

God the Creator is the King of heaven and earth;—a king ought to have a court, ministers, an army obedient to his commands; and the greater his kingdom, the more exalted ought to be his court, the more distinguished his ministers and the more numerous and powerful his army. God, the Almighty Sovereign of the Universe, ought therefore to have a most brilliant court, an army innumerable.

Now the court, the ministry, and army of God, are the angels whom He made to inhabit heaven, to be the ornaments of his palace and his messengers.

The angels are pure spirits, endowed with an intelligence, a will, a power and beauty far surpassing those of man.

They are called pure spirits because they have not been created as our soul, to animate and give life to a body that may serve as their instrument or agent. Unlike us, they have no need of that material completement.

They are endowed with intelligence, will, power and beauty: these are the natural perfections of angels, which resemble those common to man; but the intelligence, will, power, beauty and all the other gifts of the most distinguished amongst men are but a shadow of those of the angels. "I saw," says St. John, "another angel come down from Heaven, having great power—and the earth was enlightened by his glory." (Apocalypse XVIII, 1.) Besides the natural perfections, the angels have received from God the supernatural gift of grace. It is in sanctifying grace, which they received in their creation, that their beauty consists.

There are a great number of passages in the Holy Scripture which prove to us the existence of the angels, and tell us something concerning their duties. When Adam was driven from Paradise Cherubims with flaming swords were placed there to guard the Paradise. (I. Mos. 3, 24.) Angels saved the pious Lot at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha (I. Mos. 16, 7). Raphael the archangel accompanied the young Tobias on his journey. The Prophets very frequently mention the angels. In the beginning of the New Testament we read, how the Archangel Gabriel was sent to Zachary and then to the Blessed Virgin Mary. [Luke.] An angel repeatedly appeared to St. Joseph. [Matth.] Angels appeared to our Lord after the temptation and again during his agony on Mount Olivet. An angel removed the stone from the monument, and on the day of the last judgement our Lord shall appear surrounded by angels [Matth. 16, 27].

These and other passages of the inspired Writ prove the existence of the angels—and according to the words of St. Augustine: "We know through faith that there are angels, and we are not allowed to doubt thereon." When to the Prophet Daniel the glory of God was revealed, he saw, that "thousands of thousands ministered to Him, ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before Him" [Dan. 7, 10] and St. John says in the Apocalypse 5, 11 "and I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the number of them was thousands of thousands."

And what did our Saviour say to St. Peter at the moment of His capture: "Put up again thy sword into its place—thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father and He will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?" All this goes to prove the number of the Angels must be immense.

Again the Holy Scriptures tell us clearly that the angels are pure spirits. Although man has an immortal spiritual soul, he is never called a spirit—whilst the angels are invariably called spirits, ministering spirits [Hebr 1, 14]. St. John also calls the angels whom he saw round the throne, spirits. [Ap. 14.]

Nowhere do the Scriptures talk of the bodies of the angels. It is true they appeared sometimes under the form of man as for example St. Raphael to Tobias—but the angel expressly declared "I seemed indeed to eat and drink with you: but I use an invisible meat and drink, which cannot be seen by man" and when he had said these things, he was taken from their sight and they could see him no more. [Tob. 12, 19-21.]

Great though as the angels were in natural and supernatural gifts, still they, like man had to pass through a probation. They had to acknowledge His sovereign dominion. Thus God tested their fidelity. But some of them listening to the voice of pride, dared to rebel against their Creator and to refuse Him obedience, saying, if not in words, at least in acts: "I will not serve Thee." [Jerm. 2, 20.] Pride was the cause of sin, "For pride is the beginning of all sin" [Sir. 10, 15.] "From pride all perdition took its beginning" [Tob 4, 14]. A great multitude of these heavenly spirits fell into this sin and by sin incurred the indignation of God, who precipitated them into hell's everlasting fire, "prepared for the devil and his angels." [Matth. 25, 41.]

Let us here learn, what is the malice of sin, since, for having committed only one, the angels of light were transformed into demons and condemned to eternal punishments.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

To complete the sketches on the History of United States, in reference to the Indians, we subjoin in this last number of the "Mission Indian" a few summary remarks.

As we stated before, there is no history of the Indians before the arrival of the white man in America. Scientific observations would indicate, that our Indians are descendants of the Israelites. We noticed in many of the Indian children features more refined, than might be expected from a race, living a life of poverty and want. Studies were made, encouraged and aided by the Government as well as by the universities and schools of sciences in this country. The general theory is, that the Indian comes from the Israelite; probably from one of the lost tribes who separated from their nation in the year 971 before the birth of Christ and who were cast into oblivion in the year 722 before Christ being carried into captivity by King Salmanassar, of Assyria. How they came to America is not known. They may have sailed over to this continent or they may have crossed Behring Strait, when the Sea was frozen over. Behring Strait is but thirty six miles wide.

The languages of the Indians in the United States are sufficiently different, to group them into eight families. There is no word in any Indian language for an abstract idea, hence the difficulty, to teach religion to the Indians. They like and understand though figurative language and their expressions are sometimes sublime. But no dry, abstract philosophy can be used in dealing with them. The old pagan Indian had more than one wife, but the union was regular and lasted till death. Divorces were exceptions. Never would an Indian fail to support his wife; nevertheless she had to live sometimes a miserable life, and the Indian husband would treat her with cruelty and indifference. The Indians did not educate their children as we do. The boys and girls were trained by athletic exercises, by hunger and fatigue. To-day they are yet fond of play and game. They may suffer hunger for days and tire out themselves; but then revenge follows and by thoroughly stuffing the stomach and a sweet, long rest nature will be again brought into regular salutary condition. Then we would yet call the attention of our readers to the fact, that the Indians never waged war for conquest. Revenge and hatred were the motives for hostile expeditions and the scalps of their unfortunate victims were the only prizes for their exploits. The Indians believed in the immortality of the soul. The souls of the good went to the happy hunting-grounds; the wicked fell into the river, over which they had to pass, to struggle with the waves for all eternity. This belief is about the same as ours: "There is an eternal heaven and there is an eternal hell."

THE MISSION INDIAN

VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., OCTOBER 15, 1895. NO. 1.

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This paper is printed at the St. Boniface Industrial School, Banning, Cal. You will find it interesting, unique! Not only Indians, for whom it is especially intended, but also all friends of the Indians, people of any creed or political party, can read its columns with profit. The **MISSION INDIAN** will surely delight you, and as the price of subscription is only 50 cents a year, it is within reach of everybody. We shall spread the "Mission Indian" everywhere in California, and we shall issue it on principles patriotic, broadminded—above all, Christian! The advertisements will be found on the cover pages, and they will reach the homes of many. Subscribe for the "Mission Indian."

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BANNING.

A Few Facts Worth Knowing About Our Little Town.

Banning is located between the two highest peaks in Southern California, the San Jacinto mountain to the south and Old Grayback to the north, which each rear their lofty snow-capped summits over 12,000 feet into the azure canopy above. The valley between these towering giants is called San Gorgonio Pass, and is traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The altitude of Banning is 2,327 feet above sea level, and its close proximity to the great Colorado desert, about 20 miles distant, renders the climate free from fogs and moisture, and is therefore especially conducive to those seeking a location where they may restore their shattered health, or to such who are in search of a locality where they may enjoy a brief respite from the cares and worries of business.

Banning is not a big city—it has no banks, no opera house, no wholesale markets, no court house, no county, state or national offices—but it possesses the most salubrious air to be found on the globe, and it is pure air that makes you feel well, for if you should ask us: "What shall I do to be healthy?" we would tell you: "Take in all the pure air you can." Light and air everywhere in Banning!

Banning is sometimes a windy place—so is the rest of California. But there are no cyclones or tornados, and the aerial motion is a beneficial agent in purifying the atmosphere and causing the climate to be all around healthy, bracing and delightful.

Do you like strong breezes and a cool atmosphere? Say: "Ho for Santa Monica or Catalina."

Do you like a hot, dry air? Say: "Ho for Indio or Palm Springs."

Do you like the cold, the ice, and the snow? Say: "Ho for Alaska."

But if you want to live in a place not too hot and not too cold, where you can enjoy a dry, airy, balmy climate, pure, healthy water, and pleasant surroundings, say: "Ho for Banning!"

Our little village enjoys the reputation of being not only a beautiful and healthy place to live in, on account of its charming location and natural advantages, but it is also fast becoming famous for its orchards and the quantity and quality of fruit produced. Judges of fruit from everywhere in California unanimously concede the palm to Banning products for lusciousness and solidity, and year by year the amount of acreage set to fruit trees increases in extent and importance. One of our most successful orchard keepers is Mrs. Mary Davis, whose well-kept and beautiful orchard a little south of town is a sight worthy to behold. Just now you may see there long lines of trays containing sun-dried prunes stretched out upon the greensward, while earlier in the season you may find there 40 or 50 persons at work cutting, drying and packing apricots, nectarines, and other early fruits. To Mrs. Davis belongs the credit of first having spread the fame of Banning fruit, as she insists on all fruit shipments being made by her having the brand of Banning stamped thereon. It is by this means that the excellency of our fruit was first established abroad, and credit accorded whom and where it was due, instead of other localities claiming and obtaining credit for our superior quality of fruit, because sent out from there by packers and shippers. Mrs. Davis this season sent to other markets 100 tons of dried apricots, 35 tons peaches, 50 tons pears, 30 tons prunes, several tons Golden Drop plums, besides large amounts of Kelsey Japan and egg plums.

Besides Mrs. Davis there are numerous other extensive and successful orchardists in and around Banning, but lack of space in this issue of The Mission Indian prevents us from giving a more detailed description of the same. The total in carloads, green and dried fruit, shipped this season from Banning, is 60 carloads.

For reliable first-class wearing shoes we can safely recommend to you the oldest and most popular, The Queen Shoe Store, 162-164 North Main street, Los Angeles, Cal. Any orders sent to this store will be safely and satisfactorily filled at the lowest price; this is a fact worth knowing to people living at a distance from a business center.

When in want of anything in the hardware line, from a paper of tacks to a heavy farm wagon, it will pay you to write or call on Wilcox & Rose, Colton, Cal. See their advertisement on next page.

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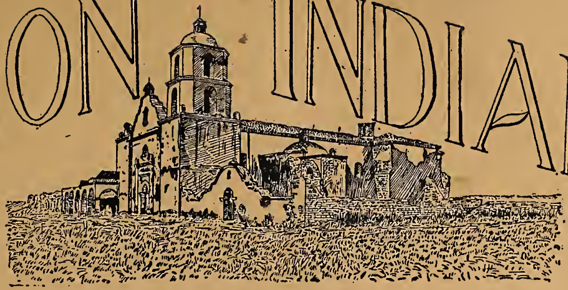

VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., NOVEMBER 15, 1895. NO. 2.

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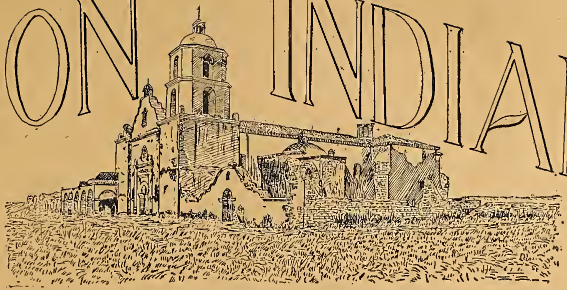

VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., DECEMBER 15, 1895. NO. 3.

WRITTEN FOR "THE MISSION INDIAN."

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

What pity that there should be any place
In this wide world where children do not play,
Or one sad heart, or one unhappy face,
Or ought but love and peace on Christmas Day.

What pity that there are some spots on earth,
That gloomy stretch through wretched ways afar;
That there are some who know not of His birth,
Who never saw the shining of the Star.

What joy that it is granted us to hear
The "Gloria in Excelsis" loudly ring,
That through the stormy midnight sweet and clear
For us their happy songs the angels sing.

How blessed, that smiling on each childish heart,
The Infant Saviour listens while we pray.
Jesus, our God, our joy and peace Thou art!
Grant us Thy blessing on this Christmas Day.

MARY E. MANNIX.

ANITA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The last rays of the setting sun lighted up the snow-capped peaks of the mountains, reflecting its light across a canyon on the opposite side of the valley, revealing a picture upon which angels looked with wonder. No one lived in this valley save an old Indian and his little daughter Anita.

Juan was the Indian's name. He was one of the many who had lost their homes and protectors at the dispersing of the missionaries. Since that time he had been hunted from place to place by the greed of the white man till at last for some years he had found an unfrequented solitude where he could brood over the wrongs of his people and nurse the bitter hate that long had possession of his heart. Had Juan been a young man he would have wreaked vengeance on the white man, for there was that in his nature, which had struck terror in the hearts of his own people. But old age had enfeebled a once powerful frame.

The Indians regarded him with superstitious awe. All knew where Juan lived, but none would venture to take up his abode in the same valley.

Now to this man Providence had entrusted a beautiful, tender child.

I have no adjectives to describe her sweet, dusky face—her large, sad, dreamy eyes that knew not even the consolation of tears, so hard had been her life. Fear of her father had grown with her years—not that he had ever treated her harshly—she was the only object on earth he did not hate.

Anita had learned something about God from a Christian Indian who baptized her. She had learned too what the old Padres taught the Indians about devotion to the Mother of God, and God put into her soul a great love of our Blessed Lady, and inspired her with the hope that some time the great hate in her father's heart would be melted away.

She had somehow learned of her father's relations with the white man and with the Old Fathers, yet she knew not exactly what these relations were. But she said and knew that as time passed his anger increased, till one day he seemed to be beside himself with rage. That was a weary day for Anita.

With a heavy heart she watched the shades of evening descend upon them. All day her father had showed exceeding wrath. He had always kept with him a chest about the size of a trunk, which was well made and securely locked.

What the chest contained no one knew, not even Anita, and the child feared the box almost as much as she feared her father. She had sometimes heard him say when moving the chest from place to place, "I swore to them I would guard it."

All these years he had been guarding it and now what did she see? A heap of dry wood like to the pagan Indians' funeral pile, and with the rage and hate of a mad man her father dragged the mysterious chest from where it had lain for years. He put it on the pile of wood, and set it on fire. With a fiendish delight he watched the flames leap up on all sides, while he kept saying to himself, "they too were white men, what trust had I with them."

Anita was frightened. She fell on her knees behind a clump of sage brush and prayed: "Sweet Mother, don't let God be angry with my poor father for breaking his trust with the white man. Don't let them kill us for burning the box."

Anita's prayer was scarcely finished, the chest was enveloped in flames, when the child was startled by an unearthly shriek. She looked up and saw her father fall as if in convulsions. When she recovered from the shock she rushed to where he lay, and in heart-rending words bewailed her sad fate. She had thought her father dead. As the last glimmer from the bonfire died away, Juan opened his eyes, and in feeble, gentle accents said, "My poor, dear child."

Anita brought some water from the spring near-by, bathed his face, and she had the great joy of seeing her dear father, tho' still weak, yet restored to her.

The moon came up and by her light Juan discovered that the chest was not burned, the wood was too hard and wet, and the flames had merely licked the sides. He put it carefully back to where it had so long lain, and went about his usual duties, but he was no longer the same Juan. Even Anita could see that their final parting could not be far off. Day by day he grew more feeble, yet he was gentle and forgiving, and he no longer cursed the white man. God had changed his heart at the prayer of Anita. When Christmas Eve came, Juan again brought out the chest, not this time to burn it. He opened it, and there Anita saw a beautiful image of the Infant Jesus and many rich church ornaments, which the Mission Fathers had entrusted to him during the troubled times. He tried to explain all to the astonished child. She thought that this was indeed the Infant God, of whom she had heard—so dazzled was she by the beauty of the image, and the richness of its little robes. After some time he succeeded in making her understand what these things meant.

Juan showed his little daughter how to arrange the crib, and, lighting the tapers round it, they knelt and begged of God thro' the love of the Holy Infant always to guard them and to keep them good. Long they watched and prayed. The stillness of the midnight hour and the pale, gentle moonlight harmonized with their deep reverence.

The love of God had conquered, Juan was the captive, and sinking upon the ground he fell into his last long sleep at the feet of his infant God. Anita knelt, her hand clasped in that of her dear father, and her head resting upon the crib. She felt no fear, for Angels kept that solemn vigil with her.

As the Christmas sun broke in upon the scene, flooding the whole valley with glory, God was pleased to send her aid. A number of Indians were passing thro' the valley in a hunting party, amongst whom was her old friend, the Indian who baptized her. They helped her to arrange for the funeral, and what was mortal of Juan was buried high up on the mountain side.

The valley was afterwards known as the "Valley of the Love of God."

The good Indian who had twice befriended Anita now took her to dwell with his people. Every Christmas Anita gathered together all the Indian children and around the little crib taught them in her sweet, simple way the great truth of God's sending the Child Jesus into the world for love of them. Thus was the Christian faith preserved and propagated among them. Finally the end came for Anita too. One Christmas night Aunt Nita, as the children had learned to call her, arranged the crib for her children and her children's children. All were busy preparing for the great feast which was to be kept with a solemnity Anita's descendants had never known. All else being ready, a pure white linen was spread over the chest, for now it was to serve as an altar. God had sent a priest to his devoted children, and Anita received not an image this time, but the good Jesus really and truly in the Blessed Sacrament, and as the *ita missa est* was said by the priest good Anita died. They carried her body to the "Valley of the Love of God" and laid her near the spot where her father had rested for over half a century.

(*Continued on 3rd page of cover.*)

ANITA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

(Continued from 2d page of cover.)

The chest and its contents fell to the guardianship of the priest, but he never took it from among the Indians.

Many generations of Indian children have gathered round that little crib and learned there the love of the Infant Jesus for them, and their fathers, and heard the story of Juan and Anita. Under the shadows of the mountains where sleeps Anita, a little paper, The Mission Indian, is published. Just in hearing at Christmas-tide a convent bell sends forth a merry peal and the hills re-echo the glad tidings. "Glory to God and peace on earth to men." Here, within sound of this bell, Indian children will assemble at Christmas round the crib and they will have a chance of praising God as many of their fathers had not. They will have something too that poor Anita had not: they will have good cheer. Besides they will have the care and love of the good Sisters of St. Joseph, and they will have their Christmas tree, and little mysterious packages will hang like tiny fairy gifts from every branch.

And do you know, dear children, there is something hidden in every package, which clings to you long after the joys of Christmas have passed. Look for this something every year. It is something more precious than the contents of the mysterious chest. It is a breath of the Love of God which long years ago Bethlehem's Babe brought on earth and poured into the hearts of men—filling them to overflowing, and the overflow is our love for one another, which we find in the tokens of good will that flood the world at Christmas time.

Good News for Lower California.

Leo XIII., who has ever the interest of Christianity all over the world in view, has not forgotten Bajo California, having just erected it into a "Vicariate Apostolic."

Three young missionaries, Reverends Petinelli, Scarpetti and Rivelli, from the famous "Collegio Romano," founded by the immortal Pius IX. for the American missions, have just arrived at Hermosillo to take charge and prepare for the Vicar Apostolic, who is expected to arrive in a few months. He will make his headquarters at Ensenada.

The Old Mission at San Diego.

St. Anthony's School,
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 27, 1895.

We have read the dear little paper, The Mission Indian, and we all like it very much. We would like to see in it something of our Old Mission in the next number, and therefore I will undertake to tell a little of its history.

In 1769, on the 16th of July, the mission of San Diego de Alcala was founded. The men and officers, naval and military, assembled at the site selected for the presidio, and with deep gratitude for their deliverance from the perils of travel, they set to work to erect a temporary altar at which to give thanks in the holy sacrifice of the mass. Bells were swung over a tree and rung by willing hands. The "Veni Caeator" rang out clearly on the virgin air, the water was blessed, the cross raised, and the royal standard thrown to the breeze.

Thus was the country taken in the name of God and the king. Groups of savages had gathered about, and in astonishment watched the proceeding to the end. Then began the dawning of Christian light. Meanwhile the soldiers were busily at work erecting buildings for the presidio, called by the Indians "Casoy." Shortly after their completion, however, Padre Serra moved the mission from the presidio to "Nipaguay," about two leagues distant. Here there were brought to the baptismal font 474 savages, whose secular education was going on hand in hand with the spiritual. They had been taught to till the soil, to raise wheat, vegetables and cotton, and to manufacture a coarse cloth; some of them became carpenters, others blacksmiths, and some stonecutters. A few of the most intelligent ones assisted the Padres instructing those of their brethren who desired to be baptized. Thus did the good Padres Fuster and Jaune, with their predecessors, labor on from dawn till dark, content and happy in doing their Master's bidding.

On November 4, 1775, after having bade his "children," as he fondly termed the neophytes, a cheery "good night" and retired, Father Jaune was suddenly awakened from his slumber by the demoniac howls of a thousand or more frenzied savages descending upon the mission, bent on destruction. Rushing out to appease their fury, he drew his crucifix from his belt and raising it aloft cried out "Amad a Dios, hijos!" (Love God, my children.) Immediately they fell upon him with spears, clubs, and stones, and with savage glee they pierced his bruised and bleeding body through and through. As he fell mortally wounded he kissed his crucifix, commended his spirit to God and gasped out: "O Jesus, save my soul." The soldiers of the guard, two of whom were wounded by arrows, rushed to the rescue of Father Fuster, upon whom the fire was fast approaching. "Seek my companion," he cried, and unmindful of his own danger, he rushed out amid the shower of stones and arrows, calling wildly to his beloved companion, unconscious that he lay in the courtyard a hacked and bleeding corpse.

Already the buildings were afire, the savages were becoming wilder with excitement and, yelping like hyenas, danced and darted about in the flickering light, hurling arrows and stones unremittingly at the corral whither Father Fuster and companions had sought refuge. A horrible night it was. No human help at hand, the good padre had besought heaven to help them in this their great peril, and his prayer was answered. Though arrows flew thick and fast all night about their heads, yet not a hair was touched. Behind Father Fuster lay a sack containing 50 pounds of gunpowder. Though burning brands were falling everywhere, it was miraculously untouched. Corporal Rocha and his wounded soldiers kept up their fire from the front of the corral, and with good results. When day began to dawn, bringing great relief to the prisoners, it was seen the fury of the mob was spent, and the savages were dispersing.

Then appeared the neophytes, sorrowing greatly at their inability to repress their furious brethren. Two of them, Ignacio and Roque, soon after daylight recovered the body of the martyred Padre Jaune, bruised and beaten to a pulpy mass, twenty times speared through the breast, the great gaping wounds filled with clotted blood. His comrade, Father Fuster, was beside himself with grief, but well he knew the coveted crown of the martyr rested upon the brow he loved so well. Tenderly the body was borne to the presidio, where, with deep sorrow, it was committed to mother earth. Here also were the bodies of the unhappy blacksmith and his comrade, who had fallen early in the fray, laid to rest. Immediately there stepped into the martyred friar's place Padre de la Pena, who, with Fuster, took up anew the work so rudely interrupted, re-establishing the mission at the presidio for greater safety. In 1804 a new church was erected, and the bodies of Padre Jaune and colleagues were re-interred in the sanctuary. Here rested for a time the martyr in whose blood California was baptized. However, the place where at present the remains of Father Jaune are, is unfortunately unknown.

I have read most of this short story in the Sunset Series of June, 1893. How sad we all are when we look at our dear old mission, now in ruins. If only some good people who have means at their disposal would be inspired to rebuild it and we could once more gather the remnant of our dear Mission Indians to praise God in this dear spot!

Hoping this short story of the oldest mission will help The Mission Indian, I remain, sincerely yours,

Leonidas Pauval.

[In one of our issues to come we shall print another account of this mission, from the pen of the popular writer, Mary E. Mannix.]

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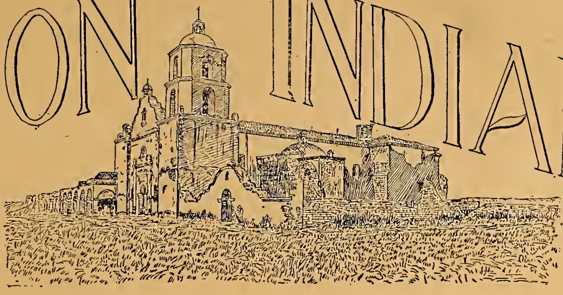

VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., JANUARY 15, 1896. NO. 4.

BANNING NEWS NOTES.

The latest acquisition to Banning is a full-blown Chinaman, pig-tail and all. He goes by the euphonistic cognomen of "One Lung Jim," and has established a washee-washee factory near the depot. Jim says he has come to stay, and says Banning is "heap goodee."

Realty in Banning is looking up somewhat lately. The sale of a 20-acre orchard in the southern end of town is reported, but up to the time of going to press we had not learned particulars as to price paid or parties interested. Several other real estate deals are said to be under way, and will probably be consummated shortly.

Groundhog day is coming on apace, and to the question of whether or not that interesting little quadruped will see his shadow when he creeps out of his burrow many farmers in the eastern States attach a great deal of importance as indicating the kind of weather to be expected for some weeks thereafter. A groundhog weather prognosticator hereabouts would afford our ranchers considerable relief just now, as the rainy season is very tardy about setting in and cereal crops may be seriously affected unless rain is forthcoming soon.

A robbery under peculiar circumstances occurred in Banning recently. Tobias Heller, who has lodgings with Mr. Graf, near the school house, awoke one morning to find that he was minus his watch and money. The sneak-thief had gained entrance to his bed-room by prying open the night-latch, and after taking a purse containing about $10 in small change, a silver watch and other little things from Mr. Heller's trouser pockets, made his exit unobserved and was considerate enough to re-lock the door, so that his victim was not aware of having been robbed until he chanced to feel for his watch, but it was *non est*, as were also his money and other valuables. Mr. Heller is very much perplexed over the theft, but has no clue as to the probable thief.

The proposed new race track for Banning is assuming shape. The track has been measured off, graded, leveled and rolled down, and the preparatory work well started. Banning has some pretty fast racing material, of which we may have something more to say later on. Our vicinity also boasts some good horseflesh, notably Mr. Thomas, of Hemet valley. There are some promising colts among Mr. Thomas' string of flyers. Reina del Rey is a very fast 2-year-old, by Honduras, dam Ann Bollyn, with a running record of 1.14, 118 pounds up. Bourbon is another of Honduras' speedy get, and Letty Stice, same sire, dam Nievis, is also reckoned a prize-winner. Lulita, another thoroughbred, has also been raised and trained by the Thomas boys and girls, and is their particular pet and favorite. The above are all thoroughbred colts, of well-known pedigree, and when our race track is finished perhaps some of them may be seen spinning over it and first to cross under the wire, too.

The Christmas holidays and New Year's Day were observed in Banning in the usual quiet manner. The weather was fine, crops the past summer were bountiful and profitable, and therefore people generally were contented and happy, and felicitated themselves on the bounteous returns of the old year, and the prospect of a happy new year. Turkey shoots were the order of the day Christmas and New Year's, and several of our Banning sharpshooters captured quite a number of gobblers. The feature of the different New Year's celebrations, though, was the grand turn-out of the Indian boys' glee club from St. Boniface Indian School. At the peep of morn on January 1, 1896, the "band wagon" was gotten ready, the boys took their seats, Bandmaster Christian Landoll waved his baton, the horses started, and away sped the merry songsters towards Portrero, the idyllic Indian reservation east of Banning. To say that the glee singers astonished the natives, is putting it mildly, and when the familiar tune of "Nearer My God to Thee" was struck up by the boys, heads were bared in reverential spirit, and shouts of approbation and encouragement sent after the singers as they whisked past. Arrived at the new chapel built for the Indians in Portrero, they dismounted and entered the church, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hahn, accompanied by the choir and the glee singers. After services the band wagon was headed homeward, while its gleeful occupants awakened the echoes of the canyons with their songs, which were gently wafted by the softly moving zephrs across the valley, over the hills skirting Banning, and out upon the vast expanse of the Colorado desert, leaving behind tuneful memories of a year happily closed as the New Year dawned blissfully o'er the mountain tops.

A NEW YORK paper has an article on "How to Humanely Kill Kittens." Why not kill them just as you murder the English language?

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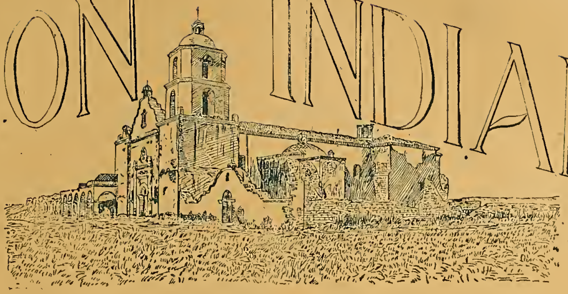

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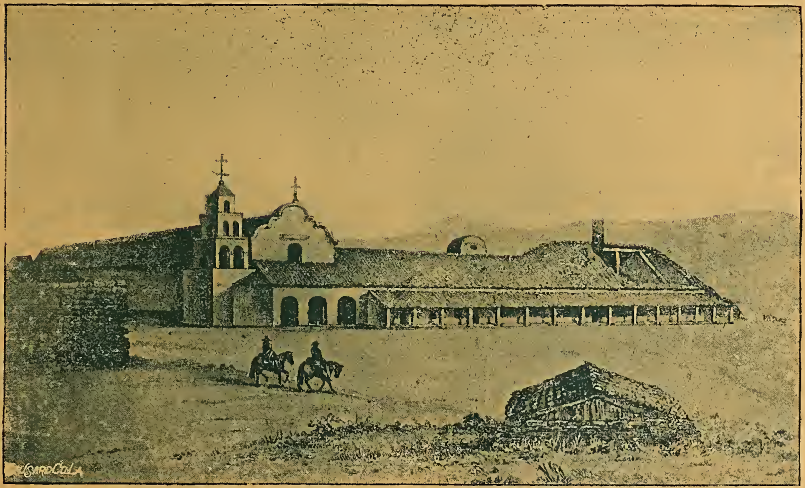

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BANNING NEWS NOTES.

Most of the almond trees hereabouts are in full bloom just now. Early harbingers of spring they are.

◆

Two itinerant musicians, with violin and harp, discoursed sweet strains to appreciative audiences in Banning one night last week. Both wielded a master hand at their respective instruments.

◆

Sunday, February 2d, was groundhog day, and as the weather was threatening and rainy, we may expect an early and auspicious spring, with plenty of rain, if Mr. Marmot is any good as a weather prophet. An old proverb says:

"Candlemas day, if it be fair,
The half of the winter's to come, and mair,
Candlemas day, if it be foul,
The half of winter is past at Yule."

Another maxim concerning groundhog day runs thus:

"If Candlemas day be fair and clear.
There'll be two winters in that one year."

Another reads:

"February second, bright and clear,
Gives to all a good flax year."

◆

A January Sun-Rise in Lovely Gorgonio Valley.

It is early morning, the air is surcharged with a watery vapor, which envelopes the valley from end to end, and a quiet atmospheric calm pervades all. It has been raining during the night and the day preceding, much to the relief and gratification of the agricultural community, who watched and prayed, these many days, for moisture sufficient to revive the sun-scorched fields of withering vegetation. The oppressive and unseasonable heat has given way to sharp, fresh ocean currents, cool but not chilling, brisk yet scarcely moving. Additional relish is lent the keen delight of inhaling the exhilarating and invigorating ozone, purified and rarefied through 24 hours' rainfall, by the unbroken quietness and solitude prevailing. The misty spray gradually retreating from the bed of the valley, where Jack Frost never carves fantastic designs upon window-panes, or snow covers up the summer's bloom, majestically rises towards the mountain tops. A soft, translucent gray overspreads the eastern horizon, with timorous beams of light issuing therefrom, which, as they increase in strength and numbers, cast illumined ribbons of splendor aslant the mountainside. A dim outline of the foot-hills is now visible, the ascending vapors disclosing more and more of the landscape. Almost imperceptibly but steadily the vague coloring of the eastern sky is changed into a brilliant glare, an intensely dazzling white brightness breaks through the gloom, and suddenly from over the shoulder of San Jacinto mountain looms up "Old Sol" in all his glory; shedding a perfect flood of light and sunshine over the northern half of the valley, leaving the southern half still enwrapped in foggy clouds. By degrees the entire valley is cleared of its encumbering mist, driven on by the heat-engendering solar rays, exposing to the beholder a beautiful picture of rugged mountain scenery, gigantic cloud-supporting sky-scrapers flanking either side of the intervening valley like huge sentinels guarding its entrance, in the center of which lies the snug little town of Banning, with its large tracts of orchards and pretty-looking red-roofed cottages, seemingly dotted about like so many bright-colored squares on the luxuriant carpeting of Nature's handicraft. Higher and higher rises the now luminous and resplendant sun in its arched pathway, inanimate creation responds to his cheerful greeting, the tiny blade of grass, the curled-up rosy flower-petal, profusely strewn with glistening dew-drops, gently elevate their points, and even the lichened stones seem infused with life as they sparkle in their dewy nook. The chirp of the blue-jay is heard on the bough, the katydid gladly makes her bow, the squirrel and chip-munk rub their brow, and the quail to his mate softly coos his vow—all signalizing the awakening of another day, as the glowing orb sends his irradiating and overarching rays far ahead into the distance, diffusing light, heat, life and glory.

◆

Description of a Giant Bass-Violin of the Seventeenth Century.

1. Said bass-violin is 400 yards long by 80 yards wide.

2. There were used in its construction 6,760 score dealboards, of which the saddle alone required 567.

3. There were employed on it 100 violin-makers, 92 cabinet-makers and 87 carpenters, who all worked thereon for full eight years, and it was only this year completed.

4. There were consumed in beams, screws and tuning-key four score large oak trees.

5. There were cut from 20,000 horses the manes and tails, wherewith to make the bow, and 200 linen-weavers busied themselves arranging the strands of hair.

6. There were used in preparing glue, with which the violin was glued fast, the horns of 18,000 Polish oxen, and 200 persons were three years engaged boiling these, in large brew-pans, into which 50 men fell and perished by reason of their stupidity.

7. In making the bow eight score laurel-trees were worked up.

8. There were engaged 500 men, with mighty large instruments, whose duty was to turn the screws when the violin was to be tuned.

9. There were taken to make the tiniest string 4,768 sheep-gut from the most select ewes.

10. But as regards the other heavier strings, inasmuch as it is a 7-stringed violin, language fails completely to describe.

11. The bow is drawn across above-named violin but three times yearly, namely Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas, because the tones resounding from it betwixt feast and feast, resulting through the drawing of the bow, are so all-powerful as to preclude its performance oftener.

12. It requires 680 people to manipulate the bow.

13. There are used at each playing 800 pounds nine-oils for lubricating the parts, the rubbing-in of same occupying 80 people night and day.

14. Said violin was first played this year's Easter, upon which occasion the very smallest string, snapping asunder, killed 300 people instantly, not counting those otherwise maimed and injured.

15. As the great depth of said violin is not to be accurately given, yet it occurred that an imprudent prying tailor, on climbing the violin to view it the better, and in peering through an aperture in the saddle. became dizzy thereat and fell headlong into it, falling through space for two whole days ere reaching bottom.

16. But inasmuch as the snapped chord was never replaced, the multitude once attempted to draw the bow athwart the fiddle, whereupon such sonorous soundwaves ensued that a church-steeple 50 fathoms high, which stood near by, was shattered by the concussion and fell to pieces, however luckily injuring nobody but an ass, which died instanter. But the powerful sounds caused 500 people to go deaf forever.

◆

A Corner in Smiles.

MAUDE—"Yes, indeed, she is an old friend of mine."

Grace—"That may be, but don't let her hear you put it that way."

* * *

AT THE PARTY.—He: "Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit."

She: "What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."

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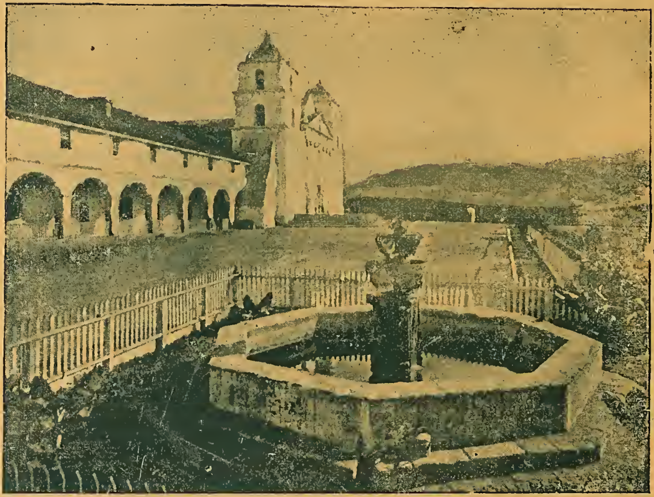

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THE MISSION INDIAN

VOL. 1. BANNING, CAL., MARCH 15, 1896. NO. 6.

EASTER GREETING.

"God Bless You."

How sweetly fall those simple words
Upon the human heart;
When friends in holiest terms thus seek
Their best wish to impart.

"God bless," you is the fondest wish,
For him we name our friend;
While life, brief life, is speeding on,
And nearing fast the end.

Those words are music to the ear
In every grief and loss:
They lift our soul to distant Heaven
And help us bear our cross.

From far and near they ever seem
To bear the power to cheer you;
And soul responsive beats to soul,
In breathing out:—"God bless you."

FROM UNCLE SAM

To His Good Big and Little Children in the Far West.

My Dear Children:

Some time ago I read a copy of The Mission Indian. Its contents pleased me, particulary "Uncle Tom's Column." I read your letters with delight. I see you want to be real good children. Now, nobody loves such children more than I. I would like to see you grow up as good and useful citizens of our grand Union. I am sure that your good teachers spare neither pains nor trouble to make you such. I am just a little envious of their position. Although I am 1,900 miles away from you, I too would like to assist in making you happier and wiser. But how can I do this?

No doubt you like to read interesting stories. They will benefit you, if they are good. Have you ever read about the lives of some of the good and great men who helped to free this country? To read about such men will benefit you still more, because you can learn how they lived and what they did to become good and useful citizens. Among such men we find none greater than George Washington, the "father of our country."

I shall give you a brief biography of his life. I trust that you will read it carefully and try to imitate him in being good children at home and in school; and, when you are grown, be honest and upright citizens.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia. There was no village near his home where the boys could gather to commit mischief. He spent his time in going to school and roaming about on his father's plantation. For company he had his two older brothers, and other good boys of the neighborhood. George was very fond of all kinds of sports, especially of the military kind. In running, jumping, climbing, and in all active games in which boys of his age delight, he was one of the best. This shows that he must have been a wideawake boy, and, no doubt, loved by all. It is said that he never told a lie.

No doubt some, or perhaps many of you, have heard the story about young George Washington and his little hatchet.

For the benefit of those who have not heard it, I will relate it briefly.

You see, little George liked to run about on his father's farm and have good innocent fun. Now, like many other boys of his age, he also wanted to have a little hatchet to play with. So his father bought him one. George was now one of the happiest boys. Swinging his little hatchet he ran about the yard hacking and chopping at different things. And so it happened that he also chopped some fine cherry trees of which his father was very proud. Some days afterward George's father saw this. He called George and asked him who had cut the trees. Now George saw that he had done wrong. But he did not try to get out of it by telling a lie. He humbly answered: "Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it." This uprightness pleased his father so much that he gladly forgave him.

Learn from this, my dear children, always to tell the truth.

At school George was a very good and diligent boy. He kept his books clean and in good order. Although he did not have such a good school as you have, he nevertheless made such good use of his time that he learned enough to become a good and great man. He was always obedient to his mother. He did his duties promptly and with order.

He also wrote for his own use some rules of conduct, which he strictly observed. All this helped to make him a good, wise and great man.

When George was eleven years of age his father died. This was a trying time for George, because now the duties of the household and estate rested upon him and his mother. But he obeyed his mother and so all went well. This is another lesson for you, dear children: Always obey your parents and teachers, study your lessons well, and you will be loved and happy.

In the year 1753 the French and English people in this country began to quarrel about some land. War was threatening. Both parties, in order to be surer of victory, got Indian tribes to help them. Now the English wanted to know what preparations the French were making. This knowledge could be gotten only by making a long and dangerous journey. It needed a man of strength, bravery, shrewdness, skill and self-sacrifice. Who was fit to make such a trip? George Washington was then a young man of twenty-one. He had all these good qualities and so he was chosen to get the wanted information. On the way he had much to suffer from cold and hunger, and also from the infidelity of those that were with him. All but a fearless pioneer and an Indian guide had deserted him. Finally the Indian also became unfaithful and even fired his gun at Washington. On this occasion Washington showed his tender heart for his fellow-man. Instead of killing the Indian for his infidelity, he sent him away to his cabin.

After a journey of over two months, Washington returned with the wanted information. Men were now enlisted for war. Washington was offered the command of them. But he declined, saying: "I am too young and inexperienced,"—a good example of modesty; always be modest. So he was made lieutenant-colonel. Shortly afterwards he won a battle over the French and their Indian allies. In this battle he was in front of his soldiers, giving all an example of bravery and fearlessness.

In his second battle he was not successful. Being surrounded by great numbers he had to surrender, but he did it with honor. His country acknowledged his great prudence and military ability. Washington now resigned his commission, but the great love for his country gave him no rest. He accepted an invitation to accompany another campaign against the French and the Indians. In the battle which followed, he did such good service that he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. In the following year, 1759, the war was ended. Washington then married a Mrs. Custis and retired to his beautiful home Mount Vernon, in Virginia.

At this time America was still ruled by an English king. Washington loved both England and America. Because of his great ability he was elected to serve in the legislature of his State. There he learned how America was being shamefully oppressed by England. Now his whole heart beat for America. He wanted to see the people of this grand Union free and happy. To effect this was now his whole aim. Therefore from this time already he deserves the name: "Father of his country."

On the 15th of June, 1775, Congress elected him commander-in-chief of the army of the united colonies. Washington, who had the welfare of his country at heart, accepted this responsible office. But not with hopes of getting rich thereby. On the contrary, he refused all pay, asking only that his expenses be provided for. Does this not show that he sincerely loved his country?

Boston, Mass., was at this time in the hands of a well-equipped English army and navy. Washington had only a mixed multitude, gathered from shops, farms, and different places. But they were all willing men, and with such a leader as Washington they made great preparations to fight the English. This

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

UNCLE SAM.

(Continued from 2d page of cover.)

scared the English so much that they left Boston. Washington and his army had won a battle without shedding a drop of blood. For this Congress voted him a gold medal; but the unselfish Washington gave all the credit of his success, next to God, to the bravery of his soldiers. He said: "The only reward I want is the affection and esteem of my countrymen"—a great-hearted man, was he not?

Shortly after this he lost several battles, because his army was too weak. Things looked gloomy. The Union was threatened in many places. Congress fled. Philadelphia was panic-stricken and many left the city. Even some of Washington's best friends were against him. But Washington was not discouraged. He trusted in God and kept on making preparations to fight the enemy. His confidence in God and in his soldiers was not in vain. After much suffering and many hard struggles he with his able generals and brave soldiers penned up and fought the English in such a manner that they had to lay down their arms. A treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Paris on September 3, 1783. America was declared independent. For our liberty we must be thankful to George Washington and his brave soldiers. Now he really deserved the name: "Father of his Country."

Washington once more retired to his home, Mount Vernon, for rest and to oversee the management of his big farm.

History tells us that he was over six feet in height, robust, graceful, and perfectly erect. He was social and fond of company and children. While at home he spent much of his time in riding and hunting. He was an early riser. His breakfast consisted of corncake, honey, and tea. Having finished this, he rode about his estates. His evenings were spent with his family around the fireside, cracking nuts, and relating his adventures. He would liked to have spent the rest of his days at home, but the troubles which followed after the war would not let him rest. The country was in great debt, and a disunion was threatening. This grieved the good Washington. He feared that the war had been in vain. But our heavenly Father was watching over the young Union. The more sober-minded men called a convention. Washington was put at the head of the Virginia delegation, and in due time was elected President of the United States.

This great and disinterested man would rather have stayed quietly at home. But, like all good men, he too was willing to make a self-sacrifice when the welfare of the country demanded it.

On the 30th of April, 1789, he took upon himself the duties of President of the United States. His position was a difficult one. He had to organize a government. Money had to be provided for and debts paid. All of his friends had different views and some were opposed to his plans. His cabinet was divided. But Washington, as in former years, trusted in God, and resolutely did what he thought best for our country. His administration pleased the people so much that they elected him for a second term. At the close of this term, March 3, 1797, he again went to his home, Mount Vernon. But he could not enjoy his much deserved rest very long. He died there from the effects of a severe cold, on the night of the 14th of December, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Thus quietly passed from this earth a good, wise, and noble man. Although nearly a hundred years have elapsed since he died, his name is still fresh in the memory of all. Yes, it is no exaggeration to say that so long as the world will stand, so long will the name of "George Washington," the "father of our country," be on the lips of his beloved countrymen.

Now, dear children, good-bye. Your well meaning UNCLE SAM.

All Letters Are Answered as Soon as Possible, Sallie.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Feb. 26, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write you a few words to let you know that I am enjoying myself in school. I like my charges very much. We are anxious for you to answer our letters, and then, Uncle Tom, we would be glad if you came to see us once, as I would like to see you. Your loving niece,

SALLIE VELASQUEZ.

Glad to Hear It.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Dec. 29, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

It is with pleasure I write you, especially as I wish to give you some idea of our school duties. I like to learn to read, write, cipher and to work very much. We are really happy in school. Sister does all she can for us. We had a fine time playing ball yesterday.

Very respectfully,
JOHN CLEMENTE.

Short but Good.

ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
BANNING, CAL., Feb. 10, 1895.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I write you to tell you that I like to be in school, and that I am twelve years old. I am in the First Reader. Good-bye. Your little niece, CARMEL LINTON.

Try Hard and You Will Get Into a Higher Class.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Feb. 20, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I have been in school here two years, and now I am reading in the Third Reader, and this year I will try hard to get into a higher class. When the big bell rings at 9 o'clock in the morning we all go to the sewing room and sew until half past eleven. I am very glad to have charge of the dining rooms, because I like to wait on the table. When the bell rings at half past one o'clock we all go to school, and then we study reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, and health. Good-bye, Uncle Tom.

MARY BANKS.

You Won a Great Victory.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., Jan. 28, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

We had a game of base ball with the Banning boys the other day, and we won the game. If it wasn't for the umpire, they would have been beat worse. I don't think they will play with us again, because first they were talking we were sure to lose the game. We beat them entirely, and we can do it again. I thank Father Hahn for allowing us to play the game. I am healthy and strong, and hope you are well too. Come and see us play ball, dear Uncle. I play pitcher sometimes. Yours truly,

FRANCISCO LUGO.

That's Right, Always Be Industrious.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
January 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I have not much time to write, because I am working in the kitchen, but I will take time enough to write to my dear uncle. Santa Claus was in the school at the Old Mission. He came and brought us stockings full of good things. We got dolls, wagons, ribbons, handkerchiefs, bracelets, and other things. A fatted calf was killed and roasted in the big oven. Father Hahn, of Banning, visited our school and we were very glad to see him and hope he will come again with his magic lantern. I will now close my letter by saying good-bye, Dear Uncle. I remain your loving niece,

MARIANA CABRILLAS.

Grandma Gone.

ST. ANTHONY'S INDIAN SCHOOL,
SAN DIEGO, CAL., Jan. 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

This is my first letter to you and I will try to tell you all about our school. I had a grandma and she used to be here when they were building this mission, and she died year before last, in 1894. We had a nice time Christmas. Santa Claus came here and brought us dolls and harmonicas and other things. This will do for today. Yours, lovingly,

VICTORIA RIVERIS.

A Grand Time.

St. Anthony's Industrial School,
San Diego, Cal., Jan. 31, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I was glad that you printed my letter in "The Mission Indian," and all of us children read it. On Christmas, after we were through washing dishes, we went to the school room to wait for Santa Claus. And then he came with a basket full of stockings. Then Mother told him if the children were good to give them their stockings with presents. Then Santa Claus began to call out numbers and all got stockings filled with nice things. Oh, we had a grand time, and enjoyed it very much. Good-bye. I am, your sincere niece, JUANITA MANRIQUEZ.

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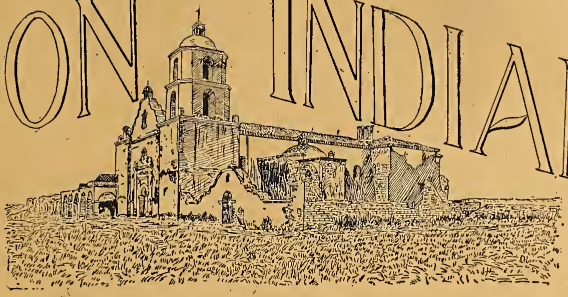
THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., APRIL 15, 1896. NO. 7.

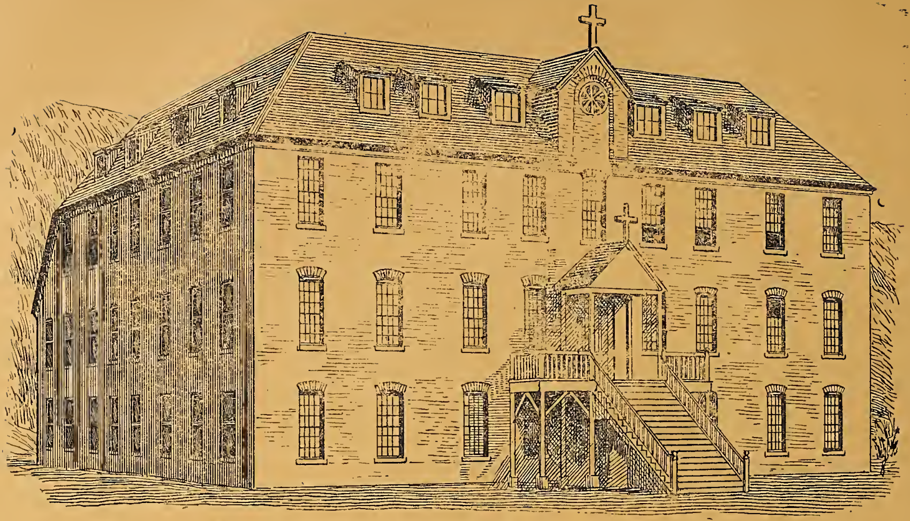
THE MISSION INDIAN.

Its Purpose and Chosen Field of Operations.

The first number published of THE MISSION INDIAN contained a detailed summary of the aims, objects and purposes which induced its publication. It was conceived in charity, and born of good will for the Indians, and they alone are the beneficiaries of whatever pecuniary profit might result from the undertaking.

THE MISSION INDIAN is not a business enterprise in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It is conducted on business principles, of course, and the hope is entertained that it may prove to be a successful venture. But the profits, the net results in dollars and cents, be they big or little, will all be applied to the maintenance and upholding of the missions among the Catholic Indians of Southern California. In this endeavor to upbuild and propagate the faith we rely on the support and lively assistance of the Catholic community at large, because the intention is to make THE MISSION INDIAN not only a paper for the Indians, but a medium for Catholics generally, through which the entire Catholic body may become interested in our particular work. By presenting a readable, instructive, and entertaining paper, it is hoped and expected to enlist the sympathies and awaken the interest of all Catholics in the condition of Indian missions as they exist to-day.

That our efforts are being appreciated, and that our appeal has not been in vain, not only as regards Catholics, but also as concerns non-Catholics, is amply attested by the kind words of encouragement and friendly feeling manifested in our labors. The low price of subscription, coupled with its charitable object, have elicited a generous response of material and moral aid from all classes, and for this good will shown and words of cheer extended we hereby give our deep-felt thanks.



ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

HOLY WEEK.

So called on account of the great and various ceremonies celebrated and performed in it. The chief object of the Church in this week is to celebrate the memory of the passion and death of the Redeemer. Part of the Tenebrae, a name given to the matins and lauds of the following day, which are usually sung on the afternoon or evening of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in Holy Week, was performed on the above evening in the chapel of St. Boniface Industrial School by Rev. Father Florian. During the other offices belonging to Holy Week the boys and girls of the school choir sang the responses and hymns, as would do honor to a more distinguished church choir; thanks to their efficient teachers.

Easter Sunday.

On this day the Church celebrates the greatest festival of the year, the resurrection of our Blessed Lord from the dead.

The glad notes of the Alleluja remind us that "He has risen as He said," and renews in our hearts the pledge of our future resurrection.

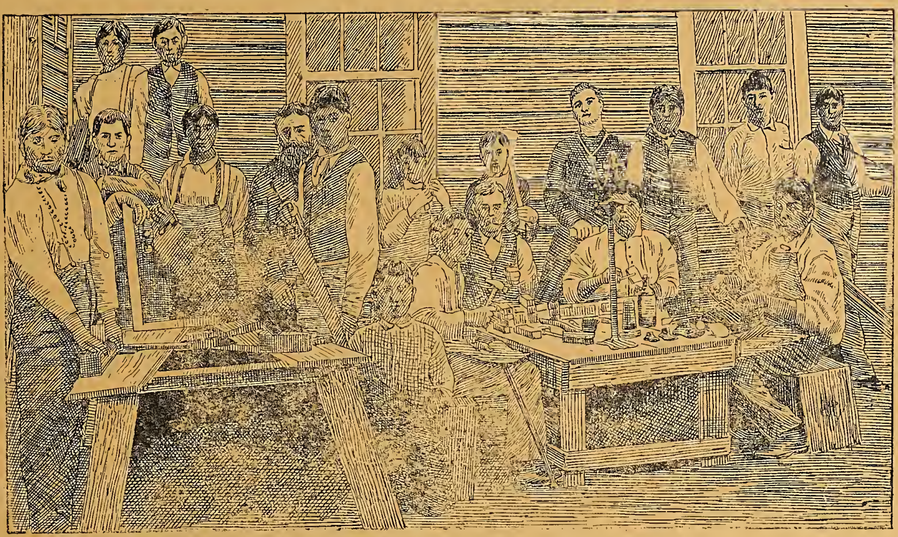
The anniversary of this glad day was celebrated at the school by a high mass and sermon. The sermon delivered by Rev. Father Hahn was both effective and instructive, so much so that the smallest child present could understand the truth of Christ's resurrection.

God grant, kind readers, that when the great scene-shifter Death comes to draw away the passing scenes of mortality and to show to our vision the dazzling reality of immortality, we may realize in its highest sense the truth in our resurrection. "The just shall rise glorious and immortal from the grave."

The attendance at the services of Holy Week was very good, especially Easter-Sunday brought many visitors to the chapel of the Indian school. A number of them came all the way from San Jacinto, 20 miles distant.

Monday after Easter the pupils of St. Boniface Indian School went to the Indian reservation at Portrero for a picnic. Solemn service was held at 10 o'clock at the church of the Indians. After this lunch was served and games indulged in until the evening hours demanded a return to the Alma Mater.

The mists were rising: all the Eastern sky
    Was rimmed with silver, and the long dark night
Slowly dissolved, like evil in the light;
    Poor Mary, faint with sorrow, hurried by
The city wall, when suddenly a cry
    Broke from her pallid lips, for on her sight
The tomb yawned empty: then with great affright
    She saw a vision, and she turned to fly.
The angel stood beside her: "Do not fear
    But go—tell His Disciples what you see,
For Christ is risen!" And Mary's heart was free
    From all its grief. A stranger then drew near:
"Fear not, for it is I: go then thy way
    And tell abroad what you have seen to-day!"



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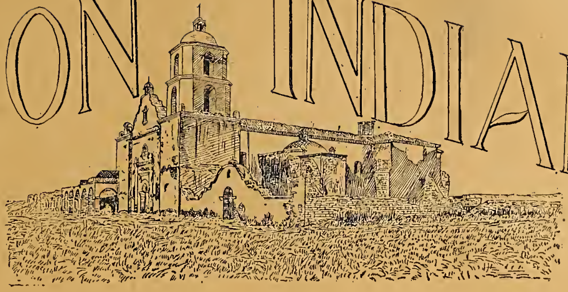
THE MISSION INDIAN



VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., MAY 15, 1896. NO. 8.

Ave Maria.

Dearést Mother, at thy altar
We, thy little children, kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter
To thy goodness we appeal.

We are seeking for á mother
O'er this world so vast and wide,
And from off His cross our Brother
Points to Mary at His side.

Announcements.

On Sunday, May 17, high mass will be celebrated at St. Boniface school chapel at 9 A. M.

On Pentecost Sunday, May 24, services will be held at the school at 6:30 in the morning, and at 9 o'clock A. M. in the chapel of the Indians at the Portrero reservation.

On Trinity Sunday, May 31, mass at 9 o'clock A. M. at the school chapel.

His Lordship Bishop Montgomery will on Sunday, June 7, at 9 A. M., dedicate the chapel of the Indians at Portrero, and on the afternoon of the same day, at 3 o'clock, he will bless the fine large bell at St. Boniface school.

On Monday evening, June 8, at 7:30 o'clock, a children's entertainment will take place, consisting of songs and recitations by the Indian pupils, to which everybody is invited.

UNCLE TOM'S COLUMN.

My dear little friends:

My letter to you this month will be about the Blessed Virgin Mary—our Mother. This month is set apart for special devotion to Mary. It is called the month of Mary. May is a short form for Mary. There is no other month in which we get such a good chance of making ourselves dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than during this month of May. How? Mary is always good and kind and loving, for in Heaven she is still a Mother. But there are times when even the kindest of mothers surpasses herself. This month is that time for our Mother. During May Mary is anxious to do as much as she can for her children to make them dear to Jesus.

Did I say Mary was *our* Mother? "Yes, you did, Uncle." Alright then, my dear, I said what is true. Mary is our Mother. She is your Mother, she is my Mother. Every little boy, and every little girl, has a Mother in Mary. When Jesus was dying he looked down from the cross on the Blessed Virgin and St. John. He said to Mary: "Behold thy Son," and He said to John: "Behold thy Mother." Now John stood there for all of us. He represented all Christians. Mary is our Mother.

My children, is there any other word that you know of that brings up so many nice touching feelings as the sweet word *Mother?* I may tell you all the beantiful things that so many great people have said about the relations between parent and child, but you will know more, and feel more, by hearing repeated, Mother, Mother. To me, in my old age, there is a magic in the word, that makes me unable to speak. To whom does our heart go in tenderest love when the world is hard and treats us unkindly—to our Mother. If that mother is dead and gone we follow her spirit aloft to Heaven. If land and sea separate us, with the quickness of lightning our sick heart takes us far away to home and mother. When our little school duties are hard, and we fancy our teachers are wanting in kindness, see how we wish we were home, to nestle our head on our darling mother's bosom, and hear heart respond to heart in purest affection. When the child falls, who rushes to raise it up and endeavors to soothe the pain—the mother.

> "Who ran to help me when I fell,
> And would some pretty story tell
> And kiss the part to make it well—
> My mother."

Yes, as the true good old saying has it "there is no one like the mother." When a poor child goes astray, becomes so bad that nobody likes him, and nobody has a good word for him; when, in fact, people hate the sight of him, the mother will still cling to her child because she is a mother. A few days ago I was talking to a mother about her bad boy, and I spoke very hard, though very true about him, and I said I would have nothing more to do with him. What did the mother say? She said, "the world may give him up, but I never can, for he is my child: I am his mother." Mary is my Mother, and Oh! Mary is a kind, good, loving Mother. A Mother whose heart always goes out to her child. A Mother who never gives up her child, and a Mother whose great desire is that all her children may love one anotner; that Jesus may love us and we may love Jesus. Did you ever know a good child who did not feel himself honored and respected when respect and honor was shown to his mother? Did you ever know a good child to refuse the request of a loved mother? Never. Jesus is a good son, Jesus will refuse Mary nothing. Whatever she asks He will grant. If she asks—and she will if we ask her—if she, I say, asks Jesus to make us dear to His Sacred Heart, Jesus will surely draw us by the strong gentle bond of His love. And Jesus will be pleased if we use the influence of His Mother.

What, my young friends, have we been doing during this month to gain the influence of our Mother? Have we done the littlest thing to show that we love Mary, and trust in her as our Mother? Have we said any little prayer to our darling Mother? You do not need a prayer book. You have a tongue, and you know what you want. Ask what you want. You will not be refused if you ask through Mary. O, my own sweet dear darling Mother, I am a poor sick child, come and watch over me. Ask Jesus to cure me from my sins, ask Him to make me strong that I may sin no more. Ask Him to make me live well, so that I may die well, and be forever with You and Your Son Jesus in Heaven.

The Bees Swarm With New Queens.

St. Boniface Industrial School,
Banning, Cal., April 19, 1896.

Dear Uncle Tom:

I was very sorry that my last letter was not printed in "The Mission Indian" I have charge in the dormitory and like it very much. I sometimes watch the bees too. I wish you would tell me why bees swarm. I am 10 years old and read in the Third Reader. Sister Alphonsa came back to Banning. She has charge of the bakery, and she makes very nice bread. I remain as ever your loving nephew,

PETER SALVADEO.

◆

The Murder of Mrs. Mary Platt.

Saturday, September 22, 1894, a circular sent to the Indian teachers by Mr. Francis Estudillo, U. S. Indian Agent, told the tale that Mrs. M. Platt, teacher at Pichango, near Temecula, was no more, as she was probably murdered, and that all that remained of her and her school house was a heap of ashes.

The officials at the agency, Mr. Estudillo, Dr. Wainwright, and Mr. Davenport, at once displayed the greatest activity in unraveling the mystery that hung about the tragedy. The ashes of the burnt school house were thoroughly raked and searched, the few charred remains of the unfortunate woman were carefully examined, everybody was questioned in the hope that some light might be shed on the mystery, but all without any definite or satisfactory result. At first suspicion rested upon Capt. Mateo Pa. He was arrested together with another young Indian, brought before the Federal Court in Los Angeles, tried by a jury and declared "not guilty." At his trial nearly all former Indian Agents were present and testified to the good reputation of Mateo Pa, and as the criminating evidence was insufficient, the Captain was acquitted and a legal murder thus averted.

After Mateo Pa's trial Mr. M. Aguirre, of Los Angeles, was engaged as detective upon the case. He was very successful. Molido, an Indian living at Soboba near San Jacinto, had talked too much to some Indian women at the Soboba reservation. He was arrested and confessed to having committed the crime. As his accomplices he involved three other Indians from the Pichango Indian reservation, located about two miles from the village of Temecula, Riverside county, Cal., where the crime was committed.

These three Indians, Guavish, Darko and Rodriquez, were then arrested, and their trial took place during the last two weeks (April 27 to May 11), the jury disagreeing.

Molido, having made a confession, was sentenced by the judge to the penitentiary for life long before the trial of the three other Indians. His testimony was about the only evidence brought out during the trial against the three accused men. In substance he said that he and the other Indians had rapped at the school house door during the night, and upon the door being opened, had rushed in, seized Mrs. Platt and carried her about 150 yards from the school building, where they committed the crimes of rape and robbery upon her person, and then brought her back into the house, piled wood about her body, applied the torch, and the flames soon left nothing but a heap of ashes over the remains of the unfortunate woman.

During the trial it was shown that Molido's testimony implicating the other Indians was not consistent in important particulars.

As stated before, the scene of the tragedy was carefully and minutely examined. A stone was found among the ashes, the weapon apparently with which the killing was done. Mrs. Platt was known to have had a goodly sum of money about her at all times, and not a single coin or trace of money was ever discovered in the remaining ashes.

The conflicting and insufficient evidence caused the jury to disagree, after staying out 48 hours and taking 65 ballots. The jury at first stood 7 for "guilty as charged" and 5 for acquittal, the last ballot showing 8 for and 4 against "guilty as charged." The ballots of the jury taken separately on the accused men stood thus:

Guavish, 10 for conviction, 2 for acquittal.

Rodriquez, 2 for conviction, 10 for acquittal.

Darko, 2 for conviction, 10 for acquittal.

An alibi was proved by these three men. They will have a new trial, at which each will be tried separately. From the above balloting it is evident that the rope is tightening about Guavish's neck, and the other two will likely be discharged.

Mrs. Mary Platt taught for seven years in the Government school at Pichango. She was about 60 years of age, gray-haired, and kind and charitable toward the Indians. The facts now known prove that the crime was not committed by a Pichango Indian, but by an outsider, Molido of Soboba. He probably murdered the lady in order to rob her of all the money she possessed, and no other outrage was committed. The building was then fired and the body cremated to destroy all evidences of guilt.

The authorities tried hard to bring the guilty party or parties to justice, and having brought out the fact that Molido is the murderer, should desist from further prosecution of those who have been shown to have had no connection with the murder. It was a horrible tragedy, but to harass and perhaps hang the innocent is equally horrible to contemplate.

After all, would it not be much better to protect life and property, and prevent murders rather than waste the taxpayers' money in costly trials? We all pay heavy taxes; let the money be used more for prevention than the prosecution of crime, and it will be better for all concerned. Spread religion and teach good morals everywhere, and do not slander or calumniate the character of those who may have charge of the Indians, and then there will be no murders. Alas! the contrary is true only too often. May God forgive them!

◆

Obeyed Instructions.

Lady of the house: "Bridget, what are you standing there staring at me for? Didn't I tell you I was not to be interrupted unless the house was on fire?"

Bridget: "Well, mum, that's it. It do be burning this half hour."

Hatred and Conciliation.

(An episode of the late Civil War.)

In the holy time of Easter everything should be disposed of that is bad. Among bad things enmity and hatred almost always preponderate. The following incident is therefore timely and appropriate:

"Miserable wretch! May I meet you some day with your tongue cleaving to your gums and your throat parched with thirst, that I may have the pleasure of denying you the drink of water which you crave and beg of me!" Thus spoke an American cavalry officer, angrily addressing an infantryman of huge stature and fierce mien.

It was a horrible wish, the full import of which can be comprehended only by one who has himself experienced and suffered the pangs of thirst. In the terrible civil war this officer had participated the day before in a murderous battle, in which everyone's strength had been taxed to the utmost, and where the individual could not and dare not think of himself. And now, on the morning following the battle, this officer was detailed to deliver an important message in great haste to a detached body of troops. His own horse could not be used on this errand, as it was lame and unfit for such a rapid ride. So the officer ordered a fresh horse quickly, but it balked and kicked, was unmanageable, and stood stock still at every little obstacle—in short, it was possessed of every bad habit.

"But it mattered not," continued the officer; "I was bound to go ahead and deliver that message. At one time the road was blockaded by wagons, another time I met and had to avoid as best I could flying artillery—everything seemed in conspiracy to oppose my progress. It was a burning hot day. Clouds of choking dust filled the air, my canteen was empty, when presently I spied some soldiers who had halted by the roadside and were refreshing themselves at a spring. What a delicious sight! I reigned in my horse and hurried toward the spring, but the animal reared and plunged so violently I had to desist, and besides I was laughed at by the soldiers, who derided my poor horsemanship. Though all aglow under the sun's hot rays, and maddened into fury by all these untoward circumstances, I yet contained myself and, turning to the soldier nearest me, said to him: 'Comrade, please fill my canteen.'

"But the man only frowned and pitilessly replied: 'Fill it yourself.'

"Then in nameless rage I uttered the above quoted imprecation, set spurs to my horse and galloped away, without heeding the soldiers, who now called on me to turn back. After a lapse of about 20 minutes a small, sympathetic negro whom I met refreshed me and my horse with a drink of cool water, for which I gave him a handsome reward in coin, and then fell to pondering upon how a black heart is sometimes concealed under a white skin, while a white, warm heart beats beneath a black surface. However, the face of the man who had so ungraciously refused me a drink of water, was indelibly impressed upon my mind, and I then and there swore to hunt him down and—then I would have revenge.

"Two whole years I spent in search of that man, on battlefields and in hospitals—finally the wished-for day of revenge had come.

"I had been wounded in a skirmish and was sent to a hospital in Washington. I improved rapidly. Being able to render some service, I walked up and down the hospital and nursed the sick and wounded. I stood at many a deathbed and found there men whose faith was so deep-rooted, and who passed away so peacefully, that I frequently paused to ask myself: How about you? Can you also go to your eternal sleep as blissfully as these men? Often I was so absorbed with such grave thoughts that I almost forgot my enemy.

"At this juncture the great battle of Gettysburg was fought. O my, what a large number of wounded of all sort were brought into the hospital then! All the wards were filled, an oppressive heat prevailed, and the sick were languishing in stages of high fever. From all directions could be heard cries of 'Water! O, give me water!" Pitying the poor ones in their helpless condition, I took up a large pitcher, put a piece of ice into it, and went from bed to bed, giving each to drink. O, how good it tasted, this refreshing draught! Thankful glances of the eye expressed what the lips were unable to utter. Then, all of a sudden, a tall man arose from a far corner and cried, with a hollow voice: 'Water, for the love of God give me water!'

"I stood as if paralyzed. I knew that voice. In that great hall I saw only one man then—it was he who so heartlessly had refused me the drink I had asked for on that day two years since, and whom I had pursued all this time with feelings of revenge.

"The man apparently recognized me too. He sank exhausted on his pillows and turned his face toward the wall. A voice in my heart whispered: 'The day of revenge and retaliation is here; give water to all but him; let him linger while you revive the others.' Another voice, though, became audible, and said: 'The most beautiful day of your life has now arrived, when you can return good for evil and forgive, as you would have the Divine Redeemer to forgive also you.'

"The good spirit at last drew me to the bedside of my foe. I raised up his head, and placed a cup of water to his burning lips. O, how he drank, and how relieved he was! Never will I forget the look of gratitude he gave me. He said not a word, but evidently was deeply moved. I felt a wonderfully lovely sensation creeping over me.

" 'Doctor,' I said to the physician of that ward, 'will you have the kindness to leave that patient over yonder in my charge? Please do.'

" 'With pleasure,' replied the doctor.

"I nursed him day and night thereafter. He never sppke a word to me. One day, though, as I was leaving his bed, he caught hold of my coatsleeve and said: 'Do you recollect that you once asked me for a drink of water?'

" 'Yes, Comrade, but it is an old story of no importance.'

" 'O, sir, it is very important to me. I really do not know how it was with me on that day. The lieutenant had called me a marauder, I was feverish, furious, and altogether beside myself. A few moments after you left I was ashamed of myself and my conduct, but the injury done you could not be undone then. For two years I have been seeking you to ask your forgiveness. When lately you gave me a drink at my request, I remembered your vow, which still sounds in my ears, and I was afraid to speak. Will you, can you, forgive me?'

"I stood speechless. Here was the man I had hunted for two years to revenge myself on, and he had hunted me to ask my forgiveness—which of us was the better Christian? I felt ashamed from the depths of my heart and answered: 'Comrade, you are better than I. Let us speak no more of this unfortunate affair.' "

Had to Do It That Way.

On a farm in Georgia not long ago it became necessary to count a flock of geese, and Pompey, a colored boy, was stationed at a little gate through which the geese were to be driven, and was told to count them as they passed. "One, two," began Pompey, loudly, "tree! Dar goes anudder! Dar goes anudder! Dar goes anudder!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the farmer, hurrying up to the excited boy.

"Why," said the innocent boy, "I cyant count no furder dan tree in numbers, so I hab to do it dat way."

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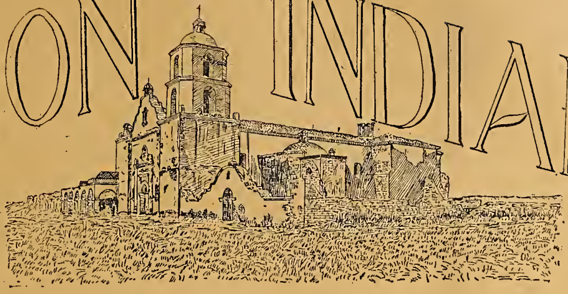

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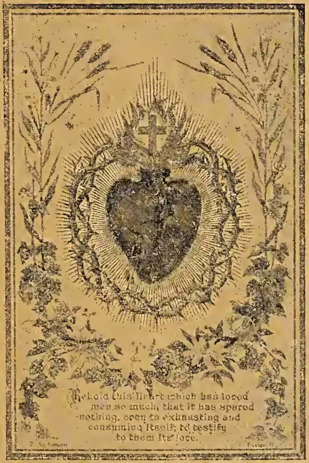
The Sacred Heart.


Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, that it has spared nothing, even to exhausting and consuming Itself, to testify to them Its love.

Heart, that bled on Calvary's Heights,
Heart, devoid of scorn or hate!
Clothe us with the shining robes
Of a precious, priceless Faith.

—

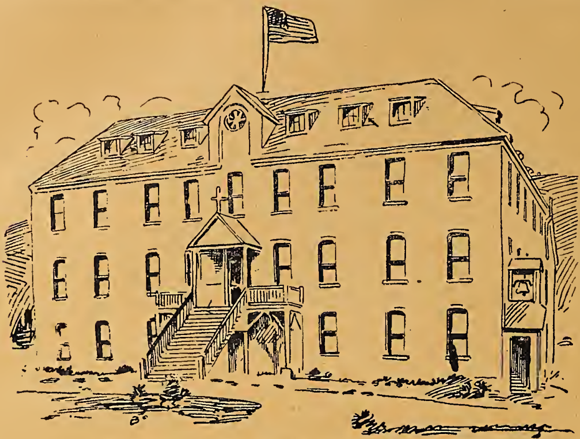
Heart Divine, Oh! human Heart,
Satan could not with Thee cope,
Flood us ever with the sweets
Of a deep-abiding Hope.

Heart of Jesus! Heart of God!
Heart that died for love of me,
Kindle in our luke-warm souls
Ardent fires of Charity.

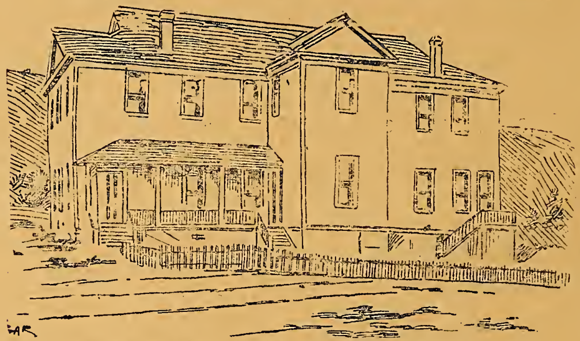
—

Heart! that loved so deep, intense,
Thou art "all in all" to me,
May we, when this life is o'er
Find a welcomed home in Thee.

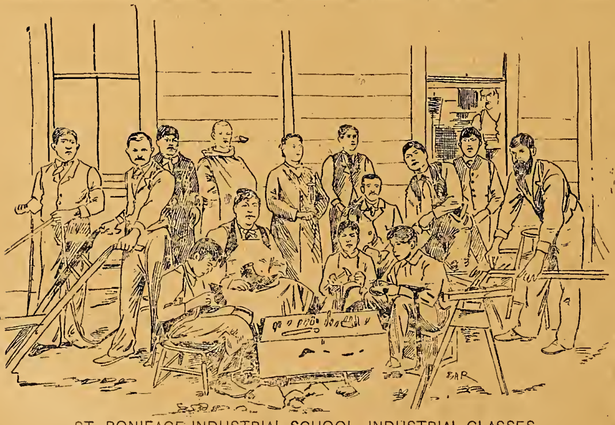
J. N.



ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—FOR GIRLS.



ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—FOR BOYS.



ST. BONIFACE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL—INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

NOTICE.

Owing to other obligations, equally important, the management of THE MISSION INDIAN is unable to do justice to the proper canvassing and spreading of the paper. We therefore would call the attention of the friends of the Indian cause to the newly-established agency of THE MISSION INDIAN in Los Angeles.

Mrs. S. E. Rothery, No. 230½ South Spring street, is our representative there and is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions, to make contracts for advertisements and to authorize others to canvass for the paper.

The price of subscription is only 50 cents per year, and should be paid in advance. The receipt of the paper is proof—*eo ipso*—that payment was made to us.

Should THE MISSION INDIAN not reach you regularly, inform us or apply to 230½ S. Spring street. We send the paper to everyone on our subscription list, but our experience is that mistakes are made in the mail service, although we are unable to locate the cause of these errors.

THE MISSION INDIAN ought be on the table of at least every Catholic family in this diocese. No one will miss 50 cents a year for an interesting paper.

We would kindly ask our friends in Banning to subscribe for it liberally. Let THE MISSION INDIAN find a home in the place it is published in. Our rates for "ads" are low, and as there is no longer a home-paper in San Gorgonio Pass let the little MISSION INDIAN be welcomed by everybody. We shall not collect subscriptions and then run away, but will give you an equivalent for your money.

For the city of Pasadena Miss Georgina Bates accepted the agency.

Our subscription-list is growing, and we extend our heartfelt thanks to all our friends.

God's blessing to all that do good to our Indians.

B. FLORIAN HAHN, C.PP.S.,
Publisher MISSION INDIAN.

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Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery in Banning.

Sunday morning, June 7th, at 7, fourteen pupils of St. Boniface Indian School made their first holy communion and twenty-four pupils were confirmed by the Bishop. The children manifested great piety and earnestness, and the boys in their clean, nice suits, as well as the girls dressed in white, with snowy veils and handsome bridal-wreaths, presented a picturesque, interesting sight. May they always remain good and faithful.

At 9 A. M. the same day the new Catholic church for the Indians at Portrero was dedicated to the worship of God by the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor-Bishop of Los Angeles. An immense number of Indians were present to witness the ceremony and to listen to the paternal words of their Bishop.

In the afternoon the Bishop blessed the new bell of the school. May it ring many years in honor of St. George as a herald of peace and a messenger calling to prayer.

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Entertainment at St. Boniface School.

On Monday evening, June 8, the pupils of St. Boniface Indian School gave a most enjoyable entertainment in honor of the Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery, who favored that institution with a visit. The pastors from the neighboring congregations and people of Banning, Beaumont and other places most heartily responded to the invitations sent out to them, no doubt attracted by the remembrance of the pleasant hours enjoyed in former years on like occasions, and certainly they were not disappointed in their expectations. Although the program was somewhat lengthy, considering the youth of the actors, it was gone through with surprising alertness and afforded two hours of genuine amusement, everything evidencing the careful training they had received. The characters were rather a motley crowd of representatives from dark Africa, China, and other continents both new and old.

The entrance march brought all the pupils before the audience, and in the solemn chorus "Laudate Dominum" the clear voices of 112 children rang through the hall. The addresses gave evidence of the Indian children's steady improvement in speaking the English language. "You Can't Play in My Yard" was exceedingly dramatical; and the song "How Lovely are the Woods," by the senior boys, was harmoniously rendered.

The pole - drill of the junior boys gave proof that in time of need we shall have a well-drilled and effective guard in the "Pass." Master Valeo Johnson, who impersonated "Old Black Joe," brought down the house as he, a poor relict of a former generation and bent by the weight of years and hardships, tottered off the stage to meet his children and his friends who had passed long ago. Mary Banks as Chino "Chin-Chin," was a most welcome visitor from the flowery kingdom, and no matter whether he was smuggled in or proved previous residence, he was heartily received when he assured the housekeepers that he came to lighten their heavy burden on these warm summer days, as he could washee and cookee allee same Melican man.

The farce "The train to Mauro," presented by Miss Nancy Morales as "Mrs. Buttermilk;" Peter Salvadeo, as her son, and William Matthews as "The Ticket Agent," was a very laughable performance and highly enjoyed by the audience, and it showed besides that the actors possessed histrionic powers of no common degree. Great sympathy was felt for the patient and imperturbable Ticket Agent—a very uncommon occurrence—and the accident of missing the train by the garrulous Mrs. Buttermilk and her dutiful son was voted to be a well-merited punishment for annoying so worthy and useful a public functionary. The entertainment was brought to an end by the chorus singing the "Star Spangled Banner." The beautiful rendering of this and other choruses by the pupils was one of the features of the entertainment, and it showed how effective and edifying it would be if in our churches we had a little more congregational singing.

In the closing address Rt. Rev. Bishop Montgomery encouraged the Indian children to persevere in their endeavors and so to perfect themselves as to be independent and self-supporting members of society. He then gave thanks to all present for the encouragement given the school.

Besides the Bishop, there were present six priests from the neighborhood, two ministers, Prof. Ward with his entire class of Banning public school pupils, and a large proportion of the Banning population, together with many Indians from Portrero. The assembly was a manifestation of the excellent broadminded spirit of the people of Banning.

The absence of the familiar face and figure of Mrs. Mary Puzey was generally remarked upon by those who were accustomed to seeing her kindly beaming countenance on such occasions. She was never known to miss attending a festival of any description at St. Boniface school, but her not being present is accounted for by the fact that she is just now traveling abroad, having started on a European trip some weeks since. She will make a tour of all the principal cities on the other side of the Atlantic, and no doubt will return to our shores more than ever imbued with the greatness of this country and an increased love for her California home. May the All-Merciful guide her to a safe, happy return. *A. R.*

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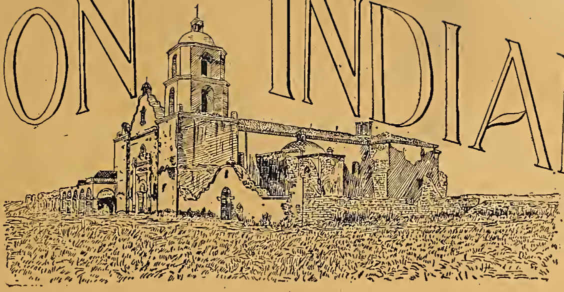


VOL. I. BANNING, CAL., JULY 15, 1896. NO. 10.

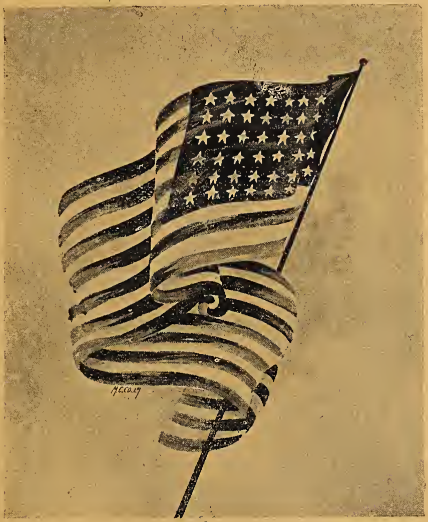
OUR FLAG.

I.

The wind was high and on its breast
Behold! the colors fly,
And folding o'er its lofty crest
The beacon tips the sky.
From right to left, on every side,
It flutters in the breeze.
Now very low, its staff to hide;
Then upward, o'er the trees.

II.

Its five and forty stars will shine
Upon their field of blue
And shield the humble home of thine
And guard thy children too.
Of all the ensigns on the land,
None fairer you may see
Than that, that graces Freedom's hand,
And blesses you and me.



III.

From tyranny's strong arm of power
And oppression's wanton claims
It holds most sacred as its dower
Thy fealty, but disdains
No valiant patriot in the land,
Who claims this as his home.
But with a firm and trusty hand
Will shelter all who come.

IV.

Then hoist the banner, let it wave,
And shout ye brave and true,
Did not your sires die to save
This flag, red, white and blue?
And as the years go creeping by,
And break this veteran band
Your sons, the flag will carry high
For God, and Native Land.

Church Bells.

Whose heart is not stirred by the sound of the bells from the lofty tower of the parish church in the early dawn of the morning, when their harmonious peal invites us to the celebration of the sacred mysteries—or when by their sad and mournful chimes they announce to us that one of our brethren has been summoned before the judgment seat of God. Or who could better express that mysteriously charming feeling evoked in our souls by those "tongues of God" when by the twilight of the setting sun they call us all again to pious prayer than did the immortal Bard of Erin, when he sang:

> "Those evening bells, those evening bells,
> How many a tale their music tells,
> Of youth and home and that sweet time
> When last I heard their soothing chime."

No doubt many of our readers would like to know something more about the history and the significance of church bells.

In the first centuries of the Church, during the time of persecution, bells were unknown. The faithful were notified of the hours of divine service by special messengers, called monitors. After the conversion of Emperor Constantine, when the Church came forth from the secrecy of the catacombs to God's free sunlight, the faithful were summoned to the holy mysteries by signals audible at a distance. In the Orient was used the trombone, following the Jewish custom; and also wooden gongs or sounding boards. Later on bells were introduced—but after the conquest of Eastern Europe and Asia Minor by the Turks, bells were forbidden by the Mohammedan authorities, and therefore the Christians again returned to the use of their former instruments of sound.

In the Occidental or Latin churches also were used wooden gongs or clappers, as they are still used during the last days of the Holy Week. Meanwhile small bells came into use, which had been employed by the Assyrians and Romans for domestic use as well as for religious services, and they are still found in the Catacombs with the bodies of the faithful. After a time these small bells were increased to the size of our present church bells. First they were made out of several sheets of metal joined together. Some of the oldest samples of this kind of bells are the St. Filans bell in the Museum of Edinburg, the bell in Orkney and the Saufang in Cologne (A. D. 613) the bell of St. Columban in the Cathedral of St. Gall—and several others, which date back to the sixth and seventh centuries.

It appears from well authenticated records that the first large bells of cast metal were used in the Iro-Scottish monasteries. The bell-founders still venerate St. Fortchern (Forkernus) as their patron saint. St. Forchern, the son of an Irish prince, had been nominated Bishop of Trim about the middle of the fifth century, but he retired into solitude and founded the monastery Kill-Fortchern in the province of Leinster; to this saint is given credit of having cast the first bell. Soon after we find bells also in French and German monasteries. Though common in monasteries they were very little known in cities. In the year 615, when King Chlotar besieged the city of Sens, Bishop Lupus ordered the church bells to be rung; the besiegers were so terrified at this unwonted sound that they abandoned the siege and sought safety in hurried flight.

Not long after bells were introduced into Italy, and in the time of Charlemagne their use had become general. The Greek Church received bells first when the Venetian Doge Orso I. sent to Emperor Michael III. twelve large bronze bells, for which was built a special tower at the Church of St. Sophia.

The introduction of bells also caused a great change in church architecture. In the beginning bells were hung on a scaffolding at the side of the church; sometimes parts of a wall were raised, in the arches of which the bells were hung, as it is still the custom in Spain. In Italy were built high towers or belfries beside the churches. Soon after the Roman and the Gothic style of architecture embodied the tower into the structure of the church. Monasteries, churches and cities vied with one another in the grandeur of their towers and in the number and weight of bells. The casting of bells became an art, the secret of which was preserved in the families of the most renowned bellfounders. As the bells take such an important part in church ceremonies, they were in very early times especially dedicated for church use by a solemn ceremony of blessing. Pope John XIII. blessed the great bell in the Lateran Basilica in the year 968 in the presence of a number of Cardinals, and gave it the name of St. John, whence the present custom of naming bells. The solemn blessing of the bells is an episcopal function, which can be delegated to a priest by papal permission only. The Bishop, vested in white vestments and insignia, recites first with the assistant priests the seven penitential psalms, then he mixes salt with water and washes the bell inside and outside. On account of this washing of the bell with water this ceremony is called in some countries "the baptism of the bell." After six other psalms in praise of the Almighty have been recited the Bishop proceeds to the anointing of the bell. First he makes with the oil of the infirm a sign of the cross on the outside of the bell and prays that the bell, sanctified by the Holy Ghost, may as the voice of God awaken piety in our hearts, and ward off storms and tempests from the fields. Then the psalm 28 is sung, in which the power of the voice of God is praised. Next the Bishop signs the outside of the bell seven times with the oil of the infirm, and the inside four times with holy chrysam—and adds to the invocation the name of the saint after whom the bell is to be named. The seven times repeated anointing of the outside with the oil of the infirm signifies the healing of our many evils by the sevenfold power of the Holy Ghost—and the four times repeated anointing of the inside with holy chrism, the awakening of the love of the divine word as announced in the four gospels. A censor with thymean incense and myrrh is placed under the bell to fill its interior with the aroma—and meanwhile the gospel of Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus is read, and then the sprinkling with holy water concludes the ceremony, after which the blessed bell is rung for the first time by the Bishop himself, sending forth the message of peace to all men of good will. The use of the bells is briefly but beautifully expressed in the following Latin verses:

> Lando Deum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
> Ploro defunctos, nimbum frango, festa decoro.
> I praise the true God, I call the people, I assemble the clergy,
> I mourn the dead, I break the tempests, and solemnize the feasts.

Early in the morning, at noon and in the evening, the sound of the Angelus bell reminds us of the great mystery of our redemption. During the day we are summoned to the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice and other pious practices—their sound accompanies us to the last resting place. Thus the bells may truly be said to be messengers from another world, the "voices of God," reminding us in the important events of our life of our duties toward God and of our life beyond. No wonder then that their harmonious peal, so consoling and elevating to the pious heart, is a torture to the infidel—as it constantly reminds him of the sad condition of his soul and the final judgment. Why then have the enemies of Christ and His holy religion in some even Catholic countries forbidden or at least restricted the use of church bells? Echo answers Why?

Church Music.

A movement has been undertaken by a number of clergymen of different denominations, in which some Catholic priests have also joined, with the object of improving the quality and the rendering of Church Music—says the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*. No one will think of denying the utility—nay, more, the necessity—of some sort of reform in this matter, but one does not see very clearly how it is to be effected, at least as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, by any amount of deliberation or co-operation among Catholics and non-Catholics. Catholics can reform their Church Music most effectively by themselves, and if the solicitations of Pope Leo can not revive and stimulate our zeal for the work, it seems idle to expect anything from other efforts.

The evil is certainly a crying one—high Mass is very often now musically indistinguishable from Italian opera, and the pity of it is that there are many who do not quite see why it should not be so. St. Augustine tells us that shortly after his conversion the sacred singing in the Church moved him to sweet tears. Were the Saint with us to-day our music would perhaps move him to tears with salt in them. If there be anybody who can truthfully say that he is not distracted rather than assisted (which is surely one of the objects of Sacred Music) in his devotions by the boisterous Kyrie Eleisons, hilarious Credos and rollicking Amens that are heard almost universally in our churches, he is a religious curiosity. Even the gentle Mendelssohn calls Haydn's Church Music "scandalously gay" and "nothing but modern dross," and Haydn is by no means the worst offender.

Benedict XIV. tells us that the Church has intoduced music in her services "to give glory to God and excite piety and devotion in the hearts of the faithful," not to tickle the ear or please the fancy, and certainly not to afford an opportunity for the display of vocal gymnastics. What we want is a return to the Gregorian Chant and figured music breathing the same spirit of devotion. What a magnificent field of effort is here for priests and laity who have at heart the true glory of God's house and the ancient beauty of the Church's service! When the Council of Baltimore expressed the wish that the Gregorian Chant should be taught in the schools, it was evidently with the view that one day the people might join in the worship of God with voice as well as presence.

In a charming account of a visit to Solesmes, M. le Curé Hazera, of Bordeaux, has a capital bit of persiflage directed against theatrical and worldly music in Catholic churches. He writes: "Latin lends itself to modern music, but it must be admitted that certain composers abuse its complacency—they do not bend it, but rather break it, to the exigencies of their rhythm. Have you never heard, at the most solemn moments of one of our ceremonies, singers repeating earnestly and with all the energy of powerful lungs; *Da robur fer! da robur fer!* and then the tenors, baritones, and sopranos, catching up the charming barbarism, and carrying it through all the tones of the scale? And what about the *auxilium?* Well, the *auxilium* gets in when it can, altogether too late, scattered, in defiance of sense, amid the fireworks of notes which every good composer displays at the end of his piece. I once heard a whole choir undertake to storm the *Gloria Patri*. It seemed a hard task. There were fifty of them, at least, men, women, and children, without counting instruments of all shapes and tones. They set off in little groups, one after the other, and at one rush they reached *Gloria Pa*.... But then they suddenly stopped. Then those who started first, making way for the others, ran back to get a fresh start, and with yet another rush came up to the steep embankment of that *Gloria Pa*, which always stopped them. So battalions succeeded battalions for ever so long up the precipitous slope. At last they seemed to realize that all these efforts would still be in vain as long as they were divided. The host of assailants once more mustered together at the foot of the ascent: they took breath, mopped the perspiration from their brows, and, whilst the orchestra hurled forth its most encouraging notes, at a given signal they all started with a rush and the *-tri* was at length carried, and passed on from mouth to mouth; and God the Father was able to realize that they had given themselves all this trouble in His honor!"

◆

According to that excellent periodical, the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, published by the German Jesuit fathers, the credit of having popularized and generally introduced the Forty Hours' Devotion belongs to the Capuchins, particularly to P. Joseph von Ferno.

◆

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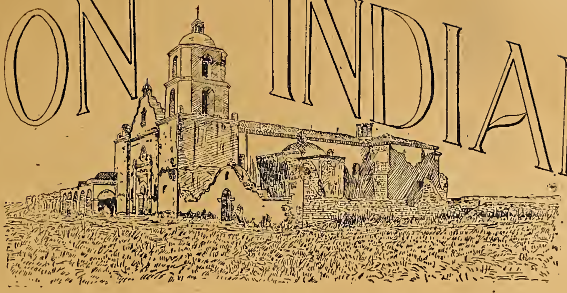

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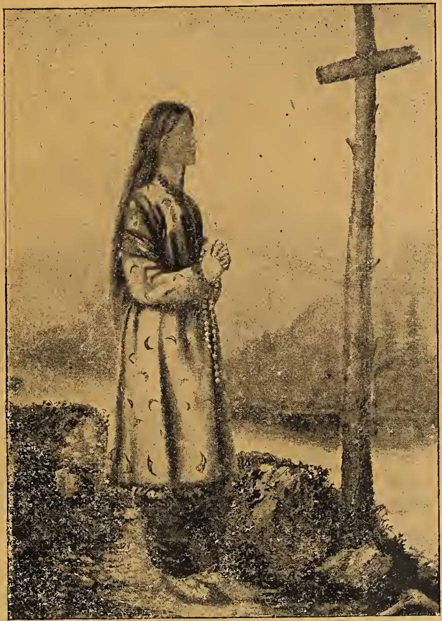

CATHARINA TEKAKWITA, A Saintly Mohawk Indian Girl.

Saintly maid of Indian race,
Catherine of Tekakwita.
Obtain for us the grace to live,
As thou didst, a model to Christian Indians.
Dear Indian Chiefs: tell your people,
Of the saintly Catherine!
Tell them of her virtues rare; her love of prayer.
Tell them, how hill-side, mount and vale,
Saw her, with her hands uplifted imploring
God, that her people would faith obtain.
That they'd shun the snares of Satan,
And avoid the paths of sin.
That they'd practice every virtue,
Taught them by their own dear kin.
That they'd ever love their true friends
Who were laboring for their good,
Whose sole care was the Indians' salvation
And that they all would heaven win.

C. H. E.

A Letter from Nebraska.

The readers of the "MISSION INDIAN" are no doubt familiar with the political happenings of the past month—the nomination of Bryan and Sewall as Presidential candidates by the Democratic party, and the selection McKinley and Hobart as the Republican standard bearers. The Populists endorsed the nomination of Bryan, the Prohibitionists have a ticket of their own in the field, and the gold wing of the Democratic party is agitating the advisability of placing a separate and independent candidate before the people in opposition to the regular Democratic ticket. Whether this intention will be consummated remains to be seen. There is apparently a deep-rooted dissatisfaction existing in the ranks of the Democratic party at the declaration of principles as contained in the Chicago platform, and this factional feeling may result in a split that will insure the election of Major McKinley.

We say it may. It is a possibility. But the probability is that the Democrats will stand as a united party long before the eve of the election, and that the issues of the day will be decided by the victory of either the Republican or Democratic party.

We have neither the space nor inclination to go into details as regards the merits or demerits of the platforms and candidates of the two leading parties. This is not a political paper, and therefore we are in a position to judge men and events impartially and without party bias. The Democratic party is espousing the cause of free silver coinage, which policy is antagonized by the Republican party. This is the main question upon which the two great parties are divided. The tariff or protective policy, that figured so conspicuously in the last Presidential election, this year occupies a secondary position, and the money question alone will determine this campaign.

The silver men claim that free silver, together with a moderate tariff for revenue only, will enhance the value of the white metal as a medium of exchange and remove the stagnating cause now obstructing our avenues of trade and commerce, thus improving the condition of the mechanic and the farmer in raising the price of agricultural products and providing work for the idle. That labor is cheap and work hard to obtain at present, is undeniable; that farm products are cheap and plentiful, and without a market, is also a fact; the middle western states all report a bountiful harvest of wheat, corn and other small grain; but corn sells at 14 cts. a bushel, while wheat has gone down to 35 cts. a bushel, and buyers do not care to make purchases at that price until the result of the election is known. This is an alarming state of affairs, due wholly to the agitation of the money and tariff questions.

The Republicans claim that with a re-establishment of the McKinley high tariff and a continuance of the gold standard times are bound to improve and the condition of the working classes to be bettered.

Facts speak louder than theories. We are yet in the midst of a financial and commercial panic, with silver debased and demonetized—would a change to free coinage not restore confidence and prosperity? It certainly could make matters no worse than they are now, and changing conditions might bring a change for the better all round.

It is astonishing to observe the diversity of opinions expressed as to the meaning of free coinage at 16 to 1. Some are laboring under the impression that with free and unlimited coinage it would require 16 silver dollars to purchase one dollar in gold. At the ratio of 16 to 1 it takes 23¼ grains of gold to make one dollar in gold, and it requires 16 times 23¼ grains of silver, to make one dollar in silver.

At this ratio our mints coined silver dollars until 1873, when by act of Congress further coinage was stopped. This stoppage unduly enhanced the value of gold over silver, so that the silver dollar coined at the ratio of 16 to 1 now has a commercial value of only 53 cents. Free coinage would raise the value of silver and lower that of gold, thus creating a parity of the two metals that would make speculation in gold impossible, and it would not be necessary for the government to issue bonds to keep up its gold reserve. Goldbuggism would be at an end, and the power of New York and other money centers to rule the finances of this country would be dispelled.

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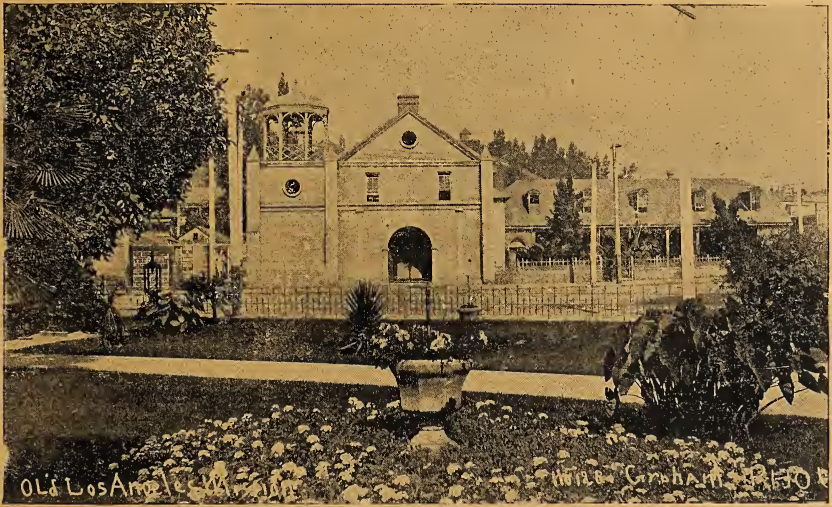

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In August the harvester is at work in Germany. England, Holland, Belgium, the Northern States of this country and parts of Canada. In September the gleaners are at work in Scotland, North Canada, South Sweden and Norway and parts of Russia. In October and November the grain is harvested in the extreme Northern fields of Russia and Norway.

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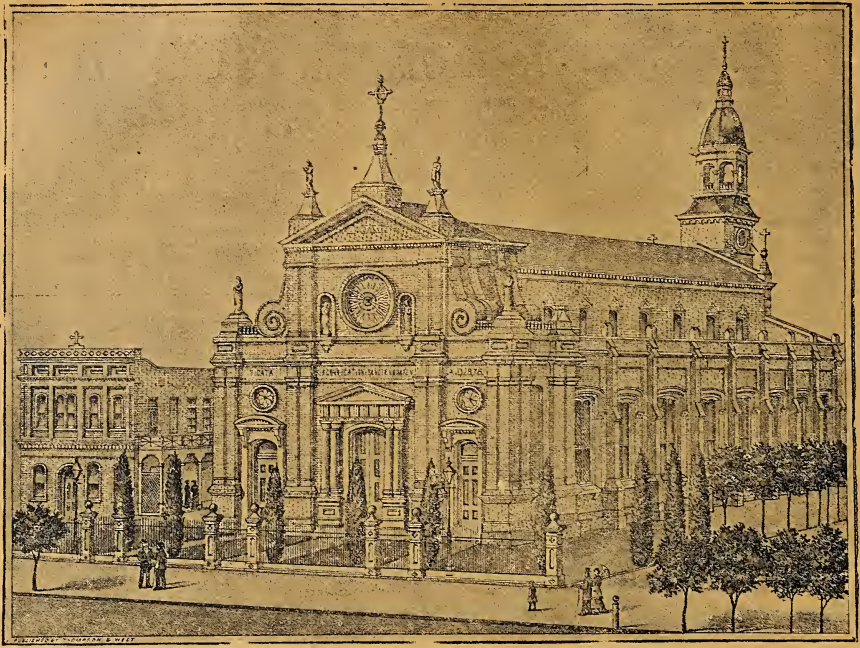

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